THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

kly
Franklin

Volume 197, Number 27

JAN. 3, 1925

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NEW YEAR'S

Serve this
DELICIOUS ASPARAGUS
Often

Always fitting- always welcome- so easy to have /

As a vegetable or salad—for simple lunch or faultless dinner—it never fails to please. But until you have tried it under the DEL MONTE label, you have yet to learn how good asparagus can really be.

Every bit of it is thoroughbred stock—cut at the moment of perfection and canned at once before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish.

Serve asparagus often. But serve it under this dependable brand. Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE—and make sure you get the quality you want.

Remember this When Ordering

DEL MONTE Asparagus is packed and graded according to the thickness or circumference of spears or stalks—and each size is shown on the label—Giant, Colossal and Mammoth, where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium and Small, where a greater number of portions are necessary.

Laid 56 years ago

Laid in 1868, the 3½ acre roof on the New York Central Warehouse and Freight Depot, at Beach & Varick Streets, New York City, is still in good condition. Not one cent has been spent on this roof during its 56 years of weather-tight service.

"This roof is off your mind till 1945 at least— the 20-year bond guarantees that"

You notice that the title of this advertisement reads "till 1945 at least." And there are sound, time-proved reasons for this:

A Barrett Specification Roof is bonded against repair and maintenance expense for 20 years. But even more important—

Records prove that Barrett pitch and felt roofs far outlast the 20-year period specified in the Surety Bond. Many roofs of this type, laid 30 to 40 years ago are still giving staunch weather-tight service—this without repairs or maintenance.

Turning now to *your* roof problem—

You want a roof that will definitely and permanently put an end to disturbing reports of damage from leaks—to unforeseen expenditure for repairs or maintenance.

. . . Which is precisely the roof you get when you specify a Barrett Specification Roof.

But whether you want a roof constructed according to The Barrett Specification or your own specification—

Whether you want a roof for a new or an old building—

Three-quarters of a century's experience—the experience of leading architects, engineers and contractors—has proved that it pays to see that any built-up roof is a pitch and felt roof—and that both pitch and felt bear the Barrett Label.

A Valuable Service—Free!

Without charge or obligation a Barrett Service Man will inspect your roofs. He will render an unprejudiced report on their condition and explain upkeep methods that often save expensive repairs.

This free inspection service is offered to owners of buildings with roof areas of fifty squares (5,000 square feet) or more. Address Inspection Service Department.

Barrett ROOFINGS

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City
IN CANADA:
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Simple care triumphs over beauty's enemies

WHAT a relief to women who now lavish attention upon their complexions if they could talk for five minutes with a real authority on the subject! For they would find that practically all their methods and preparations are unnecessary—in some cases, actually harmful.

Simple care. Simple cleansing. These are the essentials—all else is extra, needless.

In our 88 years of soap-making experience we have never discovered any means of making a soap that would cure a troubled skin, or directly give the skin a youthful transparency, or "feed" the skin with oils.

When oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap. Soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or transform or "nourish" the skin. And soap is invaluable for its purpose. We invite you to read the set of principles printed elsewhere on this page. These principles have been endorsed in writing, by over a thousand physicians. They contain the whole truth about soap.

Because it is pure, mild and gentle, Ivory Soap will do for your skin all that any soap can do, no matter what it costs or what promises it may make. Ivory contains no medicaments, no artificial coloring matter, no strong perfume—it is pure *soap*. It could not be finer if it cost you a dollar a cake.

Simple cleansing once or twice a day with Ivory and warm water, followed by a cool rinse and, if necessary, a little pure cold cream, is all your skin needs to protect it from dust and other damaging influences and to cleanse it thoroughly and safely. A beautiful skin is the result of two things: good health and perfect cleanliness. Take care of your health, and Ivory will take care of the rest.

Procter & Gamble

The scientific basis *for the use of*

SOAP

The following set of principles has been endorsed by over a thousand physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

1 The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.

2 Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.

3 If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.

4 To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.

5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.

6 In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

Here are a few of the many comments from PHYSICIANS *upon the above principles:*

"This program is unassailable from any point of view."

"I am in agreement with your platform. It cannot be improved upon."

"There is nothing more to say. There can be no honest difference of opinion."

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure—It Floats

Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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ANDREW BRIDE, OF PARIS

Secluded as She Had Kept Herself, Wasn't It Probable Enough That She Really Didn't Know Who He Was?

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I KNEW a man from Kansas City whose name was Jenkins, whose father was a pork packer, whose brothers were oil promoters and Rotarians, whose grandfather was a circuit rider, whose ancestors for generations had been New England Methodists, and who was himself, in the truest sense, a European, finished and perfect. He didn't, as we say, have a drop of Continental blood in him; all the same, he was Continental to his finger tips.

I remember Jenkins telling me that when he first arrived in Paris, a very young man then, he felt instantly a strange sense of fulfillment—warm and happy like that of a wanderer come home. Standing there in the Gare du Nord—not a place conspicuous for beauty, I should say—he stared about him with wonder and a mysterious excitement, thinking, "Why, this is it! This is where I belong!" Having gone over as a summer tripper, Jenkins settled down at once, nor has he ever come back; and when I met him again, many years later, I could not doubt that he had successfully followed the obscure law of his being. Though living in a small way, poor and rather seedy, he was obviously happy; yet more to my point, he was extremely French. Indeed, I soon found myself reflecting that I had known many Parisians who seemed to me less typically Gallic than this Kansas City Methodist, born to the provision trade.

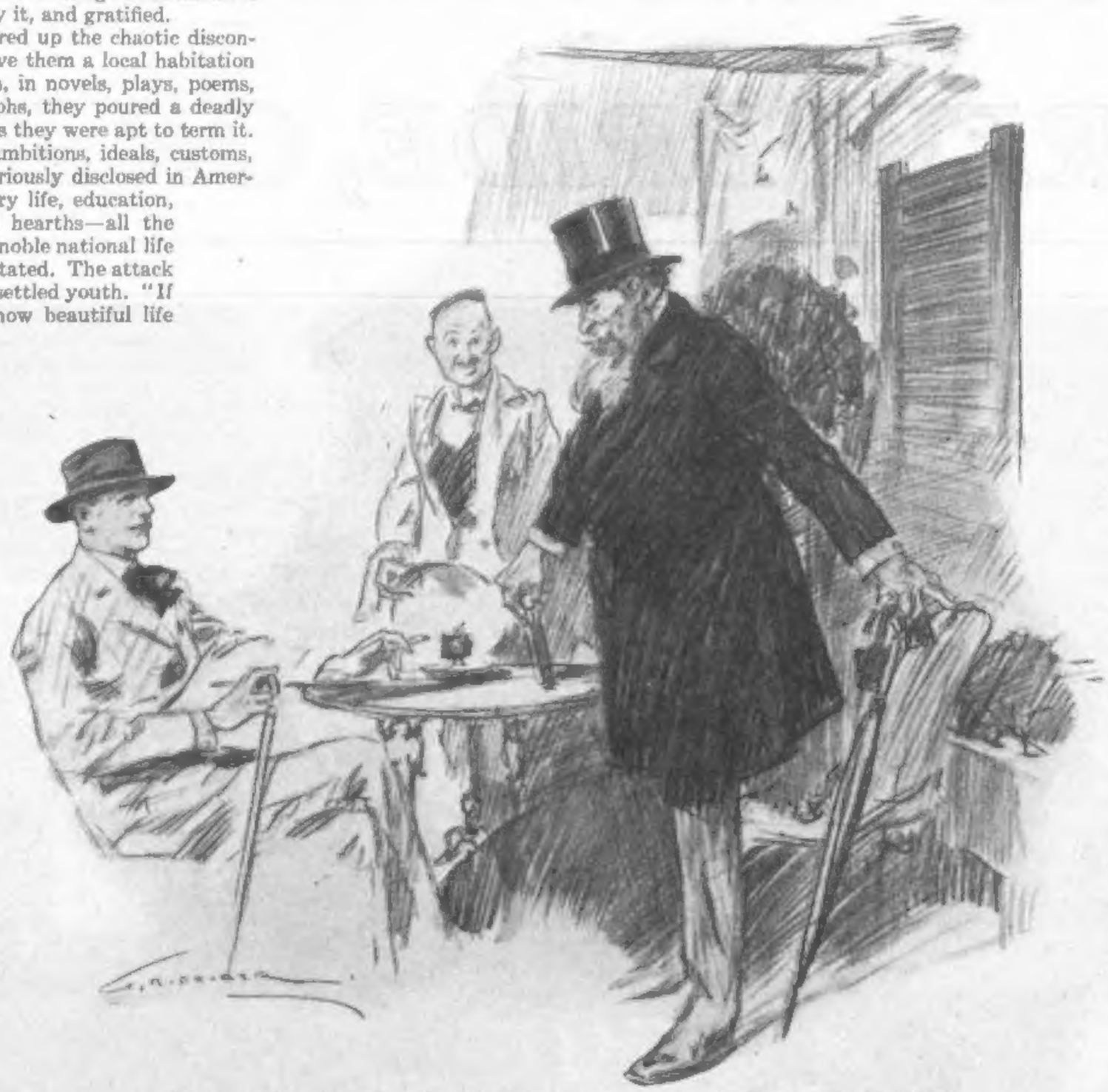
Such sports or throwbacks do curiously occur. For long, I thought that André Bride was one of them, and on the whole linked him in my mind with Jenkins. But André's case was actually very different from Jenkins', both in origin and quality, and especially in its *dénouement*, which so many people considered as in the nature of an anticlimax—and a pretty amusing one too. With that view, however, I have never held; in fact I deemed it decidedly unjust to a sincere and serious young man, whose case, as it seems to me, has been quite deliberately misunderstood. But of all this I shall leave you to judge.

If you read anything at all but fiction, you will certainly know something of André Bride. Like Jenkins, André's attraction toward Europe was intuitive and inborn; unlike

Jenkins, his distaste for his own country was cultivated, conscious and vocal. He was, inevitably, a critic—one of that great school of new young critics who swarmed over the horizon during and just after the war. That, it will be remembered, was the golden age of criticism in America. In the general breakdown of old standards, sanctions and beliefs, waves of restlessness and dissatisfaction swept over the country; among the disillusioned young, the demand rose everywhere for a freer, richer and more interesting life. The valuable function of the new critics was to supply this demand—that is, to qualify slightly, so far as they humanly could. To present young people with free, rich and interesting lives isn't so easy, we may imagine; to show them that much is wrong with the existing environment is simple, and many are helped by it, and gratified.

The new young critics gathered up the chaotic discontents, formulated them and gave them a local habitation and a name. In pure criticism, in novels, plays, poems, tomes, symposia and monographs, they poured a deadly fire upon the American Scene, as they were apt to term it. American institutions, tastes, ambitions, ideals, customs, manners and procedures, as variously disclosed in American business, town and country life, education, religion, marriage, homes and hearths—all the phenomena of our vulgar and ignoble national life were sacked, ravaged and devastated. The attack was very popular among the unsettled youth. "If only America were different, how beautiful life might be!" This, in sum, was the new school's message. Obviously that is better, and much less troublesome, than the old-fashioned, all but religious, position: "If only I were different, how beautiful the world might seem!" The new prophets were devoured in hall bedrooms in Brooklyn and along lonely R. F. D. routes in North Dakota.

Among his fellows—among all that brilliant and rebellious group which included Harold Derek, Carl Weinstock, Frederika Bone, Leopold Magnes, Eustace B. Titcomb and, last but by no means least, old Ludenburg himself, who in a sense had sired them all—André Bride had won a distinctive place and following. In his onslaughts upon the American scene he was as tireless and savage as the best; but more than any of them, by the innate kinship in him, he persistently upheld, in contrast, the culture and achievements of the civilized countries, as they were called.



"Well, My Dear André, and What is the State of American Art This Afternoon?"

André had started early and risen fast. Born in Columbus, Ohio, he was christened Andrew, but liked it when his maternal grandmother—whose own mother had been born in Brussels—called him André; and that was his writing name from the beginning. He learned to read at a tender age, and when his little playmates were reading Tom Sawyer or The Jungle Book, André was reading, not Mrs. Wharton or even Henry James, but Flaubert and Turgenieff. At fifteen, he easily read French, German and Italian, with smatterings elsewhere. It was the Continentalism in him coming out, like a duck's taste for water. At twenty-one, after some years of article writing, he published his first book and a bitter one it was, too—These Disunited States. Two years later, the enterprising publishing house of Delacourt, Rivers & Page—Isadore Schram, President—deciding that the time was ripe to launch a new journal of the arts, called in André to create it in his own image. That journal, of course, was Dawn, which so quickly became the yet more disillusioned rival of the badly disillusioned Cosmos. At twenty-seven, with five books to his credit, André was famous almost in a popular sense—or unpopular, if you happened to be a red-blood or a booster; while among his peers he was recognized as the leading native interpreter of European culture and bearer of European light to our dark fatherland.

But André wasn't happy. Fame neither turned his head nor contented his spirit. He wasn't harmonized; spiritually and aesthetically, he was not at ease. He began to feel that he was not going forward in his work, and not to go forward was to go back. The constant preoccupation with commerce all about him, the sodden indifference to art and beauty, thwarted and fretted him. The very air of New York stifled him, as he sometimes remarked. When friends, fellow intelligentzia, sailed away for indefinite stays in civilized countries, how he envied them! That he himself had long been looking wistfully over the water was, of course, known to all his circle. Intimates thought that it was consideration for his mother that restrained him; for they were aware of that sense in him, deeper than reasoned argument, that if he went, he was not likely to come back. Transplantation in those terms is serious. And yet —— How he would find and fulfill himself there, how he would work! Yes, and what a protest, too; what a gesture of repudiation, final and unforgettable!

One sweet day in April straws fell upon the camel's back. To André, sitting at his desk at work, there came a swart slick youth in a blue collar, announcing secretly, from a corner of his mouth, that he, the youth, was undergoing close Federal scrutiny at the moment and therefore durst not do thus and such till further notice. The reference was merely to a fairish red wine, of which André, who was austere by habit, occasionally drank as much as a gill in a single day. It was the principle of the thing, that was all. Hardly had the bear-greased lad departed when the telephone rang and Gilbert Dart, André's leading contributing editor and faithful follower, furiously notified him that The Private Life of Miss Marchbanks had just been suppressed by the censors. So Gilbert put it in his anger, though knowing well that there were no censors. The Private Life, written by a young English psychopath living in Bukharest, chanced to be a book that André admired immensely and had lately sealed with his admiration to the tune of two full pages in Dawn. Such things are trying, of course. Half an hour later, by ill luck, André read in his newspaper with fixed eyes that the Independent Union in a certain city had withdrawn its invitation to Stepanov, the great mystical philosopher, because someone had charged that his marriage to his present wife was not legal in that state; also that the gentle Russian and his lady had been asked to leave their hotel. Now André had long thought that Stepanov was one of the four or five great men in the world.

The paper fell to the floor and André sat for perhaps ten minutes perfectly still, staring at the wall, his face rather white. Then he rose in a dignified way, took hat and coat from the peg and said to his plain but learned secretary, "I'm going out, Miss Fechteling."

"Very well, Mr. Bride," said Miss Fechteling, glancing up. "And when will you be back, if people call?"

"Why, perhaps in a few years," said André gently, and shut the door behind him.

He went down two flights of old wooden stairs and turned into the business office of the publishers of Dawn. A dark, bald, mustached little man, with brown spats and a paunch, sat there at a large desk, making up blurbs for next Saturday's advertisements.

"Well," said André slowly, "it's happened this time. I'm through."

The little man swung round sharply, crying the name of his Maker, while consternation flowed over his too expressive features. For he, in his own person, was Messrs. Delacourt, Rivers & Page; and this young man was the bright star in all his galaxy.

"André! What do you mean?"

"I'm off," said André in the same controlled voice, "in a fortnight at furthest."

The ensuing conversation ran long, tiresomely so. André was deaf to argument and appeal. Schram had known all along that this was sure to happen some day; there was no contract and no obligation. As for that, Gilbert Dart could step straight into his shoes and do the work as well—or let us frankly say, almost as well.

"But how long are you going to stay?" moaned Delacourt, Rivers & Page at last, actually wringing his little paws.

Donning his hat then, André answered, in light, evasive tones: "It may be for years, Schram, and it may be forever!"

But at the trivial words an immense happiness possessed him, and he felt released and free.

He sold the lease of his rooms, sold his furniture, wrote a burning *Vale* for Dawn, gave a dinner to twenty-two of the leading critics of New York and went to Columbus to tell his mother good-by. Here, in the house, in the room he had been born in, he said nothing about years, and even less about forever.

"You must go your own way, my son, that is understood," said Mrs. Bride sadly, for she was old now, and a little feeble. "Only—do not stay over there too long. Remember, if a man has no roots anywhere, it is hard for him to be happy."

Now André knew that he was already rooted in far-off places, and he was certain of happiness. So he could only nod his averted head and pat his mother's hand in silence.

II

ON THE boat he had an adventure with a lady. You will say that this need scarcely be mentioned, since adventures with ladies on boats are the universal experience. However, this adventure was different in its significance; and it was destined to stick in André's memory for a long time.

For that matter, André himself was different. In all the crowding propinquity of shipboard, he managed to maintain a considerable privacy. Besides the stout boxes in the hold, he had a pile of books in his cabin to read or reread on the voyage, all bearing on that book of his own which he was going to write next winter in Paris. (Notes for an American Aesthetic, that was, you will remember.) Moreover, he was not gregarious by habit; and it must be said that his fellow passengers worried him not a little.

He had been quickly identified; he was waylaid, met, introduced about; by the end of the second day, even, he had an astonishingly large acquaintance. His table mates, American business men going over to see what they could squeeze out of suffering Europe—salesmen, André called them all alike, including honored officers of great corporations—jawed at him constantly. Each felt an urgent need to point out to him that, though art was no doubt very nice for those who happened to like that sort of thing, nevertheless, etc. Flappers, smelling of Bacardi and Turkish tobacco, wanted to back him into corners and confess, not shyly, how much his books had meant to them. Two extremely young men from the University of Chicago, who were getting ready to be critics just as fast

as they could, stalked him tirelessly with stealthy treads. Stern female patriots, long incensed by his writings, laid traps for him on the stairs. It grew rather trying.

From your knowledge of genius, and the queer houses it so often chooses to live in, you have possibly imagined André as an ill-favored person; of insignificant or even contemptible appearance. On the contrary, he was distinctly agreeable-looking, spare and tall, though a little stooping, with earnest eyes and a neat scholarly face. In view of his superior pretensions, you have perhaps gladly conceived him as a youth of an affected and la-de-da manner, a poseur—frankly, a bit of an ass. Wrong again; he had a simple and pleasant address, just touched with a nice grave dignity. Like many men who express themselves ferociously on paper, I dare say he was even a little shy. At any rate, people found him approachable; even the patriots were apt to concede that he was "really quite human."

André spent most of his time in his stateroom. He took his walks in mid-afternoon, thus catching others napping, in the literal sense, or firmly weighted down with tea trays; and late at night, when all but young lovers and the more serious drinkers had gone to bed.

It was close to midnight on the next to the last night. His constitutional done, ready to turn in, he stood leaning upon the rail in the dark and gazed out unseeingly at the flowing sea. The blue night was starry, it was a little cold, and a wind blew with a mild lulling roar. This was the boat deck, empty now. The great ship was quiet. She was going about her business; through the darkness she steadily pursued her single and inflexible purpose. And André, smoking his nightcap pipe, forgetting some rather exciting notes he had been making in his room just now, was thinking of that—of what this ship's business meant for him—with a peace in his heart that was like an exaltation. In severing the associations of a lifetime, there was sadness; that went without saying. Nevertheless, work was actually the law of his being, for he was a serious-minded man; and he was thinking, "Every knot, every turn of that screw there, is taking me ——"

The ship's bells sounded suddenly and at the same moment he heard a little plop close behind him—slight, yet superfluous, intrusive, like the thump of something fallen. He turned his head, and on the narrow deck, a few feet away, near the foot of the short companionway, he saw a small object lying—indistinguishable, yet again incongruous. He looked east, he looked west, he looked up, and then he discerned, on the bit of top deck just above him, the dusky figure of a woman standing, muffled in a great cloak. She was glancing toward him, he dimly made out, with an air of hesitation or slight surprise; her pose somehow suggesting that she was in the very act of starting down the steps after the fallen object, when all at once she realized that ——

The young man was a little amused. Often, indeed, in his life had arch cordial damsels let fall things for him to pick up. On this boat, he had himself been picked up twice—very briefly—by devices not dissimilar to this.

"Did you drop something?" inquired André Bride.in a stately tone, and yet with a hint of his famous satirical note too.

A voice came down, by no means arch, not especially cordial, but rather composed, sophisticated—almost, one would say, a little bored.

"Why, I did. Just a cigarette case. If you wouldn't mind awfully handing it up ——"

"Certainly," said André, while to himself he thought, "They all have their little ways, of course."

He took five steps over the boards, picked up the thing—purple morocco, he thought, a pleasing enough gewgaw—and courteously thrust it aloft. Slim fingers, descending, just reached and recovered it.

"Thank you s-so much!"

"You're very welcome," replied the celebrated Mr. Bride.

And smiling a little, though the manner pleased him, he touched his cap and turned away.

It isn't easy to say why things happen in this world, or incidents occur. The chance trivial encounter was over. If this young man bore any resemblance to a nocturnal gallant, you and I, reader, are like Attila the Hun. André was going to bed. Just why did that unthinking salute unsettle ever so slightly the cap upon his head? Why, to begin with, was his cap a little too big for him? Why did the sharp gust assail him exactly then? Why thus and why so? No man can answer. André clutched upward, without thought of dignity or grace, but too late. Away and over flew his cap, spinning out into the timeless dark.

"Oh! A pity! I'm sorry," murmured that voice above him.

"It is nothing—a trifle. No matter," said André, with his somewhat scholastic enunciation, yet feeling a little annoyed too. For the second he stood motionless, bareheaded, staring toward the sea. The wind ruffled his stiff sandy hair. For the first time, it seemed, the lady regarded him; nay, she gazed at him.

"But in a sense it was my fault, I must feel. Indeed, I am sorry."

"No, no! Really it's not worth mentioning. Tomorrow the barber will fit me with a new one."

"But if in the meantime bad colds are caught ——"

"Oh, I shan't do that, I assure you. No, I'm thoroughly—hardheaded."

Without respect to the fact that she pleased him, that, again, was intended as his adieu; he looked round, to nod and go. But from the dusky shape a little laugh came suddenly, on a faintly deprecating note, and his eye then chanced to see that she held an unlighted cigarette in her hand, just fitted into a holder.

"You are very nice about it, I must say, sir. My fault was of course in intruding upon a stranger. Such intrusions are not always desirable. Yet you encourage me now to ask still another favor. Won't you give me a match?"

He looked up at the vaguely limned face, still with a trace of amusement, perhaps. No doubt she had now seen definitely that it was he, André Bride? Nevertheless, the flavor of that speech attracted him; if an approach, it was a good approach, not without its reserves; and once again, too, his ear had been caught by something piquant, something faintly alien, in that assured inflection. You couldn't

(Continued on Page 72)

"Why, Henri, You'll Never be Able to Paint in New York! Why, That Atmosphere'll Kill You—Literally!"

THE MAJOR'S MONUMENT

"That's It!" Gellatly Exclaimed. "You Fellows Get Into a Pit Trying to Make a Dog-Leg Hole in One, and Then You Run Home and Say the Game's No Good"

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

THE Round Table stands near the hearth in the club lounge and is where two or three gather together for coffee and talk after dinner. Johnny Henderson's name rumbled there as I came within hearing, and the twitched eyelid of Prentice Ward signaled intimately that a performance had begun and was promising. A deep chair yawned pleasantly.

"You must have it wrong," Gellatly was saying. "He doesn't ever do it, and I know he didn't steer anyone into that particular circus. Old Dan probably was bragging."

Kellerman declared stubbornly, "I don't think so. Dan was all puffed up here one night over the money he'd made—around three thousand, it was—and he told me how he got into it. But we'll ask him."

He reached out to tap the bell that sat on the table, and Old Dan came promptly, bearing coffee for me.

"Dan," said Kellerman, "I've been telling about the tip Mr. Henderson once gave you. Remember?"

"Indade I do, sorr," Dan answered, smiling, his eyes on the cup he was filling. "An' a very good tip it was, too. Cinthral Westhern Land was the shtock."

Gellatly sat up. "Oh, no, Dan," he said positively; "Mr. Henderson never told you to buy that."

The old man was precise with my sugar before he spoke.

"Well, sorr," he admitted, "I won't say that was jist the way av what he tould me. Ye see, sorr, I'd been hearin' about this Cinthral Westhern Land an' watchin' it an' thinkin' it wud be goin' up higher, an' I'd been wantin' to buy a bit av it. So wan night here I made bould to ast Mr. Hendherson if he wud advise me to be buyin' it, an' he tould me he wud not."

"D'you see?" Gellatly asked with satisfaction, and eased back in his place. Dan went on:

"But thin I betho't mesilf that the likes av Mr. Hendherson might not be wantin' to give a sthraight yis to such a sthraight question, so I twishted it aroun' an' ast him wud he advise me not to be buyin' it. An' he said he wud not advise me ag'inst buyin' it, ayther. So thin be that I knew he was winkin' to me that 'twas all right to buy; and buy I did. An' I bought more afther. Twinty-saayt hundher' an' over I made on it."

"So there you are," Kellerman exulted.

And young Astley laughed, saying, "I could do with a tip like that myself."

Gellatly addressed himself exclusively to me. "Nature's wonderful, Jim," he declared. "She makes 'em all alike. They come downtown from their chintz parrots and their fiber factories"—Astley is a decorator and Kellerman sells silk—"and they say to you, 'Don't you think this Radium-Plated Sandwich stock is a good thing to buy? My grocer's delivery boy tells me it's in for a big jump right away.' If you tell them you don't know, they can see that you're asleep on the job. If you say no, they get mad. But if you say yes, yes, you're an intelligent, well-informed broker until the stock goes blah, and then they're indignant if you ask them for more margin because it was all your fault they bought it in the first place."

Kellerman sighed elaborately. "It must be a hard life collecting commissions and interest from such yaps," he said. "And after you collect them it takes deep thinking to keep them out of your income-tax reports, doesn't it? You brave Wall Street lads deserve a lot of sympathy."

"Not sympathy—orders," Prentice Ward remarked. "We really need the orders. Why has it gone out of fashion for you shopkeepers to do things in the market?"

"We've all been too well stung," young Astley declared. "My collection of losses will last me quite a while yet."

"That's it!" Gellatly exclaimed. "You fellows get into a pit trying to make a dog-leg hole in one, and then you run home and say the game's no good. Whenever you think about the stock market you shelve your common sense and turn childish and insist on believing in fairies. Then you scream and stamp your foot and scold somebody because you find they're not real. And you're like children with your greed, too. It's not the gambling fever that gets you—it's the credulity and greed combination."

"He means you," said Prentice Ward to Kellerman. "He's showing you the light."

"Take this story of old Dan's," Gellatly went on. "Johnny Henderson won't advise him one way or the other, but he must take that as a tip to buy Central Western Land, which is what somebody else had told him to do. He happens to make money and tells you how Johnny knew all about the stock. He might as well have lost, and then Henderson would have been damned high and low for having misled an old gray-haired servant in his own club, and rooked him out of his life's savings—I think that's what they're usually called. And all the time Henderson knowing no more about what the stock would do than Dan himself."

"Isn't that a little stiff, Dick?" I ventured. "Didn't Henderson make that move? He got all the credit for it—or discredit would be a better word."

Gellatly said slowly, choosing his words, "Jim, you may believe this or not: In a way, Johnny Henderson started Central Western up. In a way, he had something to do with keeping it going. But he never bought a share of it, never advised anybody to buy it, never believed it was worth one little damn, never made a dollar out of its rise. So far as his interest was concerned, the only result of the splash in the miserable old thing is to be found now in a graveyard down in Pennsylvania. There's a tale for you, eh? And I know what I'm talking about, for I went through it with him from start to finish."

"Go on," I urged politely, after he had been silent for a time. "I believe you, of course, but the others need details. It sounds very tall, you know."

"I shouldn't tell it," he said thoughtfully, "but it would do these wise men good. Anyhow, it's five years old—happened in '19, you know, and couldn't have happened except in the kind of market we had then. The whole country was drunk with war profits and gambling in everything, and every stock on the list was going up every day. Remember?"

"Who doesn't?" Kellerman asked, "and the headache that came afterward! But let's hear it. What about this Central Western Land stock? Started from nothing, didn't it?"

"It did—just about. It came out of a ten-year sleep

and climbed from 2 to nearly 20. Then it slumped back to 2 and went to sleep again. And it's sleeping yet."

Prentice Ward closed one wicked eye on me and asserted disagreeably, "And Johnny Henderson pulled the trick."

"He didn't—and he did," Gellatly declared. "If you want to hear ——"

Everybody understands, I suppose—this was as Dick Gellatly told it—that Johnny Henderson and I have been good friends for years and that I've handled a great deal of his business. Through those boiling war markets I was with him constantly—I had to be. One noon I was there in his office when I should have been somewhere else, and he was using me as an audience. Something had gone wrong and he was snapping worse than I'd ever heard him do—and that's saying a great deal. He can be the king of all the cynics when he feels like it, and this day he was sitting on the throne. But all at once he came down. That shiny secretary of his came in with somebody's name and Henderson's eyes went wide when he read it. He looked at the man as if he didn't believe what he saw and then he bolted out of the room.

He came back with his arm around the sweetest, quaintest old lady you can imagine. All in black she was—with little puffs of white hair coming out from under the neatest old-fashioned bonnet I had seen in years. I fell in love with her with the first look. Johnny was almost crooning over her. He was saying, "Mother Potter! Think of you being here, Mother Potter. Lady, dear, but it's good to see you. And here in New York! What are you doing so far away from home?"

He held her by her shoulders and kissed both her cheeks and smiled down on her as if she had been his own mother. I heard him say to himself, "I smell the honeysuckle." There wasn't anything of the cynical Wall Street plunger about him then and he had forgotten how to scold. Whatever you may believe, I tell you that Johnny Henderson is all sweetness underneath. I know him.

But the little old lady kept looking up at him as if she was troubled and anxious, and the first thing she said was, "Johnny, did you know the major was dead?"

She asked it very earnestly and when he answered her, "Why, yes, Mother Potter, I knew, of course," his voice was softer than I supposed it could be. He asked her if she didn't remember that he had been there at the funeral, but she didn't. She said things had been so mixed up that day that she couldn't remember much about the funeral—only the churchyard. She remembered the churchyard and she went there almost every day now.

Johnny said, "Of course you do, honey. Of course you would." And he promised that they would go there together soon—just their two selves. He said, "I loved the major very dearly, Mother Potter—you know that."

She choked a little then, and she told him how the major always had been so proud of him and had talked so much about him while he lay ill that last time. Only a day or two before he died—"before he told me good-by" was the way she put it—only a day or two before that the major had made her promise she wouldn't sell any of the things they had—investments, I mean—unless Johnny Henderson first said she should. And that was why she had come to see Johnny Henderson.

Don't think I am drooling sentiment into this. I am telling it as it happened so that you'll see what Henderson had in his mind later. He scolded her for having made the long trip to New York when she might have sent for him, and he wanted her to have luncheon or tea before she talked business. But little Mrs. Potter wouldn't have it that way. She had the do-it-now idea and she went down into her bag for a sheaf of papers that she handed over to him.

All this time I had been standing over by a news ticker with nobody noticing me, and I startled the old lady when I spoke up to say I would be running along. Henderson laughed and told me he had quite forgotten I was there. He said I'd better be going anyhow because what was left of the afternoon would be strictly Ladies' Day for him. He presented me, calling her Mrs. Major Rufus Potter, of Carverstown, Pennsylvania; and Carverstown, he declared, was the Garden of Eden as it was in the beginning. That's where he comes from, you know.

She gave me a soft hand and a rare warm smile when I made my apologies, but I wasn't allowed to escape. Johnny stopped me at the door.

He was looking over the stock certificates she had given him and he said, "Come back here, Dick. You can help with this. It's Central Western Land. What do you know about it?"

I couldn't tell him much. It was one of the old-timers that had gone dead on the exchange. Every month or two there might be a sale of an odd lot or a hundred shares or so at around two dollars a share, but nobody ever paid any attention to it. I didn't really know what the Central Western Land Company was.

Mrs. Potter could do a little better than that. She said they had the stock a long time. It came from the first money the major and she had put by after they were married. They had invested in the shares of the old Mississippi & Western. Of course, that dodo went into a receivership and was all split up. The Potters had to pay assessments, or thought they did, and among the things they got for their payments was this Central Western stock.

For a while it paid dividends, but not for long, and after they stopped the price went to nothing, or nearly that. So the Potters just kept it and waited.

"It's been in the tin box under the rest of the papers for I don't know how long," the old lady said. "We didn't have call to worry about it, and we 'most forgot it. But it don't bring in anything, Johnny, and I think I'd like to sell it."

"Why?" Henderson asked her. "You don't need the money, do you?"

"I want to put it to the monument," she told him, and went on to explain.

She wanted her major to have the finest monument that was or ever would be in Carverstown churchyard. She was very positive about that. The one she wanted would cost three thousand dollars and the lawyer who looked after her income there at home wouldn't let her spend so much just yet. But she didn't want to wait. She was going to manage it somehow, and what she could get for this stock—she had two hundred and fifty shares of it—would be something.

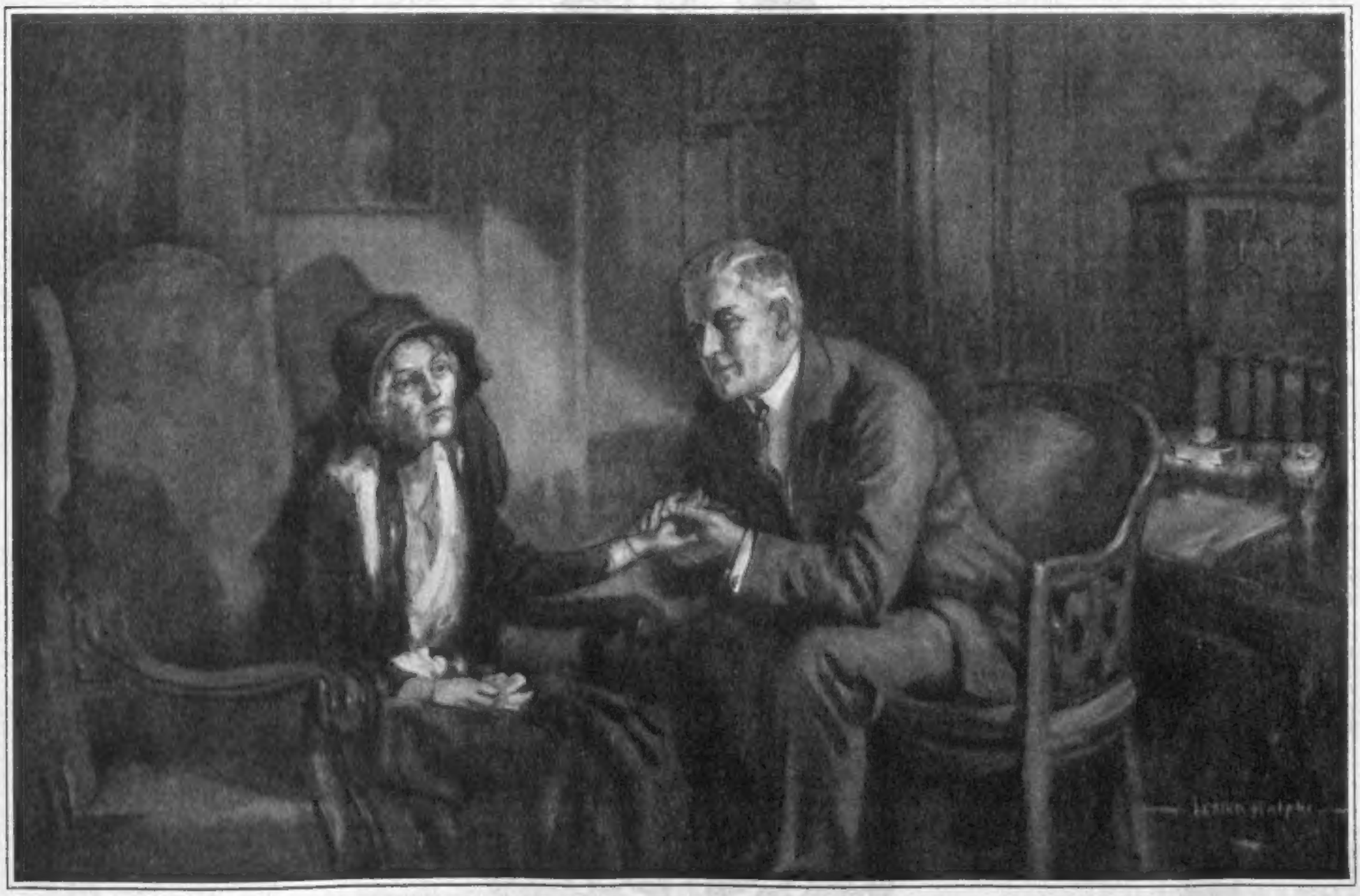
That was reasonable enough. Henderson had her indorse the certificates and turned them over to me to sell for her.

But he said, "Look into it a bit before you do anything, Dick. Don't sell it until you tell me what you find."

And he told me to credit the stock on our books not to Mrs. Potter, but to the Major Potter Monument Fund. Of course that meant he intended to sell it and use the proceeds as margin for a little trading to make the old lady the money she needed. That was his only idea then.

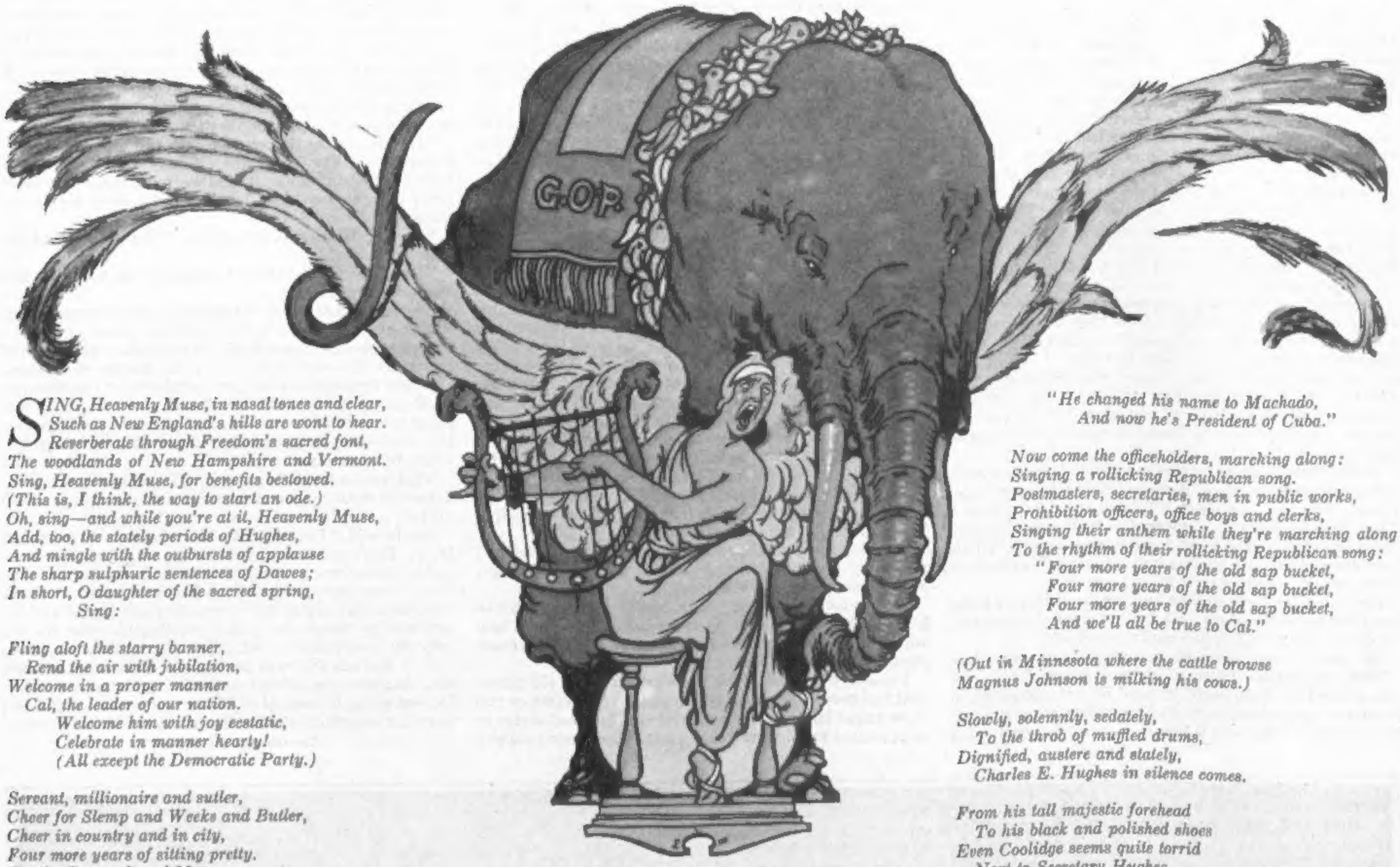
So it was left that way and I carried the stock off with me. As I went out Johnny was ordering his motor sent for. He was going to keep Mrs. Potter in town overnight and show her something of New York. In particular he would

(Continued on Page 54)



"Why, Yes, Mother Potter, I Knew, of Course." His Voice Was Softer Than I Supposed It Could Be

INAUGURATION ODE



By Newman Levy

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SING, Heavenly Muse, in nasal tones and clear,
Such as New England's hills are wont to hear.
Reverberate through Freedom's sacred font,
The woodlands of New Hampshire and Vermont.
Sing, Heavenly Muse, for benefits bestowed.
(This is, I think, the way to start an ode.)
Oh, sing—and while you're at it, Heavenly Muse,
Add, too, the stately periods of Hughes,
And mingle with the outbursts of applause
The sharp sulphuric sentences of Dawes;
In short, O daughter of the sacred spring,
Sing:

Fling aloft the starry banner,
Rend the air with jubilation,
Welcome in a proper manner
Cal, the leader of our nation.
Welcome him with joy ecstatic,
Celebrate in manner hearty!
(All except the Democratic Party.)

Servant, millionaire and sutler,
Cheer for Slemp and Weeks and Butler,
Cheer in country and in city,
Four more years of sitting pretty.
Curtis, Roosevelt and Moses,
Strew the path with festive roses.
Banker, business man and slavey
Cheer for four more years of gravy.
Rend the air with joy ecstatic,
Celebrate in manner hearty!
(All except the Democratic Party.)

There runs an ancient legend that is told
Throughout the rock-ribbed farmland of Vermont.
A tale of two grim tillers of the soil
Who labored side by side in honest toil
To keep themselves and families from want.
The first his friends and neighbors knew as Hi,
The other bore the simple name of Si.

For many years from early morn till night
Together in their quiet simple way
They labored at their humble tasks each day,
Linked with the bonds of friendship strong and tight
And firm as the green-clad mountains of their state.

One evening when their daily toil was o'er
They sat before their ivied farmhouse door,
Smoking their pipes with calm contented mien,
Enjoying the peaceful quiet of the scene.
Then, glancing at the dark and starless sky,
Hi gave a cough and murmured softly, "Si,
It looks like rain."
A look of pain
Suffused Si's gaunt and melancholy face.
Without a word he rose and left the place.
The following day he said to Hi, "I'm through.
I can't work any longer here with you."
And Hi, though filled with grief, said simply, "Why?"
"You talk too gol darned much," retorted Si.

This is New England stock. The antiquarian
Boasts of its taciturnity and quiet.
Compared with it the well-known peak on Darien
Would be a riot.

Down the street the band comes playing,
Drums are booming, trumpets braying.
Listen to the cheering!
Listen to them holler

At a man with a pipe and a funny trick collar.
Listen to the music and the cheering and applause
For Hell an' Maria,
Hell an' Maria,
Charley Dawes!

Over on the sidewalk, over in the crowd,
Two old gentlemen are weeping out loud.
One wears a skullcap; the other one there
Wears a broad-brimmed hat and curly hair.
The one in the skullcap weeps and moans
While the other one comforts him in silvery tones.
"Oh, dry those tears and stop that cryin',"
Says William Jennings to Charley Bryan.
"For I know that it's pretty sad, but wait,
There's another election in 'twenty-eight.
There's another one coming in 'thirty-two,
And they can't get along without me or you.
For the Democrats know that there's no use tryin'
To nominate a ticket unless they have a Bryan."

Over on the sidewalk, over in the crowd,
Two old gentlemen are weeping out loud.
Weeping at the music and the cheering and applause
For Hell an' Maria,
Hell an' Maria,
Charley Dawes!
"What became of McAdoo?"
The Slide Trombone says to the Tuba.

"He changed his name to Machado,
And now he's President of Cuba."

Now come the officeholders, marching along:
Singing a rollicking Republican song.
Postmasters, secretaries, men in public works,
Prohibition officers, office boys and clerks,
Singing their anthem while they're marching along
To the rhythm of their rollicking Republican song:
"Four more years of the old sap bucket,
Four more years of the old sap bucket,
Four more years of the old sap bucket,
And we'll all be true to Cal."

(Out in Minnesota where the cattle browse
Magnus Johnson is milking his cows.)

Slowly, solemnly, sedately,
To the throb of muffled drums,
Dignified, austere and stately,
Charles E. Hughes in silence comes.

From his tall majestic forehead
To his black and polished shoes
Even Coolidge seems quite torrid
Next to Secretary Hughes.

(In New York up in Albany, Governor Smith
Chuckles as he thinks of the Coolidge Myth.)

Over in the Senate Chamber, feeling full of tears,
Wheeler and La Follette sit and listen to the cheers,
Listen as the shouting through the Senate Chamber floats,
Sadly contemplating their electoral votes.
Says Wheeler to La Follette, "Well, it might have been much worse,
For although we were progressive we were running in reverse."
La Follette says, "Ah, well, I know the tendencies of mobs.
I'm glad that we had sense enough to hold on to our jobs.
Election Day will come again in nineteen twenty-eight."
Says Wheeler to La Follette, "Well, we carried one state."

(Sitting down in Wall Street, as quiet as a mouse,
Is a man who bet the contest would be thrown into the House.)

Four and twenty Democrats standing in the cold,
Thinking of the ballots that the Coolidge ticket polled.
Thinking of the pickings and the easy jobs they lost,
Four and twenty Democrats trembling from the frost.
Four more years of penury, four more years of want,
Four more years of freezing in the cold winds from Vermont.
Posing for the picture, "When a Fellow Needs a Pal,"
Four and twenty Democrats Keeping Cool With Cal.

When Coolidge was in the Massachusetts Legislature
Tradition says he one time made a speech
Consisting of three sentences. Whereupon
They made him Speaker of the House.

And now, O Heavenly Muse, thy task is done.
Return once more unto thy sacred grove
Or wherever thou hangest out between elections.
Thy heavenly lyre, oh, place thou in dead storage.
We've done our best for Calvin, you and I.
Seldom has Emperor, President or King
Been welcomed with such a classy ode as this.
We've done our best, and now it's up to Cal.
And if he fails—well, all that I can say
Is, poetry has lost its old-time kick,
And there isn't any gratitude in presidents.

The Great Cheese Investigation

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SEN. BILKEN J. WORPLE.
SEN. HIGGINBOTHAM HASHWIT.
SEN. CATO GROGRAM.
SEN. LUCIUS SLIPWELL.
SEN. ODEON LUBBOCK.
ALBERON H. MADDOX, *an Astronomer.*
BURLINGTON J. SISSICK, *an Investigator.*
WELSHLER RORABACK, *a Big Cheese Man.*
Correspondents, society leaders, stenographers, clerks, policemen, innocent bystanders, etc.

ACT I

[The rising curtain discloses the interior of a committee room on the ground floor of the Senate Office Building. At one end of the room are large glistening mahogany tables for the members of the investigating committee, the clerks, the stenographers, the array of legal talent, the witnesses, the reporters and a few Washington society leaders.

[The clerks, stenographers, witnesses, lawyers, reporters and society leaders are in their places; and a few newly arrived newspapermen, finding themselves without chairs, are arguing bitterly with JIM PRESTON, *guardian of the Senate Press gallery, in an attempt to persuade him to throw out the society leaders so that their chairs may be made available. Two-thirds of the room is filled with eager spectators of the sort who generally turn to each other and whisper "What did he say?" whenever anybody says anything. Four members of the Capitol Police stand guard at the doors to prevent would-be spectators from pushing in and swamping the investigation. Every seat having been filled, the members of the investigating committee enter importantly, and seemingly unconscious of their audience. The chairman's seat is occupied by* SENATOR HASHWIT, *whose ears are twitching nervously. Beside him sits* SENATOR GROGRAM. SENATOR SLIPWELL *and* SENATOR LUBBOCK, *the two Administration members of the committee, occupy opposite ends of the table. After a considerable pause, during which the four senators appear to be thinking about committing suicide, or something equally serious,* SENATOR WORPLE, *the official examiner of the committee, makes a dramatic entrance, bangs his bulging brief case noisily on the table, stares balefully at the witnesses, reporters and audience, and finally throws himself into his seat with a Napoleonic air.*

SENATOR HASHWIT *(having looked questioningly at* SENATOR WORPLE *and received the high sign to start something* : The committee will come to order and the clerk will read the resolution under which these proceedings—ah—proceed.

CLERK *(clearing his throat portentously)*: "WHEREAS it has been charged that the cheese industry is controlled by a combination of corporations, and that such combination of corporations, or the individual members thereof, has or have employed unscrupulous and under-cover agents and attorneys to instill in the minds of the American people the false and bogus idea that the moon is not composed of cheese, or is composed of bad or decayed cheese, in order to avert a demand on the part of the American people that said moon be distributed in the form of cheese to the cheese eaters of America, and

"WHEREAS a part of the high cost of cheese and therefore of living is thus due to the illegal activity of the cheese industry in thus seeking to sequestrate one of the great natural resources of the world, and

"WHEREAS it is the inalienable right of the American people to have, hold and devour cheese and all other necessities of life at a price commensurate with the supply of said cheese, regardless of the desire of the cheese industry,

"Now, therefore, be it

"RESOLVED, that the Committee on Internal Affairs, or any subcommittee thereof, is hereby authorized to investigate the charge that the cheese industry is controlled by a corporation or corporations, which is in fact a monopoly, and has employed agents to mislead, deceive, cheat, cozen and bilk the American people concerning the composition of the moon, and to investigate whether there is a cheese trust; and be it

"RESOLVED FURTHER, that the committee is authorized to subpœna witnesses, send for persons and papers in automobiles, railroad trains, hacks or other conveyances, to administer oaths of all known varieties, and to supply the necessary clerical and legal assistance without consideration of expense in the prosecution of such investigation, the expenses thereof to be paid out of the contingent fund of the Senate on vouchers authorized by the committee in whole or in part and signed by the chairman thereof, if any."

SENATOR WORPLE *(rising to his feet and peering sharply around the room)*: The first witness is Alberon H. Maddox. Alberon H. Maddox will take the stand and the oath will be administered.

*[*MR. MADDOX, *an unobtrusive-looking individual, steps forward and slides into the witness chair, where he attempts to pull down his cuffs and find a place to put his hands, but with little success.* SENATOR HASHWIT *holds up a Bible, gazes severely at* MR. MADDOX *over the top of his glasses, and administers the oath in the manner usually observed by senatorial investigation committees.*

SENATOR HASHWIT: Do you, Alberon H. Maddox, solemnly blah blah blah blah blah wah wah blah?

MR. MADDOX *(weakly)*: I do.

SENATOR WORPLE *(gazing meaningly at* MR. MADDOX *and tapping the table with his index finger)*: Mr. Maddox, what is your name?

MR. MADDOX: Alberon H. Maddox.

SENATOR WORPLE: State your business.

MR. MADDOX: I am an astronomer.

SENATOR WORPLE *(sneeringly)*: Yes, an astronomer. Now, Mr. Maddox, will you kindly tell this committee what the moon is made of? Just tell the committee in your own words, Mr. Maddox.

MR. MADDOX: What the moon is made of?

SENATOR WORPLE *(with a sinister smile)*: Yes, what the moon is made of. You understood my question the first time, Mr. Maddox. You are not deaf, are you, Mr. Maddox?

MR. MADDOX: No.

SENATOR GROGRAM *(removing his eyeglasses with a pompous gesture and looking brightly at the audience)*: In the old days they used to speak of an astronomer's stone, but now they would have to speak of an astronomer's stone deaf. *(He laughs proudly, and is joined by the audience.)* Speak up, Mr. Maddox. His name is Maddox, isn't it? Yes, Maddox. Well, speak up, Maddox. This isn't the whispering gallery. *(Laughter, in which the senator joins.)*

SENATOR WORPLE: Come, come, Mr. Maddox. This committee cannot waste its time waiting for you. Now just tell the committee what the moon is made of. In your own words, Mr. Maddox.

MR. MADDOX. Well, senator, that is a difficult question. It is generally believed ——

SENATOR WORPLE: Now just stop right there, Mr. Maddox. This committee doesn't want to know what you think, or what you believe, or what you have heard

(Continued on Page 145)

FOR CHARLEY

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Then Come Back in Three Months and See What a Fool You've Been! Oh, Love Is Ridiculous—It's Disease! I Won't be Caught Like That Again!"

THEY walked between the knitting ladies, down the broad veranda steps, the tall girl in white and the little woman in black, around the bright flower beds, past the swimming pool, through the live oaks, in by the side door, along the glass shop fronts that lined the hall, to the desk for possible letters, back to the veranda rocking-chairs. They had been doing that for a week, in their new clothes that were so much more beautiful than any there and yet did nothing for them. No one spoke to them. No matter how crowded the porches or the lounge, there was always a ring of empty chairs about where they sat. Their loneliness in that bright throng was conspicuous, painful. The girl kept her handsome frowning eyes straight ahead on nothing, but the mother fidgeted and sighed.

"I can't see as we're getting anywheres, Glory," she complained. "Le's go home and be what the Lord meant us to be."

The girl sat erect in her rocking-chair, her slim, beautiful shoulders squared, her head drawn back by the heavy mass of her dark hair.

"You don't suppose I'm liking it, do you?" Her face was impassive, but there was a quiver of passion in her voice. "But I'd go through fire for Charley!"

Mrs. Mundy hunched and rocked.

"Charley liked you pretty well the way you was," she objected, "and that before we knew poor papa had any money to leave."

"He fell for me," Glory corrected her sternly. "But I jarred him forty times a day. I could see it. Charley's a real swell. He's class. I wasn't born it, like him, but I've got the brains to learn it. Why, I've learned a bookful in this one awful week."

"Well, what, for the land's sake?" Mrs. Mundy was not going to think much of it, whatever it was.

"Forks—not to hold them by the middle," Glory enumerated. "Doors—gentlemen let you go first, no matter how well they know you. I used to be always holding the wire door open for Charley; I thought it was just loving me that made him want to take it away. Voices—don't you notice how much lower and nicer mine is?"

"I can't hear half what you say, if that's what you mean," was the querulous answer. "I'd a sight rather be home scrubbin' the kitchen floor than killin' time on this porch." She took a bunch of letters out of the silk bag on her arm, her pudgy, creased hands fondling them. "Don't you want I should read you again Mr. Harmon's letter about your poor papa? You've only heard that once."

"All right."

Glory sat as though listening, while her mother stumbled through several letters offering sympathy and enumerating the fine qualities of Joseph Mundy. He had been a black-browed, scornful man, impatient of women; but Mrs. Mundy had been afraid of him, and missing the daily drama of her fear, called it grief.

"Mr. Harmon's letter made the thirty-ninth," she said complacently, easy tears in her eyes, as she put back the rubber band.

The isolation would have beaten even Glory, in time, but for Jane Le Grand. Jane, springing up the steps on rubber soles and quite unaware of all the ladies who wished they knew her, let her bright little brown eyes fall on the lonely couple, paused, then carried out a vague intention that was at least half kindness. If it was also half an insolent enjoyment of being above the social law, of in fact making new law where she chose, she could hide that even from herself. She went up to Glory.

"Do you play tennis?" she asked, slapping her funny little chintz frock with a racket.

Glory looked up with a smile that was appealing, coming from one so darkly imposing.

"No: I never learned," she said.

"Glory could do anything if she had a mind to," Mrs. Mundy put in.

Jane smiled at her good-humoredly, but went on to Glory:

"Dance?"

Glory hesitated.

"Yes—only I'm so tall the boys hate to ask me."

"Tough luck," said Jane, sitting on a chair arm. "What do you like to do?"

"I've always worked," Glory explained.

"Glory went in as bookkeeper for the pottery works when she was seventeen, and she was raised four times in five years," Mrs. Mundy took up the tale. "They just hated to lose her. But her poor papa died and left us all this money, so here we are, though I say we were better off at home."

"But we aren't here for pleasure," Glory insisted.

Jane slipped down into the chair.

"For what, then?" she asked.

Glory told her quite simply about Charley, who had come out from New York on business, seen her in her bookkeeper's cage and loved her in spite of himself.

"We both knew I wasn't good enough—Charley's like a prince," Glory said, leaning toward Jane on her long arms. "I tried to hold out against him for his sake. He's so brilliant, so fascinating he could have anybody. But he swears he's coming back in three months to marry me."

"He's crazy about her," Mrs. Mundy said. "Of course, I think Glory's good enough for anybody just like she is, but she thinks she's got to learn society and all that. So we come here to pick it up, and I must say it's pretty dull work."

"Could I learn anything in three months?" Glory asked, her whole soul waiting for the verdict.

Jane considered, then slowly nodded.

"I should think so. Come for a drive with me after lunch and we'll talk it over," she said, and passed on, leaving them radiant.

"A real sweet girl," Mrs. Mundy declared, and marveled at how from that hour their luck turned. To them, all the guests were on a common level of grandeur; they did not dream that Jane's public friendliness could fill the empty chairs that surrounded them.

Jane, having twenty millions in her own right and a boiling energy that tried to expend itself on sports, took up Glory with a zest that gave her family endless amusement. Jane laughed, too, at first, but presently frowned on the joking.

"Glory's all right," she insisted. "I like her. We are going to give Charley the surprise of his life."

"What is Charley?" her father asked

"He's in pottery, so he has to be an artist as well as a business man, but he could be anything," Jane sighed. "If he's half what she says he is, I wish I could get him for myself."

"Gloria Mundy," Mrs. Le Grand murmured. "How did that happen?"

"Her mother heard it somewhere and liked the way it sounded," Jane said sturdily, and telegraphed for her old governess to come and help in the polishing process. The Le Grands had meant to stay only two weeks while a change was being made in their country house; but Jane refused to leave and Mr. Le Grand liked the golf course, so they lingered on. Jane even dragged her brother down from town and his chemical laboratory. He came reluctantly, his rough hair in his eyes, hating the bright toy life, the empty days of thin pleasures.

"I thought mother must be ill," he scolded Jane. "I'm in the middle of an experiment—I can't stay here. I'm no missionary to young women."

"I need you, Henry," Jane urged. "The men here are all silly boys or fat husbands—they are no use at all. And I can't give Glory the man's point of view. You'd know all the things that Charley would hate."

"I do," Henry assented grimly. A well-born young man with twenty millions of his own knows things about women that either ruin him or drive him into seclusion. Henry, after a few years that brought him very close to ruin, had barricaded himself in his laboratory and turned a dark scowl on Jane's world. "I know them well."

"Oh, but you're safe with Glory," Jane pointed out. "She's so in love with Charley that she will see you only as a stepping-stone. That is all I am. She doesn't care who I may be or where I live or what is going on in my life—she's single-track."

"Then she's a bore," Henry said relievedly, as though that let him out.

"No"—Jane had to think why Glory was not a bore—"no, she is so intense that she makes me feel intense too. When I'm with her, getting her up to Charley's level is as thrilling as life saving. I have never been so interested in my life. She works all the morning with Banty, and Banty says there never was such a pupil. She's as excited as

I am. All I ask of you is to look her over and tell me what you hate. I'll pass it on."

"Her mother will read you her thirty-nine letters of condolence for the late Mr. Mundy," Mrs. Le Grand warned him. "She has read them to everyone here but me."

"Well, I like Mrs. Mundy better than the toadies who are taking her up," Jane declared. "She's real. Henry, I told Glory that you would take her out in my car at three o'clock and it is nearly that now. Come and meet her."

Henry, muttering profanely, let himself be led down to the veranda, where Glory sat waiting, her white coat thrown back, her long arms making a straight line to the clasped hands on her knee. Her smile for Jane took in Henry, but impersonally. She had given up the emphatic "Pleased to meet you!" that meant introduction to her mother, and she had no shyness or nerves to mar her greeting. Mrs. Mundy thought her not cordial enough and tried to make up for her, but Charley might well have been proud of his lady in that moment. Henry dropped his air of being dragged to the slaughter.

"My sister says you will be good enough to take a run with me," he said.

"It is you who are good," Glory told him earnestly. There was no moment of strangeness, no need for small talk. As soon as they were off she turned to her great topic.

"You see, I had never met a man like Charley," she began. "We've always lived in a little town—there is nothing there but the pottery works. My father was away a good deal and he never told us he was getting rich. There weren't any—Jane says I mustn't say 'society men' or even 'clubmen,' but she doesn't tell me what you do call them."

"Regular fellers," he suggested gravely.

She smiled over that, but a little distressfully.

"Oh, there isn't time to joke!" she exclaimed. "He will be here in six weeks!"

He turned out of the grounds into the highway that led to the ocean.

"And it scares you?" he asked presently.

Her tense headshake admitted fear.

"Oh, it isn't his coming that scares me! It is his being away and remembering all the things he hated. I can see it sometimes in his letters. He loves me, but he—he has to wonder whether it's going to work. He'll come because he said he would, and I've got to get as near as possible to—to what he is. I can't lose one moment. It's life and death "

"Are you sure he's worth it?" Henry asked; then, under her shocked stare, apologized. "Of course he is. And it's a great stunt. Does he know what you are up to?"

She could laugh. For a moment she was all gleam and glow with a crescent dent in one cheek.

"Not a word! I've only written him that there was more money than we had expected and that we were here for a change. Oh, think of the surprise, think of the relief when he finds that he needn't make allowances, that I can be like the girls he's accustomed to! Oh, if I can only do it!"

Two girls in a passing car waved excitedly to Henry and shouted an invitation.

He scarcely answered.

"Perhaps your Charley cares because you're not like the girls he knows," he said impatiently. "If I ever marry, it will be a peasant girl in a blue kerchief, with bare feet."

That was sufficiently startling to catch her attention. She thought it over for several moments.

"You mean, you'd want to educate her yourself?" she asked.

Henry's dark face lit amazingly when he smiled.

"No, I'd want to kiss her," he said, and laughed out at her flush.

"Charley isn't like that," she explained. "I could see that he winced, only I couldn't just make out why. Twice he left me, but he had to come back. It's big, you know—like Romeo and Juliet. Did you ever read that?"

"Everyone has always read Shakspere," he told her, and saw her make a mental note of the fact.

They flew along between the wind-twisted cypresses and the bright sea, and because they were both supremely natural persons, caring nothing for conventional reticences, Glory found herself opening to new depths. She could even speak of her mother.

"That is going to be so hard," she confessed. "Mother is a dear soul, but—well, you know how she'd seem to Charley. He tried to hide it, but of course I saw. And she isn't going to change. What can I do—between them?"

He was more interested in her processes than in the ethics of the situation.

"What do you want to do?"

Her honesty nearly rent her.

"Oh, I want to go away with Charley and just make him happy!" she cried, twisting her hands together in her pain. "Isn't it cruel of me? That good little soul! I can't hurt her. And yet when she visits us Charley's going to hate it."

He did not realize the utter dreadfulness of that.

"Well, he can't have it all roses," he said easily. "Do him good to have to swallow his feelings now and then."

She denied it violently.

"Oh, you don't know! Charley's exquisite!"

Henry asked an odd question—for him.

"How do I compare with him?"

She looked at him in honest consideration. The wind had played havoc with his uncovered hair, his rough-hewn face was leather-brown, his clothes were easy, not new. Their eyes met level.

"Of course you haven't his style or his fascination," she admitted; "but one can see that you're a society man too—or whatever you call it. That's why you can help me."

Henry whistled rudely under his breath and put on speed.

Jane had suppressed the appalling grandeur of Glory's wardrobe and put her into slim and silky sport clothes, bought at the exotic little shops that lined the hall. Glory often studied her simplified outline in grave wonder.

"I don't yet see why this is better than pretty things like beads and fringe," she told Jane, coming down the next morning in a straight frock of knitted silk. "But I guess you're right. I know Charley always liked me in my old pink chambray, while he never said a thing about my best dress." She looked from Jane to Henry with a long sigh. They were standing at the desk, waiting for the mail to be distributed. "There's almost too much to learn," she admitted.

Henry, the spoiled and bearish, made an extraordinary proposition.

"Come out and begin on golf. You ought to play a good game, with those arms and shoulders. I'll teach you."

Jane shot a startled glance at him, but Glory had no conception of the magnificence of the offer.

"I work with Miss Banton mornings," she said. "I wouldn't give that up for anything."

"You can work with Banty in the afternoon," Henry said. "Morning's the time for golf." He teased like a bad boy, but she was immovable.

"I'll go out with you after lunch," she said; and then, receiving a large letter, she took it between her hands in a quick clasp and left them without ceremony. Her walk and bearing had needed no training; she moved with natural pride, a splendid, swift strength. Jane had a wicked smile.

"I told you Glory was perfectly safe," she reminded him.

Henry went off for the afternoon, purposely forgetting about the golf lesson; but as Glory had completely forgotten it, she went unpunished. The next afternoon he meekly suggested it again, but she was having a tennis lesson from Jane.

"Charley plays wonderful tennis," she told him; her eyes lighted for the prowess of the beloved. "He isn't so fond of golf."

"You'd better learn it," Henry insisted, but had to wait several days before she found time to begin. He took Jane's clubs but refused her company.

"You'll talk about other things," he said. "This is a strictly business occasion. I'm going to make a champion out of Miss Mundy."

Her raised eyebrows commented on the formality of his "Miss Mundy"; he had been saying "Glory" with humorous enjoyment.

"Why a golf champion?" she asked.

He looked back at her from the door with a dark glimmer.

"So that she can lick the tar out of Charley," he said through a sidewise jaw.

Glory took to golf with a born ease that made her forget other sports, and every day jealous feminine eyes saw the two moving over the links in the sweet salty breeze of

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"Glory Could Do Anything If She Had a Mind to," Mrs. Mundy Put In

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

Comrades All—By Isaac F. Marcosson

A Communist of Tomorrow

IF BY some unhappy slip of the tongue a Russian communist should use the prefix "mister" in addressing a colleague, he is liable to get into serious trouble. All such titles savor of class and capitalism and are therefore proscribed. Communistic etiquette dictates the use of the word *tovarish*, which means comrade. This Soviet equality covers a multitude of sins and likewise an immense amount of dirt and smell.

It means that when Bolshevism broke, it did much more than scrap royalty, aristocracy and a few other trifles like property rights. It set up an astounding and equally devastating human level, which is just another name for mediocrity. In consequence Russia, and notably the cities, which are the strongholds of proletarian strength, unfold the most diverting panorama of everyday life that the world has witnessed since the high tide of the French Revolution. Those Gallic citizens and citizenesses to whose ears the impact of the guillotine was as music, were, in a sense, the prototypes of the horde that has flung social and moral restraint to the winds and made possible, in the larger sense, a nation of comrades all.

In the preceding articles of this series the economic and political phases of Russia have been revealed, with an occasional glimpse of the human—which under Bolshevism is also the unhuman—side. Having got statistics out of the way, we can now have a look at the people as they live, work and play in the red Babel.

What might be called the new crimson caste is a curious structure reared largely on bombast, cruelty and atheism. Oddly enough, lineage enters into it, but by the back door, as it were. Soviet pride of ancestry takes the trail to the factory bench. The man who can say "I am a worker and my father before me was a worker" is the top dog when it comes to family superiority—if such a thing survives in Russia.

You can see just how much opportunity the bourgeoisie have under this order. Parents get the cold shoulder or worse in the struggle for existence, while their children are sidetracked at school. The offspring of the reds have the first chance, for they are the communists of tomorrow. The perversion of the youth of Russia to meet the political exigencies of the future—the complete story of which will be told in a later article—constitutes the worst of all the indictments against Bolshevism

Sufferings of City People

PERHAPS it is the realization of this strong-arm rule that withholds sympathy for the city masses. I specify city, because the peasant, as a group, remains immune to communism and is practically an unchanged type. I once accosted a peasant as *tovarish* and he indignantly replied, "I am no *tovarish*. The old ways are good enough for me." His is the common idea among the great mass of rural workers. Most of the agriculturists who have become reds have done so at the point of the pistol or because they profited materially by the conversion.

The first and the most outstanding fact that strikes the alien in any Russian community is the universal poverty. It is stark, grimy and unrelieved. Beggary and Bolshevism have become almost synonymous, and it is a strange commentary on Marxism. Obviously the wreck of the upper classes has not meant the slightest degree of prosperity for the lower. Life is sordid and sodden. At night the streets in the center of Moscow are lined with men, women and children offering to sell an almost inconceivable variety of articles, ranging from shoe laces to intimate personal effects, which must be sacrificed to obtain money for food. Some of these unfortunates appear at dawn and remain until midnight. Patience seems to be one of the few remaining virtues of the Russian.

In China, Turkey and Japan the visitor usually feels sorry for those oppressed by poverty. This is not always the case in the bigger Russian cities, where the artisan—and particularly the professional proletariat, so to speak—lent himself to an upheaval—and such it remains—in which freedom is a jest and democracy a cruel joke. There is less liberty in Russia today than under czarist rule. You have recourse to the old saying that "the people have the government they deserve" and let Nature take its course. In this matter of sympathy for the people, or rather the lack of it, you must except the survivors of the aristocratic families and the members of the intelligentzia, whose plight is tragic beyond words. Here is an episode that illustrates what is going on:

I was walking in Moscow one day with an alien who was formerly manager of a large foreign-owned industrial plant, has lived in Russia for many years and speaks the language fluently.

Suddenly he stopped and spoke to a shabbily dressed old woman who was soliciting alms. I went on slowly When he came up I saw that he was agitated. After he had mastered his emotion he said: "That woman once had a fine house here and a magnificent estate in the country. I dined with her family innumerable times before the revolution. Her husband was killed by the reds: her only son is in prison and she must beg to sustain life."

A Danish professor who came to Moscow to get material for a book, whom I met in the course of my investigations, told me that he had just been to see an old friend who was one of the most distinguished academicians in Russia. He found him barefoot, occupying a single room with his family of four people. He was eking out a bare livelihood by giving private lessons in Russian to foreigners. His case is typical. Those members of the intelligentzia who desire to leave Russia are unable to get passports because the government realizes that once they are out they become active propagandists against Bolshevism.

The British Winston Churchill is credited with a brilliant epigram about Russia. He is reported to have said one Russian means a genius, two a quarrel and three chaos. If you want to get a line on this chaos, or rather the mess that has been made of life in what

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A Russian Girl Scout

Madame Lenine Making a Speech to a Group of Villagers

Three Thousand Fathoms Deep

The Story of Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Cable Ships—By Kingsley Moses

Pim Bay, Fayal, Azores, Where the New Cable Was Landed. Mt. Pico, the Volcano, Rising From the Clouds

FOR seven days and seven nights the cable ship has steamed across the gray November ocean. Only once in those days and nights has another vessel been sighted; for the cable ship's course is laid far south of the usual lines of transatlantic travel. The black sea, under the lash of the fierce autumn gales, is flecked with whitecaps. The sun rarely shines.

Below the keel of the vessel is three thousand fathoms of water—three sea miles of depth. And the water, from a point just below the surface all the way down to the black ooze of the ocean's bed, is utterly dark, entirely still, bitterly cold. Yet somewhere in that infinite depth and darkness is a transatlantic cable which must be picked up and repaired.

For the landsman the utter folly of such an enterprise must be evident. A deep-sea cable is only an inch in diameter. It is perhaps three miles below the surface of the sea, held down by the pressure of thousands of tons of water. Currents may have carried it miles from the original course it should have followed. How, finally, is it possible to guess just where the trouble lies? For no human eye has ever seen—or presumably ever will see—the cable in its submarine bed.

Finding the Break

THE fact is, however, that no cable since the first unfortunate experiment of 1858 has ever been abandoned through failure to discover the fault which has interrupted communication from land to land. Somehow, sometime the trouble is located; and under modern conditions the fault is often very speedily picked up. In the simplest language the proceeding may be thus explained:

At the ends of the cable are the shore stations at which the telegraphic messages are dispatched and received. And among the many delicate instruments in these stations is one bit of mechanism which will determine with extraordinary exactness the resistance of any length of the whole cable. If the cable is 2328 miles long—such a cable as has just been laid from New York to Fayal, in the Azores—and the resistance per mile is known to be two ohms—the electrical unit term named after the great German physicist, Dr. Georg Simon Ohm—then the total resistance of the whole cable is calculated at 4656 ohms. But suppose the cable when tested at the New York end shows a resistance of only 3212 ohms. It is not a difficult matter to divide by two and arrive at the conclusion that the break lies 1606 miles from New York. And when, upon word from Fayal that the cable at that end shows a resistance of 1444 ohms, and that, consequently, the break should lie some 722 miles from Fayal, it is pretty good proof that at a distance of about 1600 miles from New York and 720 miles from Fayal there is a spot in the submarine cable which needs attention. Out then, over the route on the chart which has been carefully recorded by the ship that originally laid the cable, the repair ship starts to grapple for that black thread along the ocean's bottom.

Fishing

ONCE arrived at the indicated spot, the crew of the cable ship commences its extraordinary fishing operations. What would the ancient Izaak Walton have thought, we may wonder, of a fishline of massive chains, a hook heavier than a man, a catch two thousand miles long and worth two or three million dollars! For the ordinary grapnel is a five-pronged fishhook, weighing about 230 pounds, and the chain to which the hook is attached must be strong enough to lift up many tons of cable from the greatest depths.

Then, back and forth across the line where the cable was originally laid the cable ship steams slowly. To pick up the New York cable, which runs nearly due east to Fayal, the ship would zigzag from north to south, for example; to find the Vancouver cable, which runs southerly to lonely little Fanning Island in the wide Pacific, the ship would work alternately east and west. The grapnel rope, running through a comparatively simple apparatus known as the dynamometer, will show an even amount of strain so long

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Loading Shore End of Cable on a Raft From the Cable Ship Colonia. At Right—Paying-Out Machinery Aboard the Colonia. The Drum and Great Brakes Which Control the Cable. The Cable May be Seen Passing Three Times Round the Drum, Going Under the Wheel of the Dynamometer, and Over the Sheave, at the Stern of the Ship

HOMEBODIES

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Thank Me," He Buzzes, Grabbing Hisself a Seat

UP TO a short time ago I could 'a' lobbed a mean brag about never having been yokeled into the moving-picture game, but such is no longer the cases. Since I seen you birds last I been in it, on it, over it, under it and through it, with the "through" being about all I got to exhibit for it, excepting the nice new scar left behind by the whole double spool of thread they plucked outta me. Just the same, I've no regrets. Experience, like they says, is the only teacher; and I ain't sore even if she is always keeping me after school and slipping me extra home work.

Dave Stein was the bimbo that cut my brags down by one. When I first met up with that lad he was chief engineer of a hot iron in a pants-pressing deadfall, but they musta been a lotta piasters left in the pockets in that precinct. In a coupla years Dave has opened a buttonhole factory. Every time I sees him after that he's in some other line with some other guy. It seems like Stein's willing to go into partnership with anybody that's got a business.

Me and Hank Ritter is having lunch downtown when Dave breezes in and invites hisself over. He's tricked out from hat to hoof like a bookmaker after a good season for the long shots, with a searchlight in his shirt of at least eight thousand scandal power. The boy's just oozing full dinner pails.

"I thank me," he buzzes, grabbing hisself a seat. "I will join you if I insists. You fellers wanna make some money?"

"Not me," says Hank. "I just come from my safety deposit and they ain't room for another bond."

"Get yourselfs a bigger box," suggests Stein.

"No," returns Ritter. "I'm kinda attached to the one I got now. You know how it is, Dave. You gets to like a thing and it sorta becomes a part of you. All I gotta do is touch the little feller and he purrs and slides out to meet me. Besides, I ain't one of them bobos ——"

"It's funny," I cuts in, "but just five minutes ago I was talking to Hank about getting rid of some of the jack I got now. We was arguing whether I oughta start a home for aged Arkansas ski jumpers with eleven or more blind children, or a college to teach cross-eyed boys to be track walkers for a aëroplane line. Which do you think?"

"How," inquires Stein, "would you like to use some of that loose mazum to elevate public morals?"

"What have you went and done now?" I wants to know. "Gone into partnership with a church?"

"Kinda," replies Dave; "but answer me these! What is the biggest thing to elevate morals with these days? The movies, of course."

"When," I asks, "did you and morals get so clubby?"

"I looked 'em up in Bradstreet's," grins Stein, "and I finds they is got a good rating. How about you and Ritter taking a little flyer with me and some other lads in the better-and-cleaner film game?"

"And she thought," sneers Hank, "that fillet mignon was fish."

"No," says Dave, "they ain't nothing wrong in this picture and I ain't baiting no hook for no come-ons. This is a square-shooting up-and-up proposition and ——"

"Go on," I interrupts, "tell us about it. I never been so uninterested before."

"Homebodies," says Stein, slow and solemn.

"Which?" I inquires.

"Homebodies," he repeats. "How's that for a gate puller? Can't you see the cops battling with the crowds in front of the box office?"

"What's the idea?" growls Ritter.

"This feature's gonna be called Homebodies for a funny reason," returns Dave. "It's about homebodies, and that's the kick in it."

"There'll be plenty of kick, feller," I tells him, "if you calls it that and plays ball with the billing."

"My wife and children should drop dead," protests Stein. "Lemme tell you the story and you'll do me right. A coupla months ago a book came out wrote by a gal named Polyanna Pris called Homebodies. I think it sold about eight and a half copies, but one of 'em fell into the mitts of Cecil White. You heard of him?"

"Is that the bobo," asks Hank, "that was responsible for The Crimson Scarlet?"

"Yeh, that's him," says Dave, hasty; "but he's offa the red racket for life. Cec has hit the sawdust for the straight and narrow. Know what his slocum is now?"

"There's a hundred smackers for your favorite charity," snorts Ritter, "if you can think up something I care about less."

"What is the slocum?" I inquires. "Something about glorifying the American sewer?"

"I told you," comes back Stein, kinda indignant, "that White wasn't working that side of the street no more. Our motto will be Clean Pictures for Clean Patrons; Your Preacher is Our Press Agent. How does that strike your listeners?"

"I've heard of somebody going further," I returns, "but not of doing no worse. Step on that spiel of yours and finish it. Hank's ice cream's getting cold."

"Cecil," continues Dave, "grabbed off the rights to the book for a mere hum and then tried to have the Colossal Mastodon Productions put it out as their big hyper-super-extra-special of the year, but they'd already scheduled sixty-eight of them for the season and that left White on the outside looking out. Anyways, them folks wouldn't shoot nothing that ain't got the old U. S. A."

"What do you mean, U. S. A.?" I inquires. "Flag-waving hoke?"

"Naw," grunts Stein. "Usual sex appeal."

"And," I remarks, "Homebodies ain't got none, eh?"

"Not no more," says Dave, "than a oyster's got ballyhoo. To get to the point, Cecil quits his job of directing for C. M. P. and goes out on his own. For thirty thousand jinglers, he tells me, he can make a pic outta the Pris book that'll panic 'em."

"How much you put up?" asks Ritter.

"Nothing so far," admits Stein; "but my ideas is to get ten birds to punish theirselves for three grand each, organize a company and let White make Homebodies. The picture might gross a million. Ain't that pretty sugar?"

"Not so," I comes back, "when you couple it in the betting with 'might.' I've seen that nag 'Might' get in the way of too many sure-thing stake horses and bump 'em off the track."

"Even supposing," persists Dave, "that you don't draw a whole jug of jack outta the deal, ain't it worth a dollar or three to you babies to get behind a clean film and give morals a few lusty cheers?"

"I ain't got no objections," says Ritter, "to dissipating a coupla dimes on the lift-up, but somehow I just can't figure you and morals without thinking of the two Portlands."

"Huh?" puzzles Stein.

"You in Oregon and them in Maine," explains Hank; "and I can't see Cecil even that close to 'em. That bimbo'd slap a cabaret shot and a bedroom set into a camp-fire-girl picture."

"You got us all wrong," argues Dave. "They ain't gonna be nothing in this show that'd make a babe in arms blush. From what Ritter says, I gathers he'd be ready too go in with us if he was sure that everything was gonna be straight and clean. Does that go for you too?"

"Well," I hesitates, "perhaps; but how do I know they ain't gonna be no dirty deuces run into the deck after I buys my stack of blues?"

"For the simple reasons," shoots back Stein, "that you do all the dealing."

"Me!" I gasps.

"Yep," smiles Dave. "Here's the idea: The other stockholders I got lined up is all in business, and I ain't got no time, neither, to fuss around studios. You're retired. We've gotta have a boss for the works. I'll fix it for you to be producing supervisor, and nothing goes into the picture without your Hancock. What could be fairer?"

"About Gone!" I Yelps. "Why, We Ain't Made a Foot of Film Yet! You're ——"

"You mean," grins Ritter, "that Dink'd handle the whole layout and even Cecil'd have to take orders from him?"

"That's what," nods Stein.

"Count me in, then," chirps Hank. "I'll get my three back in laughs."

"You will, will you?" I growls.

"All right?" inquires Dave, turning to me.

"Sure," says I. "I'll let anything try me oncet."

II

THE next day I gets a copy of Homebodies and gives it the cover-to-cover. It's sure one fine bowl of mush, with no more story in it, as far as I can see, than they is on the flyleaf of a dictionary. Six or seven wives parade through the yarn, gabbing about tat work, how their husbands like their eggs done, the bright crack made by Willie when he discovered at the age of twelve that they wasn't no Santa Claus, and that kinda red meat. They ain't the hint of a suspicion of a plot to the darn thing; no love affairs, no scraps, no nothing. Anybody that gave up two dollars for that book was just paying a two-dollar cover charge. It ain't nothing but the toned-down minutes of a session of the Tuesday Sewing and Did-You-Hear Club. The most exciting situation is a lotto game where they settles for nothing on the dollar. Mrs. Spriggins has won nine straight heats and quits. Get this palaver: "'Won't you play some more?' pleaded Mrs. Muffleby.

"'No,' returned Mrs. Spriggins gently. 'Should I win again, I fear that conceit and pride might overtake me, and they are evils to be shunned.'

"'They are, indeed,' said Mrs. Rev. Gawfish, and Mrs. Muffleby, conscious-stricken by her thoughtless remark, retired somewhat discomfited."

Just why Mrs. Muffleby figured she was getting a bawling ain't clear to me; but, anyways, this fluff will give you a line on Pollyanna Pris' style and the stuff she could put on the ball when she wanted real dramatic action. Of course I ain't very far in the book before I dopes it that Homebodies is gonna be played as a comedy, though I ain't never heard of Cecil White directing any of the ha-ha pictures before.

Stein's a fast worker and it ain't a week before I gets a note from him that the thirty thousand's all been lined up and that I should come to a meeting to get acquainted with the other come-ons and take hold of production. When me and Hank gets to the spiffy offices Dave has laid out, the other eight fish are already there, and White. We is introduced.

"Have you read Homebodies?" asks the director.

"Yeh," says I. "It oughta make a pretty good comedy."

"Comedy!" gasps Cecil. "Surely you ain't in earnest!"

The boy's eyebrows arch up and he grabs at his Latin Quarter necktie like he was choking to death.

"Ain't it gonna be a laugh picture?" I comes back.

"Certainly not," he bites off. "It's to be a strong and gripping drama with a high moral lesson."

"I wonder," says I, puzzled, "if you and me has read the same book. Was they a lotto game in your yarn with a jane quitting because she was afraid winning would go to her head?"

"Yes," answers White.

"Isthat comedy?" I demands to know.

"It perhaps has its surface elements of humor," returns Cecil; "but the drama of life lies not in what is seen, but in symbolic contrasts; in other words, in the might have been rather than in the as is."

"Come on over," yelps Stein, at this junction, "and meet Moe Epstein, of the Æsthetic Pants Company."

Just Looking at Her Gives Me the Fatigues

Before the knock-downs is done I've clasped mitts with the cream of the needle trades, after the which we gets down to business. It don't take me no more'n five minutes to get jerry to the facts that they ain't nobody in the place, excepting White and a bird sitting near me named Levinson, that's ever been in the picture game or knows any more about it than a duck does about dominoes. One lad gets up and suggests that we should change the name of the company to Cinema Films, Inc., on the ideas that he's heard that the word "sin" in it would be a drawing card.

"But they ain't even spelled the same way," says Dave.

"Should we yet have to give spelling lessons?" comes back the fathead.

"How," I asks Levinson, "do guys like that get into this sort of thing?"

"They're just Brodies," he tells me, "taking a chance. They've seen a lotta bushelmen and buttonhole jobbers cash in dazzle dough on the pictures and they want in on it. As far as that goes, they ain't nothing to the business but gamble. A slick-tonguer can waltz out any day and raise a million to produce Hamlet, getting the jack from jakes that'd believe you if you told 'em the play was written by Elinor Glyn and was about sheiks and bobbed-hair bandits. One of the biggest fellers in the game, who started out by making Macbeth, kept insisting that the author oughta do the titles. Tell any of these boys that they don't know nothing and they'll flash a check for six figures with an X in the signature place, and say, "You should have the education."

Dave's got the steam roller oiled slick and everything goes over like he said it would. I'm elected production director with full powers to pull the bowstring on Cecil if he starts bowling down the wrong alley. Another bird's picked to keep a hawkeye on the mazum and still another to keep two hawks' eyes on that lad. Everybody in the place trusts everybody else—just as far as he can push Pike's Peak with neuritis in both arms and a coupla broken shoulder blades.

Hank ain't taken no part in the proceedings, just sitting over in a corner reading, every now and then looking up at me and grinning.

"What's the joke?" I finally growls.

"I just been scumming through Homebodies," says Ritter, "and if there's a picture in that mess of goo I'm the king of Bolivia's favorite snake charmer."

"My boy," I tells him, kinda pitying, "the drama of life ain't in what you sees, but in what ain't but could 'a' was."

"That oughta make you a good drama," chortles Hank. "You'll be a ain't but a could of was before you gets done. I think your job's starting now. There's Barney Rosenthal trying to give you a tumble."

Barney don't want nothing excepting that I should use a coupla his kids in the picture.

"Haven't you read the story?" I asks him.

"Why should I?" he shrugs. "Ain't I gonna see it in the movies?"

"If your luck holds out," says I; "but they ain't nothing in the play that calls for children."

"That should make a never mind," comes back Rosenthal. "Pretty girls you could always put in. Didn't they use Max Feingold's babies in Robertson Caruso? And he didn't put up no more'n five hundred dollars in the company, neither."

"How," I inquires, curious, "did they work a set of kids into that picture?"

"It was so easy like pie," answers Barney. "You know that part of the play where he is sitting lonesome like in his cave. Well, they just had a line reading, 'He wouldn't 'a' been so lonesome if he'd 'a' had two babies like these,' and then they showed 'em playing around in their cribbages. Now, didn't that fit in nice?"

"Sure," I agrees, "like a radio set on the ark. You go and see White. He's the director and it's up to him to pick on the cast."

Before I gets away from the meeting four other stockholders shushes me off to corners to talk up friends and relations of theirs for bits in Homebodies, and one lad wants me to arrange for a shot of his store front to go into the picture.

I'm about all in and fed up with film fodder by the time me and Hank reaches the house for our three fingers of celery phosphate; but the night ain't over yet by a long shot in the arm. Lizzie Magruder is visiting with the frau and she makes a dead set for me.

"So you're in pictures," she gushes. "Ain't that too wonderful for words!"

"That's as maybe," says I; "but I know I'm too tired for 'em." As a matter of facts, I'm always too tired to talk to that dumbsel. Just looking at her gives me the fatigues.

"Lizzie," remarks the missus, "is crazy to get into the movies. Can't you put her in?"

"What," I asks, sarcastic, "does she know about the silent drama?"

"I took some tests oncet," rattles on the Magruder wren, "and they told me I registered fine."

"For what election was that?"

"Cease being comical," orders the wife. "Why shouldn't Lizzie have a small part? I think she'd be wonderful."

"Give her a chance," urges Hank, with a wink. "I'll bet she'd riot 'em playing the opera singer."

"The which?" I comes back, off my balance for a minute. "Oh, that. You're not a soprano, are you, Lizzie?"

(Continued on Page 141)

"Grief," Announces the Magruder Frill, Hopping to Her Dogs and Striking a Latitude

REVENGE

By EDITH ORR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

THE schooner, two masted, black bulled, square sterned, slipped smartly along on the coming tide before a southwest breeze; the mainland a green wall of spruce sliding behind to port, little round islands falling away to starboard. Shaking off the last of them, she rounded the point, and her sails flapped once as she came into the cove. Red rocks along the shore ahead with tide mark yet uncovered were answered by a shimmer of red from the water; a crescent of white lay across her bows, interrupted by blobs of green. The crescent suffered a series of fractures into house and sheds, the green blobs spread and were trees. In the middle distance other trees, smoke-blue, bordered a faintly rosy sky.

The mate, smoking at the wheel, looked upon the scene without favor.

"That it?" he asked.

"That's it," confirmed the captain. "Hand her over, Ryan. I know the channel."

"Channel's marked."

"Hand her over!" said the captain briefly, and took the wheel.

She made her berth comfortably under sail, and was fast at five, in the very shadow of the sawmill whence her cargo of boards was to come. They lay there ready, on the edge of the wharf, fresh and sweet-smelling, yellow, fringed with black; they could almost be heaved from their piles straight into the hold.

Beyond the mill to the westward a fish wharf ran into the water, a long narrow pier ending in a shed, beyond this an establishment where boats were made, repaired, and then allowed to rot peacefully at their moorings; and a few rods farther on an unpainted wall-eyed box of a building where the herring of the local waters was transformed into the sardine of commerce. Here the larger activities of the village died away in tumble-down, abandoned boathouses and an alder-grown shore.

"How long we goin' to stay in this dump?" asked the mate, with all the contempt of the hard-boiled man from Rockland.

"Well, we got seventy-five thousand foot to put aboard."

The mate's countenance lightened. "Matter o' three days "

"It might take longer."

"Why might it?"

"I might have other business to look after."

The mate spat gloomily.

"Supper's ready," announced the cook from below.

The captain allowed the mate to precede him, cast one clandestine look about him, squared his shoulders and followed, smiling privately and briefly.

There were no deep-water class distinctions aboard the schooner. Captain, cook and mate ate together in the galley; the cook occupied the seat nearest the stove, whence he might replenish plates without moving. He was temporarily lame from rheumatism; it was infirmity, not skill, that made him a cook.

"I do' know's I ever et any worse sody biscuits than what you make, Waldo," observed the mate impartially.

"They are pretty bad, and that's a fact," agreed the cook heartily. "I wouldn't of tried 'em again only we was out of bread. Takes a woman to make biscuits."

The captain emerged from his abstraction and became conscious of what he was eating. An odd light came into his eye, a flickering smile returned to his lips and was almost immediately extinguished.

They had sat down to supper at six. At 6:10 precisely the captain came on deck, satisfied, leaving the cook and mate to dispose of what was left, relieved of the embarrassment of his presence. Relieved himself of theirs, he lighted a cigar and looked about him as he had been waiting to do; frowning, simultaneously chewing and puffing his cigar.

His eye followed the road, which wound east past the mill, doubled on itself, mounted a leisurely hill and brought him in spirit to the heart of the village precisely at the longitude of his own boat, but at a hundred feet above sea level. Sweet, white and smiling, Hammettville hung above the seat of her own support and denied all knowledge of wharves and sardine factories. She could not see them; for her there were only water and the wooded curve of the opposite shore.

On the north side of the street was the post office, on the south the village store. The captain entered each in turn, and came out again wearing an expression of fierce disdain, traveled a little farther up the street, registering doubt and fond anxiety.

Except for his far-seeing blue eye and the coppery tan that extended from his open throat to the roots of his hair, skipping nothing on the way, there was little of the sailorman in the captain's outside. He wore faded brown trousers tucked into high sea boots, a pink shirt, and a derby hat far back on his thick curly hair. His nose was thick and combative, and his mouth, when not pulled upon by the strings of hidden emotion, a fortress of obstinacy.

"Goin' uptown?"

Naturally the mate had no way of knowing that the captain was already uptown. The captain tumbled back hastily.

"Henry's Mean; I Don't Deny It. I Suffer a Lot From Henry Myself"

"I do' know but I might go later "

"Wish't you'd get some bread if you can find your way about the streets of this great city."

The privacy of two, the pleasant evening hour, the unexpected difficulty of synthesizing his own emotions resulted in a boiling over into confidence.

"I'd ought to be able to," said the captain. "I was born here."

"Born here, was you?" The mate swept a disparaging glance about him that just missed including the captain as a self-confessed son of the soil. "The' oughtn't anyone to lay it up against you; you knew enough to leave."

The flippancy of the mate relieved the tension of more serious thought within the captain's mind and disposed him to further confidence. He desired to let the light of the great world shine mercilessly upon village standards. He despised them himself, he always had; it comforted him to feel an alien despising them in their very home.

"Fact is, I had to leave. I was kicked out, you might say "

"I'd hand a vote of thanks to them that done it."

"Yes, sir, I was kicked out for playin' poker and gettin' drunk once or twice."

"Hell!" observed the mate, without even the pretense of interest in an Odyssey so tame. "What's that pitcher over there on that shed? Don't mean movies, does it?"

"If it does they was over in Sanborn sometime last winter."

The mate's eyes were fastened on the poster. Upon it a white-haired exquisite clad all in black descended a gorgeous stairway, helping himself daintily to a pinch of snuff as he looked in disdain upon sundry figures grouped below him, brilliant in assorted costumes of the July Monarchy.

"February twenty-fifth," confirmed the mate, reading the poster. "Well, it don't matter; I seen that one anyway; I remember it now. It's about a young guy, master of a vessel, gets thrown into jail on his wedding day for some reason or other by some other guys that were sore at him, and how he escapes twenty years after, tied up in a bag, finds an island full o' gold, comes back rich as Crœsus and gets even with the bunch. Gets his wife back, kills two of 'em and ruins the other."

"Does?" commented the captain thoughtfully.

"Every time he finishes one of 'em off he raises his right hand and says 'One!' or 'Two!' or 'Three!'—whichever it is "

"I'd like to seen it," conceded the captain generously.

"Oh, it was poor stuff."

The mate yawned.

"There's parties," said the captain darkly, "in this town that are goin' to feel pretty sick when they see me!"

But there he left it.

He had marked in Ryan a slight lowering in respect, to be corrected when another working day came round. He judged it best to adumbrate fearfulness, not to expose details. There were elements in his story not to be trusted to the coarse ear of the mate or to any other judgment than his own.

The captain finished his cigar in silence, threw the stub overboard, and started to go below, the ostentatious part of him suggesting a change of costume before mounting to

the town; but this impulse the obstinate in him immediately resisted. He put on a coat against the evening coolness, and started off, good enough in his own opinion just as he was, to make trouble for Hammettville.

II

THREE village worthies were already assembled on the porch of the store, just behind the gasoline tank; west and east small clouds of dust marked others bent that way.

The captain looked neither to the right nor to the left as he passed inside the flapping screen door. Mere neighborly greetings could wait.

"Off the lumber boat," said one ancient, removing his eyes from the captain's pink shirt, and adjusting them for the evening on the closed door of the post office across the way

"Wa'n't that Gid Hammett?" asked number two, in the voice of one who savors a morsel almost too sweet to be real.

"Don't know but 'twas," said the third, concurring in the voice that prefers always to soothe rather than to differ.

"Well!" Number one bore down upon the monosyllable to intimate that he had got the idea and was relishing it quite as much as if it had been his own.

The captain blinked as the door swung to behind him. He had been looking from the porch straight into the sun now hanging like a lantern from the foremast of his own schooner, and the interior of the store was dim and dark; but a mist besides swam before his eyes, a mist that waved and curled like smoke, and had a familiar, subtle perfume of rubber, leather, tar, tobacco and oranges. It hung like a veil over counters and shelves and boxes and barrels, and lifted only to show himself, hardly taller than a barrel, keeping store behind the counter for grandfather. There he had stood, and in the office not ten feet away grandfather's spare form had bent over his books. Just as it would be bending now. In two minutes, in one, he would be speaking to grandfather. The keen blue eyes would be looking upward from the page, the thin lips twisting. He walked straight toward the office, feet guiding him, eyes still useless. "It's me, grandfather! It's Gid!" He had almost spoken the words.

"Good evening."

He had nearly stepped over someone. A face jumped out of the mist. It was not grandfather's; instead, a face that sent the tears back unshed, a face that restored him to wrath and reality. Here was yet another account to be settled; one over which he had imagined himself proclaiming the triumphant "Two!" It had not come in the right order; still he must be equal to it.

"Hello, Henry Dilley!" he cried with unction.

"Gosh a'mighty!" said Henry Dilley.

He had been stooping over and he straightened himself He looked ridiculous, just as Gid would have had him look: he had been immersed in a flour barrel. and his face was streaked and dusted with the flour; pockets of flour were on the shoulder of his coat. He shook himself, dashed at his face with his left hand; his right made a feebly suggestive movement with the flour scoop, but Gid Hammett thrust both his firmly into his pockets

Henry backed warily a little away from the prodigal. "So you decided to come back, Gid?"

"Yes, Cousin Henry, I come back." He thought that Henry looked frightened, and it gave him heart. "I come back—I come back—yes, I come back," he repeated a little louder each time.

It was his moment, the moment toward which the thoughts and actions of years had tended. His sense of justice and propriety demanded that it be a dramatic moment, filled with triumph for himself and instant humiliation for Henry. But wrath had been long repressed within him, nourished in the rank soil of his own approval, and there under cover it fermented and would not out: the flood of bitter and destroying words that he expected would come only with the white heat of anger. The mere sight of Henry, hateful as it was, did not quite suffice to light the flame.

He tried again. "I come back," he shouted, lashing himself, "to tell all you mean skunks around here what I think of you; to git my rights that I've been done out of, and more than my rights. And I'm goin' to lay around here till I find out all there is to know about you, and if there's any harm I can do you, Henry Dilley, to pay for what you done to me ——"

Henry looked apprehensively toward the door. It was scandal he feared, not personal violence, as Gid well knew.

He bellowed louder. "Yes, it was a smart thing you done to me, tellin' the old man how you see me drunk over to Bangor, and how you caught me playin' cards out in the shed, and stirrin' him up to read the riot act, and me to lose my head and carry on till he took advantage of father's will to refuse me the two thousand I wanted to buy a share of the Hattie B. And goin' sneakin' around to Myra, tellin' her. And goodness knows what all while I been away. But I never cal'lated to stay away forever. I come back—I come back ——"

"You took your time to git here," observed Henry dryly. "It's all of five years since you left, Gid."

"It takes time to do anything in this world, if you're earnin' your own livin' instead of stealin' other people's money to git along on. 'F I git my mind set on a thing I don't care whether it takes me five or ten or twenty-five years, I'm gbin' to hev it. You go out that door and look down at the wharf and you'll see the Hattie B. there—the identical boat grandfather sold over my head. I own a quarter share of her and I'm master of her!"

"She was full old and givin' in the seams when he sold her," said Henry. "He was glad enough to git rid of her."

"Well, he ain't got rid of her, and he ain't got rid o' me! He can come down there any time he's a min' to and look at her all painted up and good as new, loadin' again at his own dock, and remember how he tried to cheat me out of her!"

Gid folded his arms and stood waiting. He hoped that grandfather had heard him. He could not have come off quite so well perhaps with that quizzical eye looking straight into his.

"Grandfather, he can —— "

Henry interrupted him: "Grandfather's dead "

Gid Hammett paused in full career, stunned and confused, a something plucking at his throat that was not all frustration.

But there was the empty sense of frustration, too, and resentment at the fate that had arranged events to count, as always, for Henry instead of for himself.

(Continued on Page 60)

Her Eyes Did Not Seek the Captain's But Dwelt Confidingly and With Pleased Surprise on the Forms of Ryan and Waldo

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel

By EMIL FUCHS

IN THE spring of 1900 word came to me from Windsor that Queen Victoria had expressed the desire to see some of my work and that I was to bring it to the castle upon a certain date. I was to include the marble bust of Lady Alice Montagu and the statuette of Lord Wolseley, both exhibited at the Academy the preceding year, and also a few of my medals. One day in March I took a train for Windsor. The selection of my work I had already dispatched the day before.

When I arrived I was shown into the office of Herr Muther, the Queen's German private secretary. He introduced me to Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, the Master of the Household, who assigned servants to help me set out my work where I thought it could be shown to the best advantage. A little salon adjoining the Queen's apartment was selected, a small room on the first floor overlooking the park. The room was finished in rosewood, with dainty medallions in Sèvres biscuit. The light color of the woodwork, as I remember it, blended agreeably with the vivid color of the porcelains and produced a harmonious effect. Some of the carved wooden ornaments, careful as to workmanship, were faintly gilded. The windows were high and the portières and curtains were of thick green damask. Like most of the furniture in Windsor Castle this was ponderous and in keeping with the heavy draperies. An Aubusson carpet covered the floor.

As soon as the word was given that the sculptures were ready to be inspected, the Queen came into the room accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Both she and the Princess, her youngest daughter, were dressed in simple black, with a touch of white batiste at neck and sleeves. The Queen wore a ruffled cap of white mousseline, and upon her left arm was a large, plain, gold bracelet which contained a medallion. She walked with a stick, leaning upon the arm of the moonshee, her Indian body servant, who always accompanied her. Princess Beatrice, who since the death of her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, lived with the Queen and was her inseparable companion, followed her mother into the room.

Impressions of the Queen

THE Queen greeted me with a good morning in a gentle, agreeable voice and, though she spoke in fluent German, her accent was distinctly English.

"We are glad to see your sculptures," she said. "The Prince of Wales has spoken to us about your work." She gazed at the bust of Lady Alice Montagu. "She was such a sweet and beautiful girl. Did you require many sittings from her?"

"It did not take so many sittings, Madam," I told her, "considering that the bust had to travel about a good deal." And I related how the work was begun at Kimbolton and how I had to pack it up again and continue it in London and then, finally, to do it in marble in Rome and put finishing touches upon it in my London studio. This evidently both interested and amused her. There were many things she wanted to know. How good a sitter had Lady Alice been? How had I managed about the marble, and did I cut it myself? Then she turned to Lord Wolseley's statuette.

"Dear Lord Wolseley," she exclaimed. "Don't you think you made him look rather older?" And turning to the Princess Beatrice, "What do you think, Beatrice?"

"It seems so to me too," replied the Princess.

I ventured to explain, when the Queen addressed me again, that possibly the color of the silver with its dark shades in the depths might have accentuated the heavy lines.

These two pieces interested her especially. Lady Alice had been her godchild and the Queen was very fond of her. Of Lord Wolseley she always thought highly, and when the general, notwithstanding the grant from Parliament, found himself one day in a financial stringency, the Queen assigned him an apartment in Hampton Court Palace, rent free during his and Lady Wolseley's lifetime.

Some of my medals she had evidently seen before, because she recognized a few of them. But she mentioned particularly the one I had designed to commemorate the termination of the South African War.

Upon the obverse side is a fallen soldier, dying on the battlefield and still pressing the flag to his heart. An angel of victory is bending over him. Upon the reverse is the figure of Bellona the Goddess of War, sheathing her sword. In the distance troops are embarking. The legend runs: "To the memory of those who gave their lives for Queen and country." That medal seemed to appeal to her especially, and it was to it, doubtless, that I owed this, my first visit to Windsor.

The Queen finally spoke as she examined it. "The sentiment which you have put into the medal moves us deeply." Subsequently she had many replicas of it struck off for herself, her family and friends.

She bowed slightly and I knew that the audience was at an end. I also bowed and backed out of the room toward the door as the etiquette prescribed. In Herr Muther's room, whither I returned, a message from the Princess Beatrice was already awaiting me to the effect that the Queen wished me to leave the sculptures where they were for the present because she desired to look at them again after lunch. In later years, when I chanced to be speaking to friends of some of the recollections of this phase of my life, they would often press me to give them my impressions of the Queen. I was bound to say that, though there was nothing in Queen Victoria's demeanor to indicate her august position, and though her voice was gentle and sympathetic, one could not but feel the majesty of her personality and that there was a gulf which separated her from the rest of the world. Call it a gulf or a barrier. Whatever it was, it certainly created an awe, which even those who saw her often could no more overcome than could those who beheld her for the first time.

Windsor Formalities

I WAS invited to lunch with the household. The life at Windsor was very formal—more formal than anywhere else. There was even a Windsor uniform which the gentlemen of the court were obliged to wear for special functions. The Queen always lunched with her family alone.

All guests, with the exception of a visiting prince or an ambassador, lunched with the household. The household's dining room was a huge apartment in beige color, almost as plain as a mess room, with a few large engravings on the walls. The servants were in scarlet livery, headed by two gentleman butlers in black. Their attention was as strict and disciplined as at the royal table. The menu was substantially the same.

At a certain hour the Master of the Household, Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, came in, greeted the guests and introduced the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. Among these was Lord Howe, the Queen's lord in waiting, and several maids of honor. About thirty of us sat down at the table. He invited, with a gesture of the hand, the one who was to be placed next to him—a doubtful pleasure, for he was exceptionally dry and solemn. I never saw him laugh or smile even once. He appeared deeply conscious of the responsibilities of his position and had evidently concluded that aloofness promoted respect. Fortunately, one of the maids of honor, an agreeable young woman, chanced to sit upon my right and I had a delightful time. We found many things to talk about.

King Edward VII, Sketched at Sandringham, When Prince of Wales

The Commemoration Medal—Reverse

The Commemoration Medal—Obverse

There was no sense of hurry at the table because those members of the household who were in attendance upon the Queen could join us only after their services were dispensed with by their royal mistress.

Presently, as we sat there, Heinrich von Angeli joined the party. After Winterhalter, he was the Queen's favorite painter. Though his home was in Vienna, where he taught at the Imperial Academy, he was often summoned to England to work for Queen Victoria. He painted more portraits of her than any other artist. He was also constantly painting her family and members of the court. Upon this occasion he was starting a portrait for which the Queen had just given him a sitting. Because of his jovial temperament and the position he occupied, he could afford to disregard somewhat the stringent formality of that dining room, and our party suddenly brightened into life. We all became cheerful, not to say gay.

As to his work, it was doubtless sound in drawing and good in color, but it was not great. The artist himself was conscious of his limitations, for he endeavored to make up by assiduous labor what genius had denied him. His industry was tremendous. His portraits were distributed broadcast throughout Europe. Every palace held a few of them, and Windsor many. Now that time begins to cast its charitable veil, these works will without doubt find their appropriate level.

The Commemoration Medal

LUNCHEON was scarcely over, when I was again summoned to the presence of the Queen. With some purpose in mind, she asked a number of further questions and details regarding the work. For instance, she desired to know more about Lady Alice's portrait. To whom did it belong now? Did I think I could obtain permission to make a copy of it, and how long would it take to make one?

I replied that if the Queen desired a replica of the bust, such a desire would doubtless be a flattering command to the Duchess of Manchester, who owned it, and certainly to myself. As I still possessed the original model in plaster, a copy could be made without any inconvenience to the owner. This copy I subsequently did make and it was delivered during the autumn of that year when the Queen returned from Balmoral. She kept it always in her own room, and when King Edward ascended the throne he had it brought from Windsor and placed in his study at Buckingham Palace, with careful attention to the lighting, which, in sculpture, is a factor of such importance.

Aside from the copy of the Montagu bust, the Queen had another idea.

"It would be of interest to us," she said, "if you would design a medal by which to commemorate our reign into the new century. Will you give this work your consideration?"

"Madam," I answered, "it will be my most earnest endeavor to produce something which will find favor in Your Majesty's eyes. May I be permitted to submit that if Your Majesty would consent to give me a few sittings, and afford me the chance of getting my likeness from life, it would greatly improve the work as a whole?"

"We will gladly do that," she replied.

She told me how she desired to be represented, with the crown over the veil as she was wont to wear them on particular and state occasions. Should she be pleased with the likeness, she might wish to order a more intimate portrait, one with her everyday headdress, upon a medal for her immediate family. And as if this was not more than enough for a beginning, she also ordered a portrait in relief of her daughter and companion.

That day I felt like walking in the woods and inhaling the balmy ozone which saturated the air. Spring in the world and spring in my heart! How happy would my poor parents have been. What would I not have given had it been possible to relieve them of the anxieties they so often felt for their boy's future.

The first of the two medals, the commemorative one, seemed to preoccupy the Queen most. She was anxious to see the designs for the reverse, and, indeed, that was something which demanded careful consideration. Upon many medals the reverse is simply an inscription with possibly a laurel wreath, and sometimes with a coat of arms. Perhaps it is uncharitable to say that often these are merely evidence of a lack of imagination on the part of the designer. That, combined with the difficulties of execution in low relief, drives the artist to slur a splendid opportunity rather than to strain his artistic resources.

I decided upon an angel carrying the name of the Queen around the world. I have always derived zest from difficulties and, I may say, even sought them. Here they were plentiful without the seeking. The figure of the angel was conceived in full face, because the fine distribution of lines and masses would thus add to the grandeur and majesty. This itself presented an intricate problem in sculpture. It was rather, if I may say so, a painting in light and shade. Indeed, all my excursions into the sister arts during my years of study in Berlin and Rome stood me in good stead in this enterprise. The angel, it occurred to me, instead of showing a tablet with the Queen's name inscribed, should bear her autograph as she signed it herself—Victoria R. I. This, I thought, would add to the importance of the picture and give it a needed touch of personality. To this she agreed and gave me some autographed signatures so that I might the better be able to study the characteristics of her calligraphy. She also promised the necessary further poses upon her return to Windsor.

At the subsequent sittings the atmosphere was measurably different. The Queen had already overcome a certain aversion she had for new faces and new people, a peculiarity of her later years. But I was no longer a stranger to her. Besides, the whole conception of the medal as designed seemed to appeal to her, and she showed it by the graciousness with which she received me. She was wheeled in in a chair by the moonshee, accompanied as always by the Princess Beatrice. She was very anxious that the pose should be correct, and now and then she would inquire, "Is this right so?"

At one of the sittings after she had seen the designs and noted the progress of the medal, she observed: "We approve of the design of the medal. Could you use the same portrait and change the headdress for the cap?"

"Yes, madam," I said. "This is easily done."

FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

The Princess of Wales, Lord Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Devonshire, and Georgiana, Lady Dudley, Playing Bridge. Above—King George When Duke of York. At Right—Queen Mary When Duchess of York

Another Commission

I STILL possess a letter from Muther, in which the Queen bade me come to Windsor so that I could make the necessary studies from her veil and crown placed at my disposal.

Her conversation during the sittings she addressed entirely to her daughter, so as to enable the artist to give his undivided attention to his work. At a certain point in time she would make a sign with her head, which indicated that the sitting was at an end. The moonshee would wheel her out in her chair, and then the Princess Beatrice would take her own turn at posing.

Since these medals seemed to interest the Queen so much, I am happy to think that she lived to see them completed. In August I sent the large models in plaster for her inspection at Osborne before I actually had the dies cut. In due course the medals were delivered, and on December eleventh, next, came a note from Windsor which read as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* I have just received your four medals, which I duly submitted to the august ladies. They are greatly pleased, not only with the execution, but also with the prompt fulfillment of their orders. Will you kindly place yourself on Saturday next between eleven and twelve at the command of Her Majesty, since she desires to place another commission with you?

(Continued on Page 101)

AND ALL THINGS ELSE

"Mr. McShane," Said Tom Tremulously, "What Is This That Mrs. McShane Is Saying About Peggy and Me? Are We Engaged or Are We Not?"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

JIMMY CLAHAN, Tammany leader of the Fortieth Assembly district and executive member of the Eskimo Club, leaned back in his chair and uttered a yelp of ironic laughter. The shout of mirth was not reflected in the set face of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Gentry, who sat beside the leader's desk.

"Put your name up to Charley Murray?" chuckled Jimmy Clahan, repeating the suggestion that had affected him so violently. "Leave it up to the big fellow down in Fourteenth Street? Why, say, Tom, if I was to go down there with your name for a renomination he'd bite my head off like a scallion.

"You're poison to him, Tom; if he only thinks of you he breaks out with the hives. You're done in politics, Tom, I'm telling you. If you want to cry I'll cry with you, but that's my very best."

"I did what I thought was right, Jimmy," said Tom Gentry. "I tried to represent the people who sent me to Washington "

Jimmy Clahan had opened his mouth to insert a cigar beneath his flowing black mustache; his mouth stayed open now in indignant surprise, and he leveled the cigar at the young congressman's head.

"No, you didn't, neither!" he exclaimed. "You knew blamed well who sent you to Washington. It was me, Jimmy Clahan. It was the organization. Then why didn't you represent us? Why didn't you do what we told you? Where did you get off to figure out what was right for us? And it isn't us alone but everybody that voted for you; they knew what the organization stands for and what it expects, and that's why they voted the ticket. Who were you representing when you knifed Otto Ranzenhofer for postmaster of New York, a man that's a member of this club and a sachem of Tammany Hall? Who were you representing when you were on that committee to investigate the bankruptcy business in New York and trying your darnedest to send somebody to Atlanta after you'd been passed the word to back-pedal for all you were worth? Who ——"

"That's enough, Clahan," said Tom Gentry, rising with tightened lips. "I'll take my medicine. I'm through with politics. I'll go back to practicing law."

"Well?" said the leader indecisively.

"I can, can't I?" said Tom Gentry with a fierceness that was mostly bravado.

"Who's stopping you?" said Jimmy Clahan. "You're a member of the bar, and the courts are open to any lawyer that can get the business. I'm wishing you luck."

The young man stared at him with suddenly widened eyes. "Jimmy," he said in a shaking voice. Then he caught himself and straightened proudly. "Thanks for your good wishes, Clahan," he said. "Perhaps you thought I expected you to hand me the business, eh?" This putative misconception evidently was comic to Tom Gentry; he laughed aloud as he walked toward the door.

The leader frowned at his retreating back.

His telephone rang. "Hello," he said.

"Is Congressman Gentry there?" said the instrument.

"Just a minute. . . . Ho, Tom! . . . He's gone. Stepped out. Who's calling?"

"Campaign headquarters. Will you please remind Mr. Gentry that he has an appointment with Mr. De Rochay, our publicity director?"

"Mr. De Rochay, eh? Say, I never heard of him. That's funny. Whose headquarters are you?"

"Who is speaking, please?" said the instrument.

"Clahan, leader of the Fortieth. You're calling the Eskimo Club."

"Oh," said the instrument. "Never mind it, please."

"Hello, hello," called Jimmy Clahan. He hung up. "Never mind it," he murmured. "And why not?" He jumped up and ran to the stairhead and shouted, "Hey, down there, Jack! Send up Big Tom again."

"Gone," said a voice from the depths.

Tom Gentry had walked downstairs. At this hour, eleven o'clock of a summer morning, the assembly rooms on the main floor were deserted; he was glad of it. He craved sympathy, understanding; and he knew that he could expect neither from Jimmy Clahan's people, against whose hard and definite code he had sinned mortally. He had been an ingrate. He had not stayed regular, stayed hitched; he had put alien interests above theirs.

He heard a typewriter rattling in the basement. He descended and lingered beside the stairs and watched Jack Frazer, the club secretary, pounding out a notice for the bulletin board. Jack was a whole-souled fellow if ever there was one, red-headed, merry-eyed, primed with the latest joke to chirk up the downhearted, ready to incline a golden-haired ear to a tale of distress from the lowliest.

"I was up to see Jimmy," said Tom.

"Yeah?" said Jack, and he resumed his tapping.

"He turned me down."

"Yeah?" repeated Jack. He drew his pipe from his mouth, blew out a cloud of smoke and watched it dissolve. He replaced the pipe and bent consideringly over a completed sheet. He did not raise his eyes as Tom walked by him nor as Tom stopped in the basement vestibule for a reproachful look back.

A trampish man was standing in the vestibule. Except that he was miserably sober he was such a derelict as could have been seen in the old days standing before any saloon window through long hours and shifting from foot to foot like a pendulum. "Listen, Tom," he said, catching Tom's arm with the familiarity of a man who has nothing wherewith to pay for his impudence. "I'm trying for a job today on that municipal trolley on the bridge, and ——"

"Some other time," said Tom, releasing his arm. "Not now, Fred."

"But I'm telling you it's today!" yelled the man after him.

Tom walked out into the summer sunshine, passing through the shadow of a scaffold wherefrom riggers were

attaching to the house-front a banner which would proclaim the details of the regular Tammany ticket in the coming campaign. Tom had thrilled once to the sight on such a banner of the legend FOR CONGRESS—THOMAS JEFFERSON GENTRY. That pulse would beat no more.

His sense of injustice bewildered him, his sense of merit slighted and of conscientious service overlooked; he was committed, by training and perhaps by instinct, to a conception of the world as morality made visible. He was an optimist; he had taken a Tammany nomination and had then revolted from playing the Tammany game, but had yet been mystically assured that everything would turn out quite all right.

Tom was not of the hard-boiled type which knows what it wants and goes to it; he was impressionable, amiable, loving popular applause and inviting it. This pliability, this desire to fraternize and to conform had brought him to the front in Tammany; it had brought about his undoing when he was pressed upon in office by interests opposed to Tammany.

His preferment had flattered him, dazzled him; he had not provided against the event of a break with the organization. He had given himself without reserve or calculation; now that he was about to be returned to private life he saw that his law practice depended upon his standing in politics. He had figured in the New York Law Journal day by day as an appointee to sinecures, to references, receiverships and guardianships. He had not bothered to build up a practice of his own; he had made a satisfactory living out of the soft snaps conferred on him by Tammany judges. An uninitiated reader of the Journal, observing with what frequency judicial and fiduciary powers were conferred upon Thomas Jefferson Gentry, must have supposed that that young man was a great legal luminary. And now it was all over; his factitious importance had departed; he was about to revert to the status of an obscure and unfeed attorney in a profession which is crowded in New York to the limits of subsistence. His bewilderment had its element of alarm.

He rode downtown to his office in a skyscraper on Park Row. His office consisted of desk room in the chambers of a firm of admiralty lawyers; Tom Gentry's clients had come to him commonly under order of court, and he had been under no necessity to impress or to please them. It seemed to him now that the people in the suite looked at him with veiled mockery and that there was mockery in their tones as they said, "Good morning, congressman." He opened the Law Journal to shield himself from their inquisitive eyes. But then it seemed to him that they must be laughing at him and that they were waiting to see his fallen face when he put the paper aside; he had always picked up the Law Journal the first thing upon arriving at his office and had leafed through it in search of his name. He tried to lose himself in an editorial on a late extension of the *cy-pres* doctrine, but so futile was his effort that he read over into the advertisements without becoming immediately aware of the transition. He found himself reading this:

"Well-known law firm with large corporation practice is open to take in junior partner on basis to be agreed upon. The man sought is still in his twenties, of good presence and background, preferably with Washington experience, though not necessarily as principal, and has already won standing and prestige at the bar. Some practical acquaintance with practice of a nature similar to that of this firm will recommend him; that, and the financial settlement, will be among the subjects treated in the personal interview. Failures, drifters, inexperienced attorneys ——"

He skipped down to the footing to catch the name of the firm that stated its needs in so leisurely a fashion and with such an impressive margin of white paper about. He saw only a telephone number, but even that was informing.

"Russell & Barker!" he exclaimed. "So the Beast gave Beauty the hook. Why, say, that ad describes me down to my last haircut."

He snatched up his straw hat and went with hasty strides from the office. "If anybody calls, Miss Thorogood," he flung back at the telephone girl, "I am at a conference in the office of Russell & Barker."

He hurried to the elevator and so to the street. He plunged through the crowd for the first hundred feet on Park Row as if he was going to a fire. The crowd's lack of sympathy with his haste made him review the details of his errand in search of justification for elbowing pedestrians aside so cavalierly, and thereupon his pace slackened rapidly. There was much to be said for the crowd's view

He knew the firm of Russell & Barker very well. The firm had employed him as an admitted clerk during his first year in New York. That was not so long ago but that he referred effortlessly to the learned and weighty senior partner as the Beast, and that the name Beauty recurred to him when he thought of the fair and slack-jawed youth who had had at that time a financial interest and no other interest in the firm; it was five years ago. Tom Gentry himself had found in the bright lexicon of twenty-four years these supposedly descriptive names for the obese and bossy Mr. Russell and for the languid and beautiful Mr. Clayton; the young-lady employes of the firm thought the names were the funniest ever, and agreed that Mr. Gentry was a scream. Mr. Gentry, however—and hence the sudden deënergizing of his legs this morning on Park Row—had not left the employ of the firm under the happiest auspices; Mr. Russell had been verbose and indirect about it, but Mr. Gentry had had at least a darting suspicion that he was being fired.

And yet Mr. Russell was no fool; but he had seemed angry that day. And it was so long ago; viewed across five crowded years, his service with Russell & Barker seemed merged with his boyhood. It was unlikely that he had made on Mr. Russell an impression he could never forget; it was unlikely that he had been to Mr. Russell a portent or a monument.

"Pshaw, I'll probably have to introduce myself," reflected Tom, permitting the crowd to bear him toward an interview for which he had lost his first zest.

The offices of Russell & Barker, occupying the entire third floor of the old Merchants' Trust Building on Wall Street, wore an awesomely familiar look to Tom Gentry as he opened the ground-glass door upon them. There was the long hall with its decorative office boys reading the sporting news, there were the same old bookcases against the walls, the same old forbidding sets of reports, the same old cracked pane in Mr. Russell's door, the same old Tom glanced at the glass panel of a door across the hall from Mr. Russell's—the same old William Wallis Teackle, managing clerk, still on the job. Five years had passed, and yet it seemed to Tom that he had just stepped out to lunch and was now returning.

"Not," he muttered, "that it would surprise old Bill so much if I did step out to lunch and stayed five years. He could not kick up more of a fuss than he used to over a measly ten minutes." But the spell of old acquaintance not forgot was upon him as he opened the managing clerk's door, and his voice had a tender trill in it as he cried, "Hello there, Bill!"

Bill read to the end of his paragraph, put his stubby finger on the last word, looked blinkingly over his double-thick lenses, and said with reserve, "Hello"

"Don't remember me, eh?" chuckled Tom.

"Aren't you young Gentry?" asked Bill.

"Now you've got me!"

"I had you right away, Gentry," said Bill, releasing his hand from Tom's with a gentle but insistent pull. "I haven't seen you around for some time, Gentry, have I? Been away?"

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"I'll See You Outside, Fred," Said Tom

PLEASE PASS THE IODINE!

By Woods Hutchinson, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

EVERYWHERE about us is under way a startling and radical "transvaluation of values," in Nietzsche's famous phrase. Bees are being raised, not for their honey but for their stings, which command a high price for use in the treatment of rheumatism.

The humble and hardworking little yeast germ in B. V.—before Volstead—days, skillfully and scientifically bred and inbred to produce the highest possible percentage of alcohol, now is being cultivated back to the development of the lowest output of alcohol and the highest of beneficent yeast cakes for use in breadmaking

At the same time, by living too exclusively upon the staff of life we might run some risk of becoming as windy as a boy orator, for this new swift-blooming, rapid-firing yeast is being given another twist in the direction of extraordinarily rapid and explosive gas production, literally bubbling like soda water, so that a pan of bread can be as thoroughly and completely raised in two hours by these improved race-horse strains as in ten or twelve hours by the old domestic ox-team plants. In fact if this geyserlike performance were not promptly checked by the blazing heat of the oven, a loaf of bread would rise like a captive balloon.

There is even another topsy-turvy paradox in this friendly little germ, for under certain conditions of stress, as in war or exploring expeditions, when there is marked shortage of the priceless and almost too popular vitamins, this willing little cake that raises the dough, cast literally upon the face of the waters—in a shallow pan with a little sugar added—can be grown by the square yard and the quart, to be used neither for bread nor for beer, but to be itself eaten as a preventive against the dreaded scurvy.

Our Craving for Salt

SO IT'S hats off to the merry little yeast germ. Whether he raises bread or Hades or resistance against scurvy, he's simply doing his best at the task we have set him.

Not merely the staff of life but the salt thereof "is undergoing some strange *bouleversement*, or ball-rolling," as the French quaintly say.

It has always been one of the puzzles—one might almost say mysteries—of physiology why salt plays and has always played such an extraordinary part in our diet, and why all men everywhere, in all times, have craved it so eagerly and insisted upon having its pungent taste in their food at no matter what cost. It is not a food, in the sense of giving off energy or heat to the body, because it has none itself and is not broken down in the body, but passes through the whole system and out again unchanged as it entered. Yet cut off the supply and we become as restless and uncomfortable and generally miserable and inefficient as though we had been deprived of bread or meat or potatoes. Now we are beginning to suspect that half our mysterious craving for its savor and salty tang is due to the brown witch Iodine, who rides inland with it on the spray of the same stormwind.

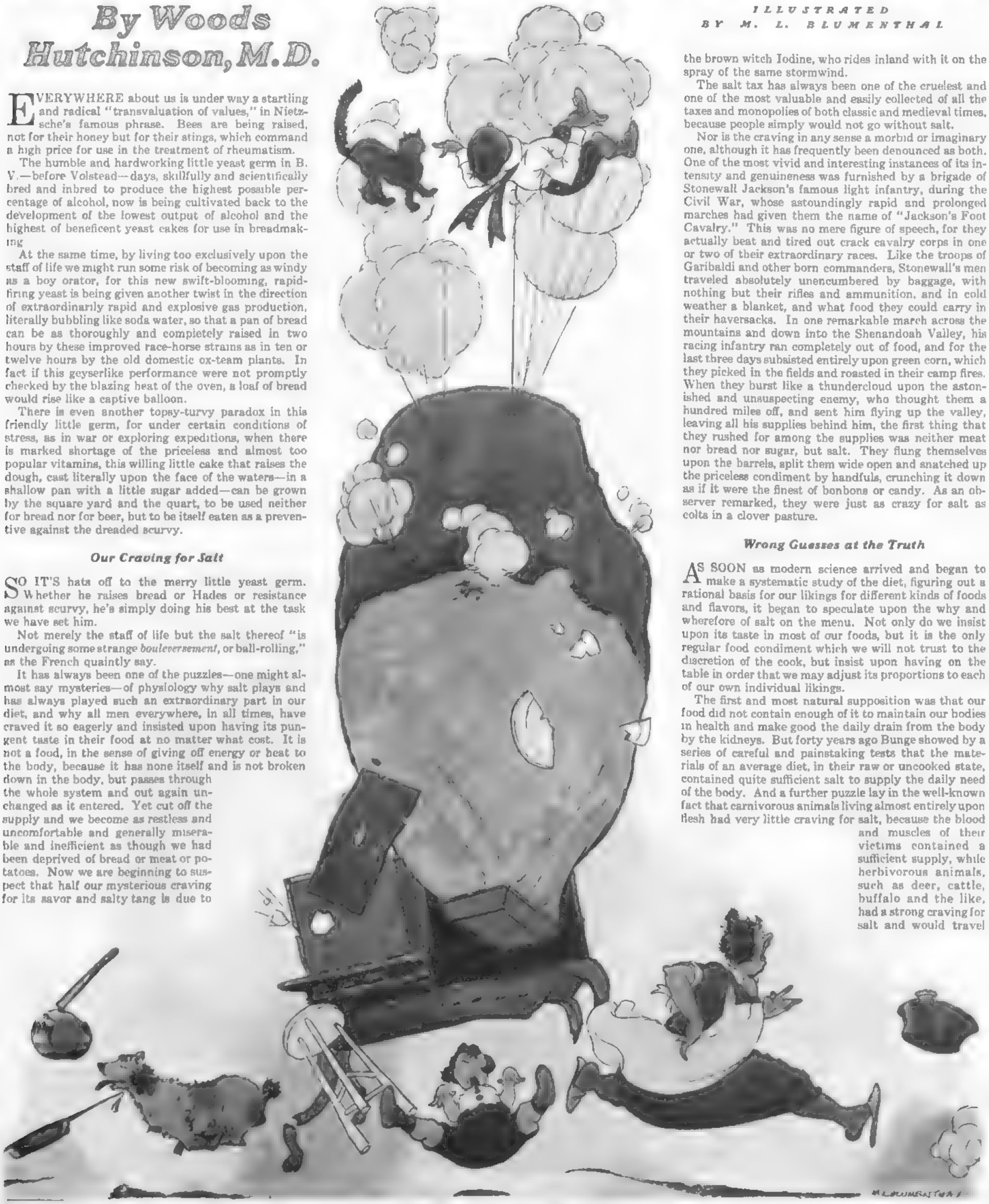
The salt tax has always been one of the cruelest and one of the most valuable and easily collected of all the taxes and monopolies of both classic and medieval times, because people simply would not go without salt.

Nor is the craving in any sense a morbid or imaginary one, although it has frequently been denounced as both. One of the most vivid and interesting instances of its intensity and genuineness was furnished by a brigade of Stonewall Jackson's famous light infantry, during the Civil War, whose astoundingly rapid and prolonged marches had given them the name of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry." This was no mere figure of speech, for they actually beat and tired out crack cavalry corps in one or two of their extraordinary races. Like the troops of Garibaldi and other born commanders, Stonewall's men traveled absolutely unencumbered by baggage, with nothing but their rifles and ammunition, and in cold weather a blanket, and what food they could carry in their haversacks. In one remarkable march across the mountains and down into the Shenandoah Valley, his racing infantry ran completely out of food, and for the last three days subsisted entirely upon green corn, which they picked in the fields and roasted in their camp fires. When they burst like a thundercloud upon the astonished and unsuspecting enemy, who thought them a hundred miles off, and sent him flying up the valley, leaving all his supplies behind him, the first thing that they rushed for among the supplies was neither meat nor bread nor sugar, but salt. They flung themselves upon the barrels, split them wide open and snatched up the priceless condiment by handfuls, crunching it down as if it were the finest of bonbons or candy. As an observer remarked, they were just as crazy for salt as colts in a clover pasture.

Wrong Guesses at the Truth

AS SOON as modern science arrived and began to make a systematic study of the diet, figuring out a rational basis for our likings for different kinds of foods and flavors, it began to speculate upon the why and wherefore of salt on the menu. Not only do we insist upon its taste in most of our foods, but it is the only regular food condiment which we will not trust to the discretion of the cook, but insist upon having on the table in order that we may adjust its proportions to each of our own individual likings.

The first and most natural supposition was that our food did not contain enough of it to maintain our bodies in health and make good the daily drain from the body by the kidneys. But forty years ago Bunge showed by a series of careful and painstaking tests that the materials of an average diet, in their raw or uncooked state, contained quite sufficient salt to supply the daily need of the body. And a further puzzle lay in the well-known fact that carnivorous animals living almost entirely upon flesh had very little craving for salt, because the blood and muscles of their victims contained a sufficient supply, while herbivorous animals, such as deer, cattle, buffalo and the like, had a strong craving for salt and would travel



A Loaf of Bread Would Rise Like a Captive Balloon

Abundantly Justified From an Iodine Point of View

long distances to salt licks or salt springs in order to obtain it. But an analysis of the grass, hay and grains which made up the food of the grazing animals showed that these, too, contained salt in almost adequate amounts for the requirements of the body. So that he had to devise a labored and rather clumsy explanation as to its being needed to neutralize the large amounts of potash salts which were present in leaves and grains.

In other words, our salt craving, as well as that of the animals, was apparently as absolute a mystery as it had been in the beginning.

Of the reality of it no one in the early days could be in the slightest doubt, for one of the gravest fears that the hardy pioneers after and under Daniel Boone felt about crossing the mountains and going over into the fertile paradise of game and fish beyond was that they would be going too far away from their salt supply on the coast. So the finding of the famous salt licks and springs of Kentucky, Indiana and Southern Michigan was one of the greatest factors in making quick and safe the settlement of the Mississippi Valley.

What Michigan Owes to Salt

THE unkind use made of these salt licks and salt springs by the pioneer hunters, lying in wait to shoot down the deer which came to drink the water or lick the exposed salty rocks, was only a very small and romantic fragment of their value and importance to the white settlers. They, too, felt the cosmic urge of the salt craving and flocked to the springs for their supply of salt as eagerly as the deer had for millions of years before them.

As the pioneer settlements spread west and northwest like mushrooms, and the population of the Middle West and Great Lakes areas became denser, these mild surface leakages of salt became inadequate to meet the demand and attempts were made to increase it by boring deep wells into the lower strata. Then curious things began to happen.

One such boring in a lakeside state scored a partial success by tapping an abundant flow of water fairly stiff with salt; but when it came to be collected for purposes of filtration it was found to be so nauseous and bitter, so full of brownish coloring matter, as to be almost incapable of purification for human use with the rough methods of that time. So the well was reluctantly abandoned and turned over to the farmers near whose farms it was bored, to be used for watering their cattle and sheep.

Now it so happened that in that district farmers had been unable to grow their necessary supply of wool by reason of the fact that sheep simply would not thrive. Grown sheep brought in from other districts did fairly well, but just as soon as lambs began to be born, instead of sturdy, active youngsters, the majority of them came into the world feeble, deformed and imperfectly developed, affected often by a curious type of apparent paralysis which rendered them unable to walk.

Such had been the experience of the farmers in the neighborhood of this salt well. But to their surprise and delight, as soon as their sheep were given access to the bitter brown water of this deep salt well they began to pick up at once. The next crop of lambs was fully formed, vigorous and healthy and the region became perfectly fit for the breeding and production of sheep.

A short time later improved methods for the purification of brines and the production of a whiter and more attractive table salt were invented, and another company took courage to attack this bitter well by the new methods. To their great gratification they succeeded in filtering off the dark color and nauseous-tasting element in the water and leaching out a good supply of pure, white, crystallized salt, which was put upon the market and had an excellent sale. They had a dark-brownish residue of bitter taste; and with a praiseworthy desire to utilize their product, they left enough of the coarser and less pure salt to crystallize and form a reddish-brown product known as rock salt or cattle salt, and put that on the market for the use of sheep and cattle raisers. And everywhere it was used the story of the original well repeated itself. Grown sheep recovered their health and lambs were born strong and sturdy, and Michigan again became a wool-raising and wool-manufacturing state.

But it proved to be a literal casting of our pearls before swine—or rather sheep. For there was another side to the shield not at all so cheering. Ever since the dawn of history there has been known in the human family a curious disease marked by striking overgrowth and enlargement of the great gland in the front of the neck. This gland is called the thyroid, from the Greek word meaning "shield," because it lies just below and on either side of the great voice box, or Adam's apple, whose cartilaginous or gristly sides are supposed to resemble the triangular shield of the Greeks. It is probably one of the oldest diseases on record, for the good and sufficient reason that it does not require crowding together in villages or cities to develop it, but on the contrary is an affection chiefly of remote mountain valleys. Also, a goiter the size of a muskmelon hanging under a man's chin is enough to catch the dullest eye.

An Important Discovery

THE disease was named goiter from the French word for throat, which we have still preserved in our word "gullet." Though it is really a great pity that the far more graphic and understandable terms of "big-neck" in English and "*Kropf*," or "crop," in German were not adopted instead.

For literally thousands of years goiter was merely one of the curiosities of medicine, for the reason it occurred chiefly

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We All Know Iodine as We Do the Family Medicine Chest

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1925

Danger Spots

LOOKING round Europe today one cannot help seeing many danger spots in which trouble is brewing; and now that the Dawes Report has given German trade and credit the opportunity for recovery and has allayed to some extent the anxieties of France and Belgium, it is immensely important that those who influence and direct the foreign policies of Great Britain and America should most earnestly consider what can be done to put things on a better footing. Starting from Southeastern Europe the first difficulty that strikes the eye is Bessarabia. The Bessarabian frontier is closed and a large part of the regular trade of Odessa is thereby cut off. Those who allow that Rumania is entitled to Bessarabia realize that the Rumanian Government cannot safely close the frontiers of its new province and extinguish trade with its customary port. Such a policy is an incentive to war. Then again we see Bulgaria cut off by a narrow strip of Greek territory from its old port of Dedeagatch. If you bottle up a small sturdy nation in this way you may be sure that one fine day there will be an explosion. Again, the Magyars, "an old and haughty nation proud in arms," are left with so many real grievances by the Treaty of Versailles that something must be done before long to quiet the resentment which at present makes decent relations with its neighbors impossible. No doubt the worst feature is that here the ethnographic boundaries not only have been unfair to the Magyar race but have also neglected important considerations of trade and communication. New tariff walls garrisoned by soldiery have deprived millions of people of their customary markets, while solid blocks of Magyars in Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia imperil the stability, solidity and political comfort of those states. What used to be called Transylvanian Saxony, where Unitarians and Lutherans exist side by side with the Catholic and Orthodox churches, and where Germans, Magyars and Szeklers are really predominant, has been transferred to Rumania.

The proposal put forward by the Austrian publicist, Dr. Josef Redlich, is that Transylvania should be constituted a free state under obligation not to erect a protective tariff against either Rumania or Hungary. This would mean a rapid restoration of prosperity; and a trustworthy buffer would be created against war in this quarter. Possibly a similar arrangement might be made at the corner where Hungary adjoins Slovakia, and where friction is acute. In all this region the principle of federalism should be applied for the purpose of bringing about an economic customs union. Such a union, embracing the Czechs, the Austrians, the Jugo-Slavs—perhaps even the Rumanians, the Greeks and the Bulgarians—is by no means outside the scope of practical politics.

At present, as every foreign banker in London and New York is aware, it is risky to lend money either to the governments or to private undertakings for railways or other utility purposes in these states. But if an economic union could be arranged, credit would speedily be restored, and some of the surplus savings of the United States and of Great Britain would find a profitable investment. The League of Nations loans to Austria and Hungary have already stabilized two currencies, and have helped to balance two budgets. But the restoration of trade relations and a reduction of the huge armies now maintained in some of the Succession States are sadly needed not only to safeguard the Austrian, Czech and Hungarian loans but also to produce a new sense of security and to revive prosperity in what are naturally very rich countries. A commission of English and American bankers, engineers and business men, aided perhaps by one or two diplomats and economists, might visit the capitals of Central and Southeastern Europe in order to examine and report upon the situation. The mere appointment of such a commission would have wonderfully good effects. It would awaken new hopes among peoples who are longing to be rid of militarism and trade restrictions.

A similar survey should be made in the new states adjoining the Baltic, from Poland and Lithuania to Esthonia and Finland. In all this region the proximity of Soviet Russia and the fear of Red propaganda have been disturbing elements ever since the defeat of Denikin and the expulsion of the czarists. A gradual change has certainly come over Russian communism during the last two or three years; but how the new factors will work themselves out, and how long it will be before the foreign trade of Russia becomes normal, it is impossible to foresee. It would seem that one form of oligarchy has been substituted in Russia for another. The old oligarchy consisted of the Czar, his court, his advisers, his generals and leading bureaucrats. The new oligarchy consists of commissaries. They keep in touch with the local soviets, and regulate their policy according to the wishes of about half a million men, who represent the communist revolution and are pledged to maintain this system of government. But the new system is maintained in much the same way as the old. The police and the spies who worked for the Czar work for the soviets. Persons suspected of czarist tendencies are treated in much the same way as persons under the old régime who were suspected of nihilism or socialism.

Those who hold that private property, private capital and competition are the life blood of trade and indispensable to civilized progress could not help smiling recently at the spectacle of Russia asking Britain for a loan. That the Russian communists, whose economic doctrine is anti-capitalism, should ask the British Government to provide them with capital, and should promise in return to pay interest, seems to show that Soviet Russia is being transformed by irresistible economic forces.

It remains true, however, that trouble and danger exist all along the new frontiers of Russia. The worst conditions are on the borders of Poland and of Bessarabia, where the people live in constant fear of brigandage and armed forays. But there is a sense of insecurity in all the Baltic States. They are all armed to the teeth. No doubt economic conditions are better than they were in Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and even in Poland. The currencies have been more or less stabilized. The budgets have been more or less balanced. Trade has adjusted itself in a fashion to the new conditions, but these conditions are terribly cramped. The loss of trade with Russia has impoverished all these new states, and the guarding of the frontiers is a very heavy drain upon their exchequers. Poverty means discontent. Fear of Russia or of an internal revolution makes all these governments more intolerant, more oppressive and more militaristic than they would otherwise be. Their fiscal and economic systems might have been specially devised to restrict commerce and to prevent the people from becoming prosperous. The governments are poor. The peoples are miserable. They are distracted by jealousy, dominated by fear, embarrassed by a sense of insecurity. They want to restore their credit, but they do not know how. They want to balance their budgets and reduce the burden of taxation, but they are afraid of disarming unless their neighbors will disarm. The prestige of America and of Britain is enormous, and their advice would probably be followed if it were accompanied by prospects of assistance.

Worse and More of It

IT HAS been said, "Inconsistency, thy name is woman:" but unfortunately for masculine complacency, there is hardly an act of inconsistency on the part of woman which cannot be more than duplicated by man himself. Even during this current period of well-grounded complaint against high taxes, there is agitation by this or that group of individuals or business interests for an extension of governmental activities which, while calculated to increase taxes over the whole range, may be expected to be of immediate benefit to a special group.

Spokesmen for mining interests recently advocated cabinet representation for their industry, although at least two bureaus of already existing departments are devoted to their cause. Mining is a great industry, but so is automobile manufacturing and distribution or real estate or motion pictures or chain grocery stores. If every great interest is to be given cabinet representation, where would the cabinet table stop? At the very least it would be necessary to provide leaves for its extension, like the family dinner table on Christmas or other holidays.

For years the advocates of separate departments, with cabinet heads, for education, and for women and children, have pushed these ideas, although existing bureaus of the Government are already dedicated to their care. The creation of new departments of the Government is not only foolish; it would be flying in the face of those principles of economy the necessity for which has been so clearly seen by President Coolidge.

What the Government needs is not addition or extension, but sensible reorganization. Careful and suggestive studies along this line have been made by the Joint Committee on Reorganization of Executive Departments, appointed in the early days of President Harding's Administration. Only one new department has been proposed, and that would consist of related bureaus already found in various existing and overcrowded departments, such as education, public health, veterans' relief—all to be brought together in a Department of Education and Welfare.

The mind of man can hardly conceive of any activity which is not today provided for by one or more Federal bureaus, each producing an endless stream of "literature" which mostly finds its way into the darker alcoves of the public libraries. The people require no new activities, bureaus or departments, but there is imperative need for a closer coördination of those now in the field. There is a Federal Bureau of Public Roads, but curiously enough there are other bureaus which are compelled to build roads, and which have their own separate departments for the purpose. Such duplication is more than wasteful; it is a sign of disturbing civic slackness and indifference.

No Administration can perform a greater service to the people than the bringing about of sensible reorganization and coördination of Federal activities. It may seem a smaller accomplishment than the wise reform of taxes. But why close the front door if rats creep in elsewhere?

It is not that bureaus are always as inefficient as many suppose. Indeed, minor government officials and employes often accomplish wonders on small appropriations, achieving results that private industry could hardly hope for. The evil is of a different nature. It consists of a spread-out looseness of organization, a duplication of function and effort, that conceals both efficiency and inefficiency. One test of the Administration now in power will be the success with which it meets this challenge.

The Confiscatory Inheritance Tax

By DAN NELSON

SOMEONE has said that taxation is the mother-in-law of business. Whatever his opinion of his mother-in-law may be, the average man's opinion of taxes, to be adequately expressed, would require a command of language possessed by few. He is taxed on his real estate and on his personalty; he is taxed on his purchases whether he buys a handful of cigars or a motor car, and he is taxed again on the income which permits him to make the purchases. He is not even permitted to give away his property without satisfying the tax collector. He carries the burden from the cradle to the grave, and even then he is not free, for every jurisdiction that can construe it within its powers will step in and take a share of the estate which he has managed to accumulate in spite of the burden. He is taxed on his right to leave his estate to his family, and they in turn must pay a tax for the privilege of receiving it from him.

For the past ten years Mr. Income Tax has held a prominent position on the stage of business. He has been the bogy man of business enterprise, aided at times by his now dormant offspring, excess profits. He has effectually blocked the path of the investors who were wont to place their capital in the field of productive business, and by his dire threats has forced them to place their surplus funds with his pet relatives, the famous, or rather infamous, tax-exempt-securities family.

We have become quite well acquainted with this income-tax man. We have bombarded his stronghold with our catapults of invective; we have sent against him an army of epithets; we have even sought to slay him by cunning and contriving schemes, but without avail, until finally we have begun to believe him to have been wholly dipped in the river of invulnerability and to possess no Achilles heel. So we make the best we can of our unwelcome visitor, hoping that some day he may leave us in peace.

It is not with the income tax, however, that this article is concerned, but with a much older form of taxation, concerning which the very persons whom it affects the most are regretfully ignorant. The excise upon the transfer of property occasioned by death, variously known as the estate tax, inheritance tax or succession duty, is a burden more onerous than any other form of taxation that has so far been devised; but due to the fact that it becomes operative only at death and is paid but once, it has not secured the cumulative attention given the income tax. All the income taxes paid during a man's lifetime might not be equal to the inheritance taxes that will be imposed on his wife or other beneficiary. It is the purpose of this article to show by numerous illustrations taken from public records in various parts of the United States that such taxes cause a heavy depreciation of every estate.

During the past three years I have made a personal investigation of death taxes and their effect upon large estates in forty-five separate counties in eighteen states, and have checked the reports in more than 3000 estates, ranging from less than $100,000 to almost $100,000,000 in gross value. In practically every case such death taxes have been the largest single item of expense that the executors have had to meet. In the large estate the Federal estate tax imposes the heaviest liability, while state inheritance taxes have a greater effect upon the small estate, due to the small exemptions allowed and the high rates of tax in the lower brackets. It might well be pertinent before going on to a discussion of actual cases to summarize briefly the provisions of the Federal law and some of the features of the various state laws.

The present Federal estate tax is a part of the Revenue Act of 1924 and is a revision of the law that became effective in September, 1916, several times amended. It provides for a tax upon the entire net estate over an exemption of $50,000 to residents at rates beginning with 1 per cent on the first $50,000 and increasing to 40 per cent on the excess over $10,000,000. It is a charge against the estate as a whole and is payable in one year from the date of death. It has been defined as an excise tax upon the right of one person to bequeath property to another. It is a capital levy, and about the only thing that can be said in its favor is that it is an easy tax to collect. The present law increased the average rate by about 50 per cent, but nullified the increase somewhat by allowing a credit for taxes actually paid to any state or territory up to one quarter of

(Continued on Page 129)

THE RETURN TO MOSCOW

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Drab Ballads

II

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, THE DANDRUFF DUO (SHAKSPEREAN CHARACTERIZATIONS & HOOP-ROLLERS) sang with great success the sentimental ditty entitled:

I CANNOT HIDE BEHIND NO MASK
NO MORE

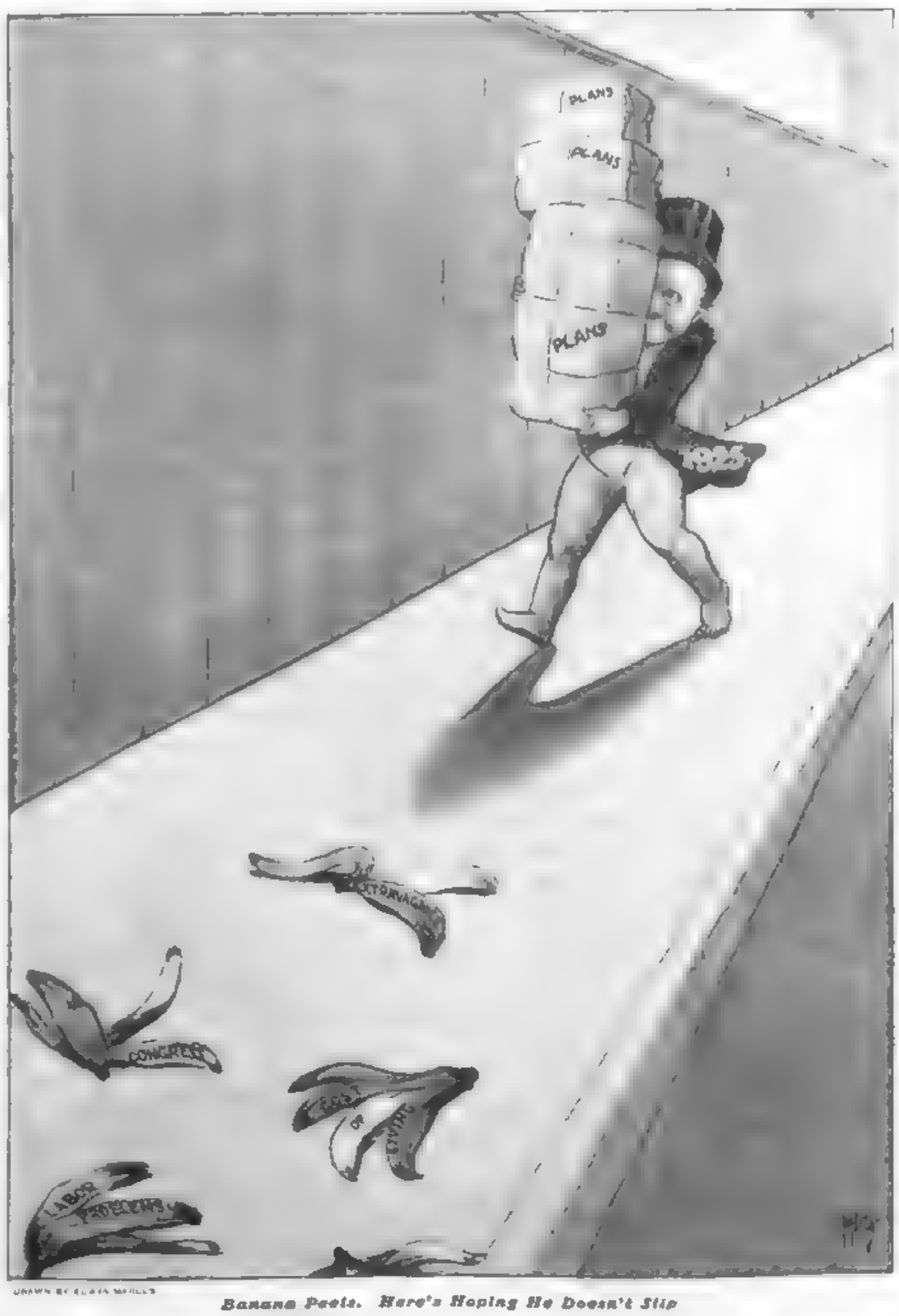
A burglar, bold and bulgy-browed,
Kissed wife and babes adieu.
'Twas time for work, as he allowed
He had a job in view.
He reached the street and heard his kind
And thoughtful wife cry out:
"Oh, Bill, you've left your mask behind;
You'll need it without doubt."
The noble voice of Bill was heard to roar,
"I will not wear no false mask any more.

REFRAIN

I will not hide behind no mask;
It's cowardly, I hold.
My customers can look me o'er
Before I knock 'em cold.
It savors of deceit a lot,
And makes me seem like who I'm not;
And brings in disrepute my calling bold.
When prowling through somebody's flat
I have my jimmy and my gat;
A blackjack, too, for clients who get riled.
So throw a kiss to me, dear heart,
And let us sing, before I start:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"

—Harry G. Smith.

We soon expect to publish here without mistake,
The sterling little song to make the old earth ache:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.



Banana Peels. Here's Hoping He Doesn't Slip

Hobo Song

New Style

SOUTH with the winter, north with the spring,
Just like the birds when they all take wing;
No more padding in the dust for us,
We do our hiking in a fourth-hand bus.
No more riding where the brake beams are,
We do our tramping in a tough old car;
We swing round as the seasons swing,
South with the winter, north with the spring!

Brake bands chatter and the engine knocks
As we jolt over holes and rocks;
Steering gear held in place with wire
And there's eighteen patches over every tire.
Oh, she looks and sounds like a load of scrap
As she shakes and rattles all about the map,
But we ride, somehow, in the darned old thing,
South with the winter, north with the spring!

Now and then we must stop and toil
For a bit of grub and some gas and oil,
But we don't stay long; when we get some kale
It's Bankhead Highway or the Spanish Trail,
Chug-chug-chugging where we want to go,
Where the warm sun shines and the warm winds blow;
We swing round as the seasons swing,
South with the winter, north with the spring!

—Berton Braley.

Understood—a Modern Contradiction

NOT understood! It was the old story of the woman who will not believe what she knows to be incorrect. And she had spurned him—had turned him down, with all his millions, for a head waiter.

It had been very different in the days of their early struggles, when he had been a mere stockbroker and she had been struggling along on her first Broadway engagement at one thousand dollars a week plus movie rights and cigar coupons. Their straitened circumstances had brought them together, and now he told himself with a sigh that adversity makes strange bedtime stories.

He had thought their understanding was mutual then, but now he realized that all this had been an idle dream. Success, which smiles on bald heads and shapely limbs, had sneaked up on both of them. She was eating regularly, and he could still negotiate a tab at some of the restaurants where he was not too well known. Success had meant much to both of them.

She had always wanted a fur coat without a past, and he enjoyed the change too. He had never been really enthusiastic about selling stock; he knew so little about animals, and his visits to his old associates convinced him that he never would look well with his hair cut as short as that.

And for a while life had been like a beautiful dream. She had been able to pay for her own meals, and he had admired her all the more for her independence. But she had not been altogether unspoiled by success. She had acquired the alleged boyish coiffure and had become addicted to mah-jongg and caviar.

(Continued on Page 127)

Westward Hose

I LIVE in Boston, and I received some all-wool hose for Christmas, from Cousin Joe, who lives in Idaho. The socks were two sizes too big, and I don't like black, and I didn't need any more socks. Aside from that, they were very nice.

The wool in these socks had been grown in Southern Idaho; shipped to Boston; knit in Lowell; and thence, by the many and devious ways of our efficient wholesale organization, the socks had finally reached the retail shop in Boise, Idaho, where my Cousin Joe purchased them to send to me in Boston.

The cost of travel for these particular socks, however, meant nothing to me. Joe could worry. But wait.

Joe had carefully packed the socks, and no doubt had stood in line at the post office in Boise to mail my transcontinental hosiery for their third tour of three thousand-odd miles. Joe insured his package, and garnished it with holiday touches.

I was intrigued by his blithe label, "Do Not Open Till Christmas!" for it was then December twenty-ninth.

Strange coincidence! I had sent Joe some all-wool hose for Christmas! Psychic, when I had the alternative of neckties.

After fighting off all the other pestiferous early Christmas shoppers, I finally emerged from the Boston shop with Joe's little gift. I had had to guess at Joe's size and kind and color, and naturally I got him what I'd like myself.

The Boston salesman assured me that these socks which I sent from Massachusetts to Idaho were pure Idaho wool.

Although I was on hand at the Boston post office early next morning, I stood in line a precious half hour to mail Cousin Joe's little gift to Idaho. And a package to Zone Eight costs considerable too. But I insured Joe's socks, and off they went.

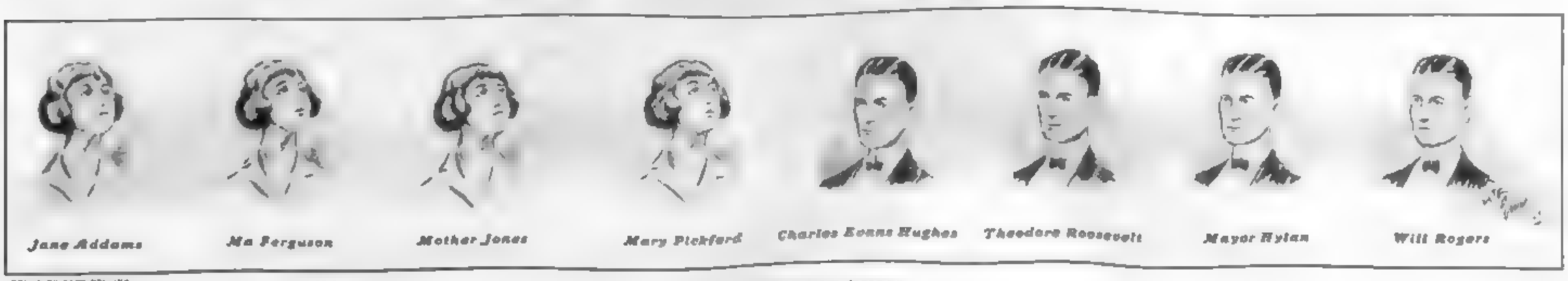
Ten days later I received a letter of thanks from Idaho. And, "Please can you exchange the socks you sent me for two sizes larger, and black?" And Joe's package followed, next day.

Well, the answer is easy: I just kept the socks I had bought for Joe, and I sent to Joe the socks he had bought for me, and everybody was satisfied.

I haven't had time yet to figure mileage.

—J. R. Hoover.

NOW THAT FACE REMODELING HAS BECOME THE VOGUE



MAY WE EXPECT THIS?

So wholesome that children thrive on them

Campbells' Beans are ~

slow-cooked
digestible
simply delicious!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

BARTER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

XXIII

WITH sail, a strong, dependable motor and fine clear weather, it is not difficult for a fairly good navigator to reckon closely the time of his arrival in or off a port. Besides, the depth shoals quickly from about three hundred fathoms to forty on the curve eighteen miles off the Romano River, and there was Bonacca Key, thirty miles offshore, and the lights on Roatan Island and Cape Honduras to make our landfall.

Having therefore assured Allaire that she might safely count on me to keep her date without making her Central American beau impatient or any risk on her part of getting arrested for loitering around the lamp-post, I could not understand her nervousness as we drew in on the coast. Right here it was safe, out of the hurricane season, though a fearful mess of reefs and keys and shoals to the eastward, all the way down to the end of Nicaragua, the dreaded Mosquito Coast, so named not for these insects in which it is no more rich than adjoining regions but from the look of the chart.

The Evangeline Had Been a Waif Ship Since Sliding Out of the Stocks. She Had Been Built for a Two-Masted Schooner Auxiliary Seiner

"What's the matter with you?" I asked her. "One might think that you were planning to elope with this Honduran progenitor. If you are, you had better think twice before becoming the stepmother of his eleven yellow kids and the stepladder of his political ambitions."

"What would you care?" she snapped, and gave me a hostile look from her tawny eyes.

"More than you may think. I deplore your methods, but I've always had a strong desire to annex you some day as a sparring partner."

"You've been drinking some of that cane rum that Sanders brought off for the other beasts of the field," Allaire snapped.

"I haven't, and I'm not a beast of the field, unless it's the green field of the sea. But long night sea watches induce wide imaginings, and you have fallen within the spread of mine. I would like to set Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril ashore somewhere, in a good spot where they could build up a growing business, and sail off with you and Pompey and McIntosh."

Allaire gave me a lambent look.

"Are you going crazy, Pom? It hasn't been so hot."

"No, I'm getting back where I belong, coming to life again. The family crash left me partly dead and the boiler factory nearly finished it. I'm like a poor fish stunned by a submarine blast. If not killed, he floats around for a while, then begins to flip his fins again."

"But don't you realize what rot you're talking?"

"Not yet. I'm only telling you how I'm beginning to feel. It's worth a lot to a man who's been through what I have to be able to feel at all. I do, and I rather glory in my shame."

She looked at me curiously.

"Where's the shame?"

"Because it amounts to that for a man of my breed to want a girl of yours without the slightest element of love attached to it, as if I were that beast of the field you called me."

"So that's the way you think about me," said Allaire.

"Precisely. Why not? You are beautiful and intelligent and high spirited. Since I am beginning to recover consciousness from a long series of concussions, my opening eyes sight on you at close range. So I sit up and take notice."

"But only of a physical sort," Allaire murmured, with her cool little smile.

"By no means. Your mental attributes provoke the same desire for conquest. You see, it isn't humanly possible for a man to love a woman who continually befools him, but that needn't interfere with his wanting to master her."

"Yes, I suppose men are like that. Nick Sayles doesn't seem to care two sous whether I love him or not, if only I'll marry him."

"That's the effect you have on men, Allaire. You are so cool and competent that it kills any protective tenderness. You make me feel less like safeguarding you and smoothing your path lest you bruise your foot against a stone than tying you to my stirrup leather by your thick yellow braids."

"How long have you harbored these soft sentiments, Pom?"

"Since you began to demonstrate your high percentage of efficiency. Before that I felt the sort of brotherly chivalry and solicitude that might be expected in a man of your own class."

"Well"—Allaire sighed—"it seems a pity that it wasn't a more robust sentiment. Still, I'm not sure but that I prefer respect and smoldering passion to brotherly concern. This fraternal feeling is about the final injury where there is no blood kin. I'd rather like to see you in the rôle of sea sheik."

"Perhaps you may. I'd have two things in my favor. One that you invite such treatment, and the other that you would not holler for help to the Army and Navy and Federal authorities. You might calmly put a bullet through me at the first chance, but furnish full-page sensational reading for the Sunday supplements you would not."

"Speaking of bullets," said Allaire, "and to get back to possibilities, are you and Cyril armed?"

"Yes; we've got our automatics."

"So have I. You can never tell about these people in their own waters. The performing jaguar in Washington might be the jungle beast down here. Our Government is a bit slack with its citizens who start something they've no business to in foreign parts."

"Is that what's making you so nervous, or are you still holding something back?"

"What is there to hold back? I do believe that Gomez is hatching some sort of a *coup d'état*; but even if he puts it over, I've no intention at all of becoming Señora Presidente."

"No, I don't think you would care for that. Here's a proposal for you, Allaire: Let's make all the money we can as decently as we can, then close out our interest with Cyril and Mrs. Fairchild and buy a little ship of our own and go trading on a less haphazard scale." The answer to this proposition of mine came without the slightest hesitation, as if I had suggested something already thought out and decided on.

"You're on, Pom. I'll do that thing."

"Sounds as if you had thought it over already," I said.

"I have. I've studied it from every angle that comes within my scope. That's why I'm so anxious to make a killing now." And she went on hurriedly, "Not that you could call it that exactly."

"Then don't be so jumpy," I said. "The job is not worth it."

"There's another thing I've got on my mind, Pom. Gomez as good as told me he was coming back to start something. Well, his headquarters is in here where we're going. He will be needing supplies, and we've got all those quartermaster's stores down below. There are two tiers, with one hundred and twenty cases to the tier."

"Holy Moses, no wonder she's heavy!"

Here was another of Allaire's little mines. She had got these stores loaded aboard while Cyril and Mrs. Fairchild were down at Beach City and I had run up to New Haven for a few days' visit to my sister, married to a professor at Yale.

The cases were compactly stowed in the space beneath the flooring that ran the length of the schooner, so I had not bothered to overhaul them, thinking that there were perhaps a couple of dozen, and never suspecting ten times that number.

"So you've had this up your sleeve all the time?"

"Why, yes, Pom," Allaire admitted. "I saw the chance of a good turnover."

"Then we are actually at this moment a blockade runner," I said.

"No, we aren't that until the show starts. We ought to be well away by then. This stuff was a good buy, and I figured that having it aboard could do no harm."

"I get you, Allaire. Briefly, if Gomez decides to start his revolution he will want the stores. But if it has fallen through, or he's been double-crossed or anything, he will

(Continued on Page 31)

—yet it costs so little more

There is ham; and then there's Premium!

For Premium, fresh hams are selected with the utmost care; they must be Premium quality—choice meat of assured tenderness.

Then, for Premium, there is a certain cure that is distinctive, mild; followed by slow and even smoking over fragrant hardwood fires. All done just so, to get that sweetness, that rich mild flavor for which Premium is famous.

From the selection of the fresh meat to the last rigid inspection before wrapping, no expense is spared to make this *perfect ham*.

All the difference in the world between just ham and Premium; yet Premium costs so little more!

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

On the floor is Pattern No. 544. In the 6 x 9 ft. size it costs only $9.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

"And to complete my color scheme, I picked this pretty Congoleum Rug."

Transforming this square attic room into a dainty boudoir had been nothing short of a miracle—and she certainly did enjoy telling her guest all about it!

First she'd chosen a soft natural tint for the walls and had enameled the woodwork and furniture ivory. Color she reserved for the big double window, which she'd draped with cretonne in warm rich hues. These colors she repeated in the pillows on the chaise longue and in the artistic floral design of the Gold Seal Congoleum Rug. Presto, the miracle was accomplished!

"And the best part of it," she summed up, "is that I get so much besides good looks in this Congoleum Rug. With its smooth, dust-proof surface, a damp mop will clean it in a few minutes!

"You don't have to tack it down either—it lies perfectly flat of its own accord and never rumples. And you'll be surprised how amazingly inexpensive it was."

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½ x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9 x 9 ft.	13.50		3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 x 10½ ft.	15.75	in the five large sizes only.	3 x 6 ft.	2.50
9 x 12 ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

"Things Every Woman Should Know about Congoleum Rugs," new booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the Congoleum patterns in their actual full colors. Drop a line to our nearest office for your copy. It will gladly be sent to you free.

(Continued from Page 28

want to come aboard and beat it with his war chest. So you figured to make a deal coming or going."

"Something of that sort," Allaire admitted.

"Some little trader! Now we shall have to tell the others about this new bet—how you coppered the first."

"Cyril knows. I made him promise not to tell for fear you would get cautious again."

"Look here, are you trying to say I'm afraid?"

"No, but you haven't struck me as particularly venturesome. And there's another thing, Pom — "

"There are several," I growled. "It's not much of a game to carry contraband of war to a coast where something is due to pop and have no means of protecting your property."

"You've said it, Pom. I thought of that, so I've got a one-pounder and a machine gun under the old sails in the lazaret. I think we had better get them mounted and try them out this afternoon."

XXIV

SO HERE we were, a perfectly orthodox filibuster, masquerading as a yacht and everything. This tenderly bred but penniless erstwhile little sister of the rich had put one over on us, letting us in up to the gills. She was surely squaring her little score for our first deception.

There did not now seem much to do but carry on. Cyril and I were more excited and amused than angry, but Mrs. Fairchild was sore. All that prevented her insisting that we abandon the venture then and there was Cyril's assurance that until a state of revolution was actually proclaimed, no yacht could be seized or its owners penalized for coming inside the three-mile limit of a country with her hold full of stores. I told her also that it was legitimate for us to carry light ordnance for our protection against pirates and hijackers. She was not distinctly satisfied, and I felt sure that after this venture she would request to draw out her interest and retire from our syndicate. Allaire's methods were too sensational for the respectable Mrs. Fairchild, who also resented Cyril's unbounded admiration for the girl.

As a matter of fact, Cyril and Allaire were in perfect accord, while I sympathized with Mrs. Fairchild. The horrors of the boiler factory had made me conservative, and I did not want to risk landing up in any such job again.

Moreover, I believed in our prospects for legitimate barter, and wanted to give the scheme a fair tryout, and one in which sheer luck would not have to be the determining factor of a reasonable profit.

We mounted our light ordnance and tried both pieces on a target. Mrs. Fairchild watched moodily our gun practice. Allaire had told us evasively that she had got the weapons from a man recommended by a friend in Washington; Gomez himself, no doubt. They were secondhand, but seemed to be in excellent condition.

"I never counted on this sort of thing, Mr. Stirling," Mrs. Fairchild said to me as Cyril and Allaire were practicing. "And she a New York society girl whose pictures I've admired in the papers time and again! Are there many like her?"

"There are probably a good many that would like to be that way," I answered, "but few of them have the nerve and ability and incentive."

"I wish you would marry her and take her in hand."

"So do I, Mrs. Fairchild."

"Well, I thought so. Do you think you could rule her?"

"I don't like to boast. The Bible says that he that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city, but I've never taken a city so far."

She laughed. Mrs. Fairchild was good-humored when let. But for one thing she had a perfectly well-ordered mind, and this was now sufficiently harassed because she was half in love with Cyril and ashamed of it, being some four or five years his senior. That need not have bothered a pretty woman of her type, that ages slowly, but the contrast with her late elderly sea-captain husband affected her accurate sense of proportion.

This and Allaire's maneuvers upset her. If Allaire had been merely high-handed and impetuous it would not have mattered so much; but the girl's cool, well-considered methods were disturbing. There was also a cutting edge to her friendliness, not snobbish but of a superiority so self-evident as to require no insisting on, as if Mrs. Fairchild were Allaire's esteemed and competent and well-paid housekeeper. And Cyril's British acceptance of such a relationship was an added thorn in the flesh. Mrs. Fairchild hailed originally from the state of Maine, and her Yankee independence very properly declined the slightest humbling of herself.

I felt that something was in the wind, and sure enough as Pompey was serving us our supper it blew up.

"Miss Forsyth will wind up by being a pirate if she doesn't mind her step," said Mrs. Fairchild. "All this looks too much like it to suit my taste."

"Wait until we divide the plunder, Mrs. Fairchild," said Allaire, with a gleam of malice in her tawny eyes.

"Well, when that happy day comes I don't mind saying that I shall quit the sea. I'd like to invest my share in a nice little notion store at some of these winter resorts."

"Why not Bermuda"—he pronounced it Bare-mooda—"Mrs. Fairchild?" Cyril asked. "That's a better climate, and more American than British."

The poor woman looked so confused that I guessed this suggestion to be no new idea, and came to her rescue.

"If you and Cyril ever come to feel like pooling your capital for something of that sort," I said directly, "don't hesitate to do so. Miss Forsyth and I like this sort of thing and may carry out the idea of a bigger ship and trading on a more extended scale."

Mrs. Fairchild gave me a grateful look.

"Who's going to chaperon you?" she asked. Allaire laughed.

"Business women don't need chaperons, especially when one turns adventuress."

"Now, Miss Forsyth "

"But that's precisely what I am," said Allaire. "Why bother with the smoke screen when you go gold digging? I was all the afternoon alone with Nick Sayles in the cabin of his yacht, selling him an island; and Pom's safer than Nick Sayles. The motto on Pom's signet ring is Honor First I thought for a while that perhaps it might better be Safety First, but perhaps I was unjust."

Cyril looked a little scared. Then, fixing his lustrous eyes on Allaire, he said softly, "The two might mean the same thing, Miss Forsyth, if the safety applied to a young lady who was in the care of an officer and gentleman."

Allaire laughed.

"Good for you, Cyril. I'm answered. So is Mrs. Fairchild. Why a chaperon when you've got a Pom? If anything happens, they bark."

"Yes," I said, "and they give cats a wide berth. But I might not be that sort of dog. The Pom part of my name isn't the half of it. Since you are asking for trouble, I'll warn you right now that if ever you find yourself shipmates alone with me, I'll show you something in the nature of a throwback to the parent stock of canines."

"That's the talk, Mr. Stirling," said Mrs. Fairchild. "My first voyage with Captain Fairchild was to Buenos Aires. We had a young mate named Basset that blushed every time I spoke to him. I was only eighteen and—and ——" She began to blush herself.

"—— pretty, as you always will be," Allaire supplied, "and I suppose you liked to make him blush."

"Most young girls have their silly streak, Miss Forsyth. I'm only telling you this as a sort of object lesson not to torment a good man.

"One night my husband went over to a captains' party aboard a British sailing ship. I knew that lime juice wouldn't be the only thing served, and I was worried, because my husband, though a good man as men go, sometimes took a bit too much when his responsibility was over. Mr. Basset—he was only a boy—was aboard in charge of the ship and me. A boat came alongside and a man sang out that Captain Fairchild had had an accident and his wife had better come right over. Mr. Basset was for going with me, but I told him he had better stop aboard. So I got into the boat and we pulled off into the dark toward the square-rigger, and the next I knew my head was in a sack, and then I didn't know anything at all."

Allaire leaned forward.

"What ——"

"Don't interrupt," I said.

"I came to in the cabin of a stuffy little steamboat. A beast of a man was bathing my face with eau de Cologne. I never could abide the smell of it since. Then a terrible

She Came Up Then, Taking Shape Out of the Purple Murk, a Bulky Little Tub Under Sail in the Faint Cool Draft That Struck Down Off the Mountains Back From the Coast

fight started on deck. I heard Basset roaring out curses, and he was Salvation Army ashore. It sounded like he was singing psalms while he fought. The man in there with me grabbed up a revolver and rushed on deck. There was a lot of firing and yelling. Then the engine stopped and I managed to get up on deck. I hadn't been hurt."

Mrs. Fairchild leaned forward and laid her hand on Allaire's wrist.

"They were all dead but Basset. The little steamboat was in the mouth of the Uruguay. The man who owned her was a planter, and Captain Fairchild had knocked him down the day before because he stared at me in a café and said something. Mr. Basset had swum over to the boat. He suspected something after I had gone. He died the next day."

We were all silent. Then Mrs. Fairchild said softly, "My husband used to joke about his name. Said it fitted him because he was that kind of dog."

"Basset hound," I murmured.

"Yes; but it was a good strain. Your speaking of a Pom—Pomeranian, isn't it?—reminded me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fairchild," Allaire said softly, and pressed the small firm hand under hers.

How little we can tell about people—the tragedies, terrible experiences of what impress us as being humdrum bourgeois lives; this fragmentary human document cropping out like a news clipping of some episode suppressed for the sake of one's peace of mind!

I went up to relieve the wheel. Allaire joined me a few minutes later.

"That was a fearful story, Pom; she hated to tell it."

"Yes. The dog feature was what forced it out. She felt it her duty."

"Poor thing, she can't have had much happiness. She was eighteen when she married Captain Fairchild, and he was forty-five."

"Well, that was seventeen years ago, and he's been dead a couple of years. A hard-boiled Yankee skipper, I should say; very much of a man, but too old for her and aged before his time from work and worry. Let's hope she and Cyril hit it off. He's a good lad. Sort of a big, rangy, large-hearted, laughing, fighting Jew; avatar of a Phenician freebooting trader. The Nordic types haven't got it all. Too detached and gloomy and apt to be lacking in the *joie de vivre*."

"Are you describing yourself, Pom?"

"I've learned something about my limitations; something of the skeleton in armor. It's dreary stuff. The Mediterraneans help it out. Why does anybody want to be always guarding the frontiers of race? Mixtures are best, where the blood is strong both sides."

"You're waking fast, Pom."

"Well, it's hard to keep on sleeping, with you setting off your firecrackers. I'll rouse up and get you some day, Allaire."

"Then help to get some money first."

"That's what I seem to be doing. Why so avaricious? Don't you like this?"

"Yes, so far. It beats mere yachting."

"That's right. I never sat aboard a yacht and looked over a shabby working vessel without a tinge of envy. There's more real dignity in a tanker or collier lurching into port than in the yacht of the man that owns the oil wells and coal mines to fill her up. And there's more dignity in a rum runner than in the gang aboard the houseboat drinking what she's managed to run."

Allaire nodded.

"We are beginning to see things the same, Pom. I think I'd rather see my gentleman friend reach for his gat than for his bill folder. And women are even worse. They mouth their money when they pay your bill. It's like a noble blood transfusion."

"All right, Allaire. You've given me my cue. From now on I get rough."

"Not yet, Pom. Wait until we start with our own ship."

"Will you marry me then?" I asked.

"Perhaps, if you make me. But I'm not giving you a dare. You have been pretty numb so far, not to say dumb. I'll wait until you get all alive from your feet up. Meantime let me run the brain end of it. I'm not quite sure about this Gomez person. His payments are apt to be the 'Think of the fun you're having,' unless he's closely watched."

"Well, you talk to him and I'll watch him. If he tries to talk back ——"

"He can say it with money," said Allaire.

XXV

WE PICKED up Bonacca Island to the westward at sunset, and an hour later the Cape Honduras Light made a needle point in the murky dark. It was one of those purple, plushy tropic nights when the stars are low and large, but not bright, and the visibility is high but baffling, with dimensions distorted.

The breeze dropped with the sun, so we approached the coast under power. The air was too heavy in atmosphere for us to see the mountains rising as they receded from the strip of low coast. I did not have a local large-scale chart, nor need it, for that matter; the one I had of the West Indies, Central America, Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea being the most recent edition and a triumph of hydrography, as are all our government charts that serve friend and enemy, worthy and unworthy alike. Allaire came up as I stood by the fore shrouds staring into the plushy dark ahead.

"Great, Pom, isn't it?" she whispered.

"A pleasant evening for it," I admitted. "I'll admire the scenery more on our way out. It's a cleaner business than rum running, anyhow."

"Yes," Allaire admitted. "It's a lot better to work in support of a decent foreign government than to undermine your own. I see it differently, now that I'm not so desperately hard up."

"No doubt you know what you're doing, Allaire," I said, "but for the life of me I can't see the sense of all this. If Gomez' supplies are for a secret military unit he is holding in reserve, why should he have to bring them so far and land them with such stealth? More than that, the quantity we've got is so piffling."

"Well, you see, Pom, these political flare-ups are apt to be no more than a flash in the pan down here. The party that first scores by a sharp, sudden, unexpected blow is apt to get away with it. Gomez suspects something like this, so he is holding out a reserve force of a thousand picked men well armed and equipped to rush into Tegucigalpa at the crucial moment."

"But what of it?" I persisted. "Haven't they got grub enough in this country without paying you to lug a few cases of beef and beans about eighteen hundred miles? It's a corn-and-cattle country. I can understand his wanting to have an American yacht owned by a girl with strong friends in Washington nice and handy for his getaway, if it comes to that, but these stores seem so trifling."

"Oh, dear," Allaire said plaintively, "I suppose now I'm in for another bawling out. But you may as well know. You might have guessed. They aren't pork and beans. They are first-class arms and ammunition."

For a moment I stood there letting this sink in, feeling like the fool I was. Worse than that, since any average fool might have guessed, as Allaire said. Certainly, my experience of her methods should have taught me by this time that whatever else may have been said of them, they are not piker ones.

This also explained the nervousness that had puzzled me. It was one thing to come on the coast of a smoldering country with a small cargo of canned goods that we could claim to have bought at a sale against our own subsequent need, and another to be fairly deep with what is always contraband of war in the Western Hemisphere about everywhere south of the Tropic of Cancer.

"Well, what about it?" Allaire demanded. "Now that you know, are you going to back my game or play safe again?"

"Who paid for the stuff?" I asked.

"We went fifty-fifty, after a lot of polite wrangling. My argument was that he might not take it when I got it here, and his that I might never get it here. I would have dropped the business but for two things. His paying half made it almost like a present, since he drove such a bargain, and I learned enough in Washington to know that if it was left on my hands I might be able to find even a better market a little farther down the coast."

"Costa Rica?"

"You are warm. . . . Aren't we getting in pretty close? I can see a big black mass back there."

"Stand back!" I called aft to Cyril to reverse; then as our way was checked, I stepped up on the rail and holding the shroud in one hand took a sounding with the fisherman's lead, getting twenty fathoms.

"We've still got a few miles to go. Then if you connect with Gomez he is due to pay the other half, and how much for the freighting?"

"Ten thousand, gold."

"Not so bad. What does your whole bill against him come to?"

"Twice that, on delivery. We got the rifles for a song, but the ammunition came high. If he fails to connect, the agreement provides that he stands the loss and the stuff is ours."

"You must have inspired him with confidence in your abilities, Allaire."

"Well, I manage to do that with most people but you. Is it all right, Pom?"

"Yes, with me. But I must tell Cyril."

"He knows. He guessed we weren't running a huckster's cart or a taxi to Cuba. But don't tell Mrs. Fairchild. It's too late now."

"Yes," I agreed, "it's too late now. I'm going to drop my red lights over the bow in a moment. No use upsetting her."

"That's what Cyril said. He is keen about it. I wish you were, Pom."

"It's your holding out I most object to, Allaire. That's not good form in the case of partners like ourselves."

"Well, who started it?"

"Yes, I know. We can never live that down, can we?"

"I'm not so sure, Pom. It's rankled a long while with me, because if there's any one thing I can't stand it's to be made a fool of. I'd rather be taken by force than by guile. I could forgive a bandit or burglar, but not a parlor grafter. I simply had to get even with you for calling me into Mrs. Fairchild's store that day and getting my boat for some kidding and a string of beads, letting me think you were going to be bold bad bootleggers of the Bahamas, when your real game was peddling junk."

"Put that way, Allaire, I am left without a comeback; the more so, as every time you've caught your bet."

"That's what worries me now, Pom. Luck like that can't last. Gomez is all right. He's a good sort and honest and ambitious. He wants to come back to Washington *persona grata* and be well received and give me a party if I am there and see fit to do him that honor, and invite the distinguished guests. I'm sure that if this yachting party of ours goes wrong he'd rather stand the loss than make an enemy of me. But that's not the game."

"No," I said, "that's not at all the game, because you are not really the intriguing adventuress that you state yourself."

"Well, I had to make a diversion. I said whatever came into my head to keep you carrying on. It has taken a bit of doing too."

"And if we swing it?" I asked.

"Then I'll call the slate clean and all bets paid. After that I'll tackle this trading scheme with you, if you like. It appealed to me from the very start, when you and Cyril first explained it. But for one thing, I was sore at the way you had fooled me; and besides, I saw that to work it properly we would need some capital." She peered through the murk. "You can see the high ground now, Pom."

"I see it. We'll slow down and get our lights over. The answering signal is the same?"

"Yes, and the danger signal the quick repeated flashing of a blinker. If we get that it means that everything's off. The trouble is we don't know what's been going on. I didn't dare let you run into Key West or Havana for fear some meddlesome pest might get curious about our stores."

"How did you manage when remodeling inside?" I asked.

"The carpenters didn't have to get in under the saloon deck; and as we were merely taking the boat there from Palm Beach to get her dolled up as a yacht, nobody bothered to search her. Everybody was most kind and obliging."

"I believe you," I said. "Let's hope they keep on being that way."

XXVI

CYRIL all this time had been steering the course I had given him. Mrs. Fairchild was sitting on an after skylight, busy with some mending.

It must have been a little tough on Cyril, who knew what Allaire was up to and that she was now at confessional with me. He gave me an imploring look as I walked aft and took the wheel, but brightened when I told him to hang the red lanterns over the bows.

Scarcely had he done so when there came an answering signal, not from the shore but out abeam. I stopped the motor and we lay drifting, about a mile from the beach, to judge from the last sounding. Our signal had evidently been answered by a boat that was hanging on and off.

She came up then, taking shape out of the purple murk, a bulky little tub under sail in the faint cool draft that struck down off the mountains back from the coast. Looming suddenly close aboard and under steerage way with no riffle of breeze on the water, she reminded me of these barks depicted in imaginative paintings, wafted along by a propulsive force that appears to be entirely in the mind of the artist.

"What boat is that?" I asked in English.

The answer came immediately:

"The boat of Señor Gomez, waiting for you, sir."

Allaire whispered, "That's not Gomez speaking, though it sounds like his voice." She raised her own: "Is Señor Gomez aboard?"

"No, madam, the señor was detained. But he has sent me to meet you. I am coming alongside."

"Look!"

Allaire gripped me by the arm. But I had already seen the danger signal. Over there against the deep purple background, high up above the coast line, a blinker was flashing quick intermittent lights.

XXVII

IT WAS too late to profit by this warning. The big hulk that had so suddenly materialized out of the murk was already gliding up on our quarter. There must have been a strong draft of air aloft, as the surface was without a ripple. Before Cyril could have jumped below to start the motor, this tub would barge into us. From the way she was drifting in on us we were due to get a solid bump.

Cyril, standing by amidships with a roller fender, had not seen the flickering torch back there in the gloom.

(Continued on Page 121)

Far wiser than cosmetics is "*an Ounce of Prevention*"!

WILL YOU NEVER learn, my friends, you who seek loveliness in the rouge pot, that cosmetics are merely subterfuges employed to *hide* the ravages of neglect?

Beauty, flawless skin, flashing eyes are the normal, outward signs of inner health. Remember Nature's simplest law if you would win the "golden apple"!

Faulty elimination is the cause of more bad complexions, more sallowness of skin, more dull and listless eyes than all other causes put together.

Correct this condition! *Prevent* intestinal sluggishness! Thus you will accomplish more beauty miracles than with all the cosmetics in this country and France.

A health formula for everybody, every day

Your own doctor has told you to eat bran because he realizes that you take too little exercise and that your intestines need bulk if they are to function normally.

You tried ordinary bran, perhaps, and found it unpleasant. Now please try bran in this new delicious form:

Post's Bran Flakes are really a delightful food. You may eat them with milk or cream, every day, just as you eat Post Toasties, or Grape-Nuts. Bran in this form makes wonderfully light, fluffy muffins and good wholesome bread. It provides the intestines with needed bulk and at the same time brings to the body such vital food essentials as: phosphorus and iron, proteins and carbohydrates and the highly essential Vitamin B.

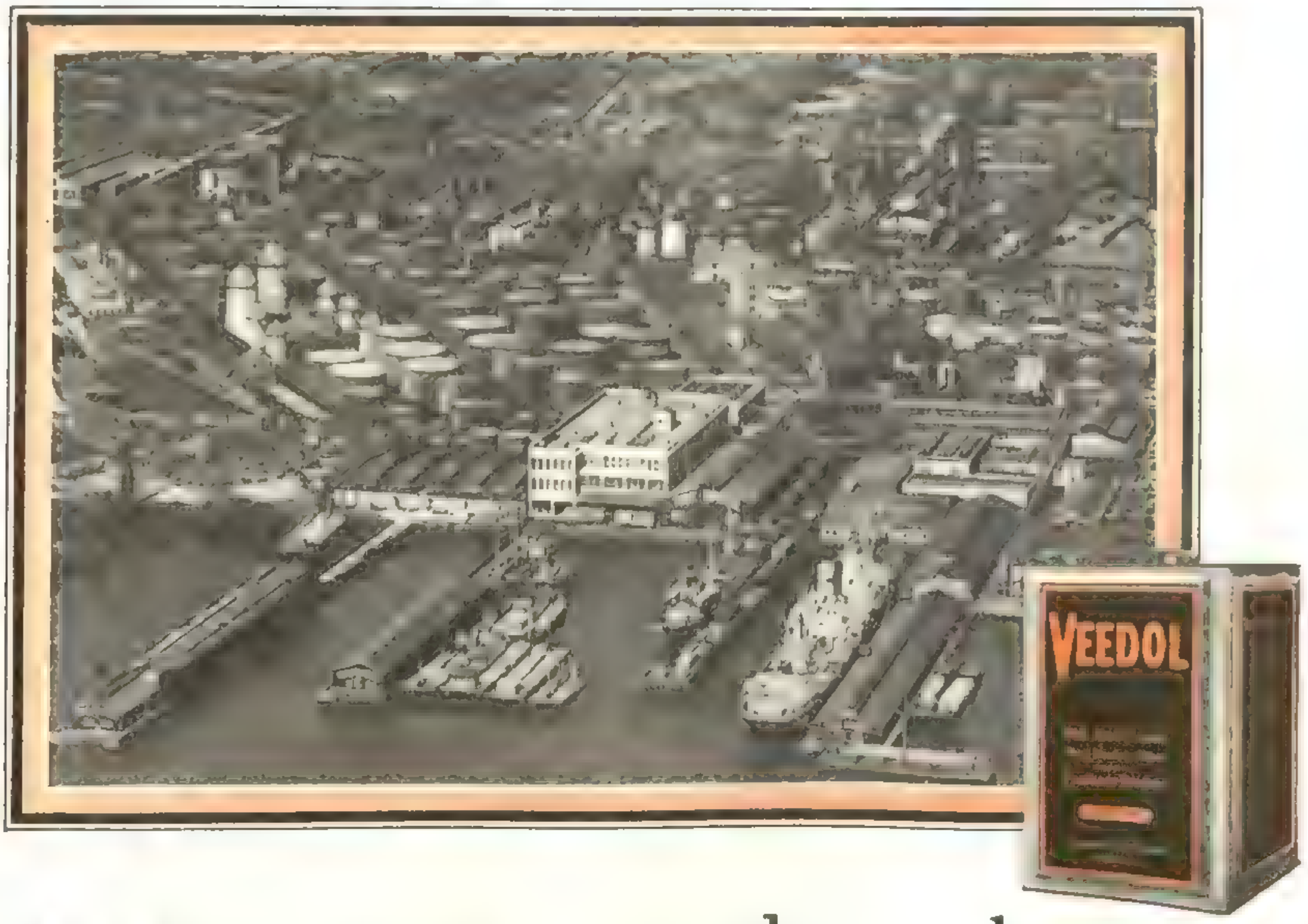
Eat Post's Bran Flakes in one form or another every day. You will be surprised how quickly they restore regular habits and how much better you look and feel.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 1-3, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention



How 3,000 exacting tests each month safeguard the Veedol "film of protection"

AS your car breezes along the open road, how often do you give a thought to the Veedol that lubricates your motor? Perhaps you don't even remember that Veedol forms a "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* And that it is this film alone which safeguards the vital parts of your motor from deadly heat and friction.

You don't think of those things, because you take them for granted. You have learned to trust Veedol implicitly.

Yet the Veedol "film of protection" doesn't just happen. It is the supreme result of the labor and skill and infinite care of a great organization. Covering more than 175 acres, the Tide Water Oil Refinery, at Bayonne, N. J., is like a city. There are thousands of trained workmen; miles of railroad tracks and pipe lines; condensers, crude-stills, filter-houses, storage-tanks; ships, lighters, tank-cars. A mammoth plant!

And right in the heart of that plant is the chemical laboratory for testing lubricating oils. There a staff of trained technologists analyze and check the quality and uniformity of Veedol and other Tide Water Oil products. Over 3,000 tests are made each month to safeguard the "film of protection," and make it worthy of your faith.

Vast resources, infinite care! That is the story of Veedol. That is why the "film of protection" never fails, but is everlastingly on the job safeguarding your motor and conserving power.

And that is the reason that hundreds of thousands of car-owners trust Veedol as few other products are trusted. Veedol is sold by the Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York; Chicago, 1445 W. 37th St.; San Francisco, 414 Brannan St.

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY

RUSTY AND THE EARLY BIRDS

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IF IT ain't one thing it's another, and the more folks you come to know the less you understand how they get that way. But I will admit that when I first hooked up with this Burton Peck party I thought I was slidin' into something soft and easy.

I picked him blind, at that. Anyway, when the agency manager sends for the shuffer squad and announces he has a call for somebody to go to the country I steps to the front. I'm the only one, too.

"Understand, young feller," says he, "this is no suburbs cinch. It's way up in New Hampshire—regular country."

"Can't be too reg'lar for me," says I. "Where do I meet my man?"

He hands me a Broad Street address and I picks up my cap. 'Course I don't get away without bein' joshed more or less by the gang.

"Good-by, Rusty," says one. "I can see you weedin' the turnip bed and raisin' a full set of whiskers."

"Send me a picture postcard of the four corners when you get up among the hicks," says another, "and don't forget to feed the hogs."

"So long as I can remember you," says I, "there'll be no danger of my overlookin' the hogs."

And when I finds this Mr. Burton Peck is a bond broker, with a string of offices on the ninth floor, I kinda chuckles to myself. I know the sort of country places them birds are apt to have. Besides, when I finally gets let into the private office and discovers this pink-cheeked, grayish-topped, pleasant-eyed party sittin' at the big desk dictatin' to a secretary I likes his looks. He has an easy, smooth way of talkin', too, that goes strong with me.

"Well, son," says he, "do you think you can stand it up on the farm? It is rather an out-of-the-way place, you know."

"That don't scare me off any," says I. "Besides, I expect you'll be drivin' around some."

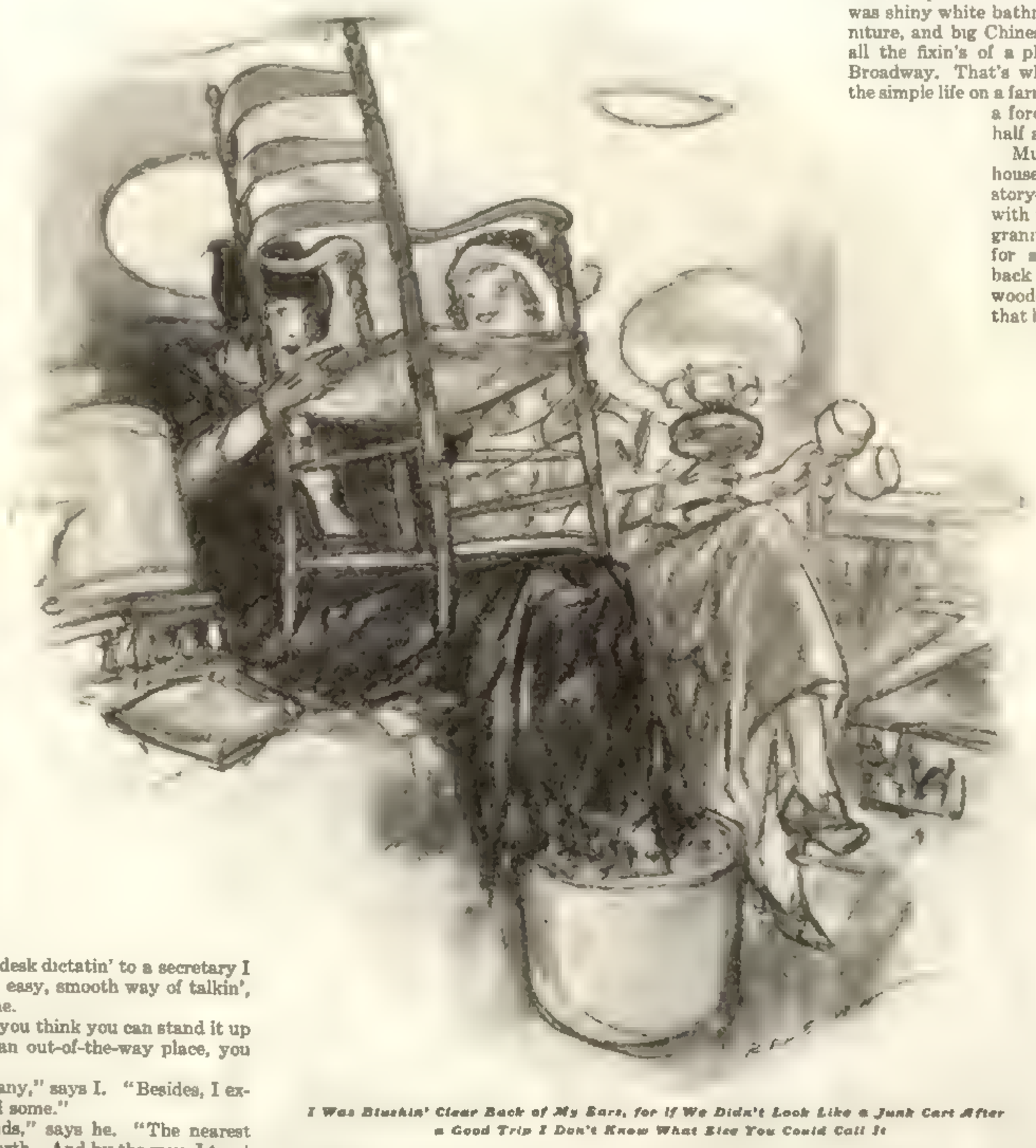
"Especially over week-ends," says he. "The nearest golf course is twenty miles north. And by the way, I trust you would be willing to act as caddie at times."

"Doublin' with the bag is my long suit," says I. "I've carried for Chick and Jim Barnes in my day."

"Well, well!" says he. "This is better luck than I looked for. Please consider yourself engaged, Mr.—er—Gillan, I believe."

"Rusty to you, sir, if you'd just as leave," says I, and we swaps grins.

Well, that's about all there was to it. I ain't in there much longer'n some folks would take to lick a stamp, and I comes out with the job all tucked away and my directions about where to meet him in the Grand Central at 9:20 that evenin' for our dash into the sticks. Before I climbs into Upper 4 he strolls back to the smokin' compartment and we has quite a little chat, so you see there's nothing upstagy about my new boss. He's one of the kind that knows how to talk to the help without gettin' exactly chummy or without keepin' his neck stiff; a solid, substantial old boy that looks like he had a good head on him and would be as free of nutty streaks as an egg is of gristle. My guess is that he'd shoot about 95 on the average golf course, with maybe an 89 on days when his putter was workin' extra good. And I get wise right away that he ain't one you can put anything over on easy, for the first thing I know I'm gettin' the third degree about my past life and career. Not that I didn't skim over points here and there, such as how I left the home and why I got fired from various places, but otherwise I sketched out the story fairly free.



I Was Blushin' Clear Back of My Ears, for If We Didn't Look Like a Junk Cart After a Good Trip I Don't Know What Else You Could Call It

He listens quiet and nods. "Thank you, Rusty," says he. "I can always understand a man better if I have his background. And let's see; your references from Mr. Buell are dated several months back. You have had other situations since then, haven't you?"

"Two was women," says I, "and one was worse—a musical genius. What would you expect?"

"Quite so," says he.

And as it was my turn, I asks him if this farm of his is the real thing or only the usual imitation.

"Oh, it's genuine enough," says he. "Merely a farm, with barns and silos and cows and sheep and everything. Mrs. Peck's idea, you know. She has always wanted that sort of summer place, but not until the children had grown up did it seem practical. They would have been lonesome. But now they're both married and she can do as she pleases. So at last she has her flower garden, and her rows of corn and beans and what not, and she can have on the table our own butter and cream at a cost of not more than five or six times the market price."

I gather that Mr. Peck ain't crazy over the farm idea, but so long as it ain't too far from a good golf course he's willin' to go up for week-ends. Anyway, he's tryin' it out for one summer, for he tells me they ain't owned the place but a few months, and kinda hints that maybe the missus will get fed up on it herself before the season's over.

"They will have their little fads," says he, "although modernizing a farmhouse is not inexpensive. Did you ever pay for a mile of electric-light cable and poles to hang it on, Rusty? Well, I hope you never have to."

And about noon next day, after I'd looked over the outfit, I didn't blame him a bit for lettin' out this little moan.

It was still a farmhouse on the outside, barrin' the fancy flower beds and the landscaped grounds and the new paint on the buildin's. But inside there was shiny white bathrooms, and a lot of swell furniture, and big Chinese rugs on the old floors, and all the fixin's of a place forty-five minutes from Broadway. That's what these plutes call leadin' the simple life on a farm. Sure, it can be done, with a force of four or five maids and half a dozen men outside.

Must have been a noble old farmhouse in its time, one of these two-story-and-a-half, slate-roof affairs with two-foot brick walls and cut granite underpinnin' thick enough for a penitentiary; and runnin' back from the main part is a wooden L that connects with sheds that hitches onto a barn about half the size of Madison Square Garden. Then there are wagon sheds and a corn house and a hen dormitory scattered around. Anywhere west of St. Louis they'd call it a town and have a Rotary Club. Stretchin' back towards the woods are fields big enough to lay out a couple of subdivisions in. Yes, it's a reg'lar farm, all right, until you step through the front door, and then you wouldn't know if you was somewhere in Pelham Manor or Montclair, New Jersey—that is, unless you looked through one of the windows and got a view of the hills and mountains piled up in the distance.

But when I meets Mrs. Burton Peck I can easy figure where nothing less would do for her. She's real lady, Mrs. Peck is, high-toned and classy, from her narrow-soled shoes to her silvery hair; one of these slim, graceful old girls who must have been a knockout when she was twenty or so. And even now she's just as fresh and dainty as if she was on her way to get her high-school diploma. Course if she wants to run a farm, that's what Burton's gonna get for her. If it was a state legislature or a bombin' plane I expect it would be the same, for she's the kind that fond hubbies would try to pull down the moon for. And she wins me in the first two minutes.

"Whatever else you do, Rusty," says she, "always get Mr. Peck to his golf matches on time." And then she twinkles them dark eyes of hers.

"Barrin' earthquakes and gettin' struck by lightnin', I will," says I.

I even forgave her for keepin' such a well-seasoned lot of inside help, and I'll bet the youngest of 'em was forty or more. It was easy to forget that bunch of Maggies though after I'd had speech with Sadie, the boss farmer's daughter. She comes wanderin' by the first mornin' as I'm slickin' up the car, and after one glimpse I drops sponge and chamois on the grass. M-m-m-m! Talk about your suncured nectarines. Say, she had cheeks that'd make a strawb'ry sundae look like last Friday's cheese sandwich, and 18-carat hair such as no henna wash could produce. I didn't know they grew like that outside of a bathin' beauty chorus.

"A nice morning, isn't it?" says she, givin' me the full benefit of a pair of smilin' blue eyes.

"Now that you're here it's perfect," says I. "Don't move, please. Hold it."

"Why, what do you want me to do?" she asks.

"Not a thing in the world," says I, "but stand there and let me get an eyeful. Thanks. Now if I go blind I'll know I've had all that's comin' to me."

"What a funny man!" says she, shiftin' to the baby stare.

"If that makes a hit with you," says I, "I'll be so comic that you'll think Will Rogers is a hearse driver."

"Who is Mr. Rogers?" says she.

"Don't worry about him," says I, "but spend your time gettin' acquainted with Rusty Gillan. That's me, sister. Now come sit on the runnin' board while I think what I'm gonna call you."

"But my name is Sadie," says she.

"It couldn't be anything else," says I. "Sadie! Say, that fits you like the skin on a peach. And with that start let's tell each other the story of our lives. Eh?"

We didn't do that exactly, but I discovers that she's nineteen last June, has been to Nashua only twice, thinks she'd like to be a nurse, owns a pet pig that she calls Nubbins, and gets to see a picture show about once a month.

"If I'm any forecaster, Sadie," says I, "we got some pleasant hours ahead of us—drives and movies and dances and just sittin' like this bein' chatty. Any objections?"

She couldn't think of a one, so I'm still polishin' the car body when Mr. Peck finishes a nine-o'clock breakfast and signals that he's all set for a dash to the golf course. It's some scenery we rolls through, most of the landscape bein' set on edge except here and there between the mountains where green level places are fringed with droopy-topped elms like vases of flowers. Very soothin' to the eyes. I was lookin' for him to tell me which peak was which and kind of enthuse over the view, but beyond pointin' out the different turns we have to take he don't mention the country at all. He talks golf—how he thinks he knows now of a way to cure his slice, what he could do if his mashie pitch would stick somewhere near the pin, and the new putter he's gonna try out.

I discovers that my new boss is a long grasser -one of the kind that generally plays his second shot from the rough, his third with a niblick, and is great on sinkin' the fourth putt. But he's just as dippy over the game as though he had a 6 handicap instead of a 24, and some day when he cracks a hundred he's gonna get a whale of a kick out of it. He tells me he thinks of havin' a few holes laid out on the farm next season if Mrs. Peck insists on comin' up there again, so he can spend one day a week practicin' in private, and he hints maybe I could coach him a little. You know how bad they get the disease at that stage. Well, Mr. Peck has it as hard as any duffer I ever listened to. And when him and his partner win a foursome that took an even four hours to play he's as tickled over collectin' three dollars from the other pair of dubs as if the bond market had recovered from its slump and he'd cleaned up half a million. And Sunday forenoon the same bunch get together to have the grand battle all over again.

So you see the Pecks don't get bored with each other's society, even if they are livin' on a farm. She spends her time tellin' two gardeners where she wants the hollyhocks moved to and how to prune the pansy bed, and he comes home from the golf club in time for dinner. That's the situation when Sister Marion arrives Sunday afternoon for her first visit. She's a few years younger than Mrs. Peck, but not so ornamental, havin' grayish bobbed hair and bein' dressed kinda plain. She hails from some Boston suburb and has a shore cottage at Swampscott, and she's one of them parties who tells her relations just what she thinks. I heard her speakin' her mind as I was drivin' 'em over to make an after-dinner call on some friends of hers.

"How could you, Edith?" she protests to Mrs. Peck. "Why, you've simply spoiled that delightful old house! Tell me, what ever possessed you to fill it with all those modern atrocities—Grand Rapids Sheraton, imitation Empire, overstuffed chairs, and even Spanish reproductions in the hall?"

"Why, isn't it right?" asks Mrs. Peck.

"Right!" gasps Sister Marion. "It's as wrong as it can be—almost a crime!"

"But, Marion," says Mrs. Peck, "I gave the contract to one of the best decorators I knew of."

"Decorators!" snorts Marion. "Don't you know, Edith, that farmhouses shouldn't be decorated? They should be furnished, simply and in the proper period."

Mrs. Peck sighs. "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Marion," says she. "We think it is all very nice, Burton and I, but if you can tell me what we should have ——"

"I'll show you, which will be much better," says sister; "at the Elliots', where we are going. Now Kate Elliot has done very well with her house. True, she has run a little wild on heavy mahogany pieces, and she has too many brass warming pans and hob kettles about her fireplace, but aside from such little mistakes she has been quite successful. You'll see a real farmhouse interior, homy and restful and altogether charming. Then you'll get the idea."

Mrs. Peck doubted it. She says her house suits her as it is; and, besides, she's more interested in her garden than anything else, and she knows Burton wouldn't care for old things anyway.

It seems she's made a wrong guess. When she comes out of this white-painted, green-shuttered farmhouse with the corn-husk mat at the front door and the funny old rockers on the side porch she's more excited than I ever guessed she could get.

"Well, what do you think now?" asks Sister Marion.

"Oh, Marion!" says she. "I've never seen such lovely rooms. They're so quaint and cozy and—and comfortable. But where could she get so many beautiful old pieces, and how did she know them when she saw them? I—I just wish I could do something like that."

"Well, why don't you?" says Marion. "I'll tell you; if you really want to begin collecting I'll stay over a week or so and get you started. Kate told me of a perfectly gorgeous auction that's to be held next Wednesday, and we'll go. But perhaps you'd better not say anything to Burton just yet."

I guess they didn't, for when I takes him down to the early train Monday mornin' he seems calm and placid. And Wednesday Mrs. Peck has me drive her and Sister Marion about forty miles over the hills and through back roads to a dinky little town where a red flag was hung out by an old house.

And say, you never saw such a lot of junk as was spread around the front yard—battered old bureaus, straight-backed wooden chairs with the legs sawed off, old mirrors covered with dust, and other things that I didn't know the name of and was glad I didn't.

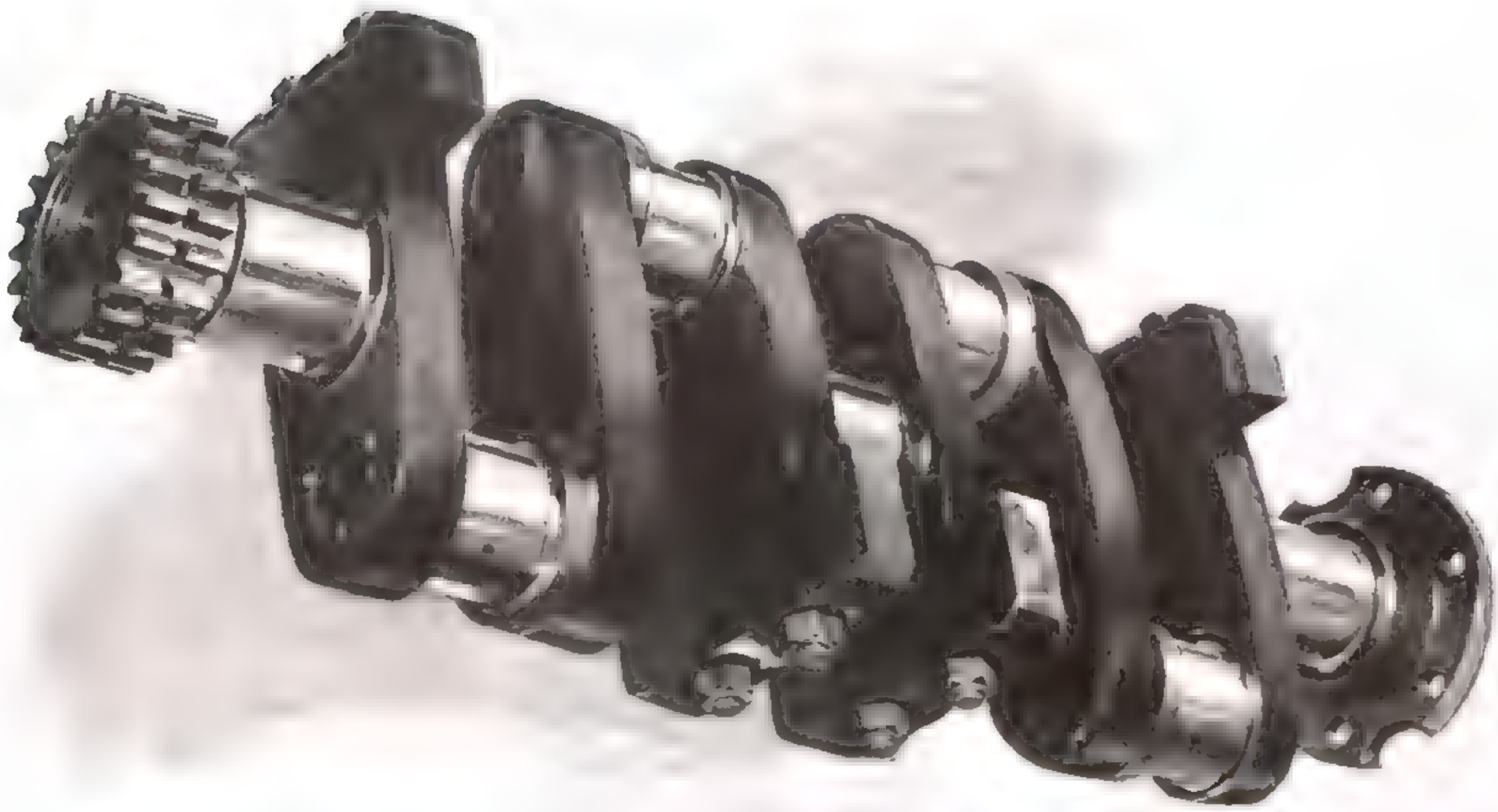
"Oh!" says Mrs. Peck, gazin' around disappointed. "I don't believe there's anything here I would want."

"How absurd!" says Marion. "Why, there's a wonderful old lowboy with original brass pulls on it, and a maple four-poster, and several four-slat ladderbacks that I can see from here. And the bill mentioned whale-oil lamps, and half a dozen cup-plates—genuine Sandwich. The sale has started too. Let's get up as close as we can. Of course the kitchen things are being sold first, but you never know what treasures can be picked up from —— Oh, look, Edith! A perfectly dear Bennington jar!"

With that Sister Marion bores her way into the crowd that's swarmin' around this platform by the side door where a leather-lunged hick is roarin' out that he's got the forty and does he hear the fifty. He does, from sister, and the next thing I know I'm bein' beckoned to edge in and take an old two-gallon pickle crock that I wouldn't have picked out of an ash can.

(Continued on Page 50)

There Was Half a Dozen More, All About the Same Type, and I Didn't Want 'em Any More'n a Cat Wants a Safety Razor



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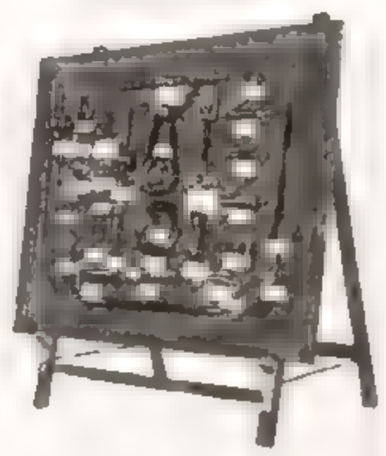
More than ever, today, Hupmobile registers its superiority at its own price level. It stands on an even firmer footing of engineering equality with cars far above it in price.



That superiority is to be maintained by the Hupmobile Four in the future, as befits the true blood-brother to the new Hupmobile Eight—announced in detail elsewhere in these pages.

Salome—Where the Green Grass Grew

By Dick Wick Hall

A MAN sure does get Sore Eyes looking for Something Green, after spending Seventeen Years on the Desert looking at the Brown Hills and Greasewood and Other Dried Up Natives—and this business of acting as Dry Nurse and Water Boy for a Seven Year Old Arizona Frog that ain't Learned to Swim yet don't make the Country look any Greener to either Me or the Frog, especially after a Summer like the Last One when the thermometer was Above 100 for Sixty Nine days hand running, and No Rain since I can Remember.

After all the Time and Trouble and Expense I went to drilling a Well and putting in a pumping Plant trying to get Water enough so as the Frog could learn to Swim before he Died, and only resulting in Scaring Him half to Death and Wasting a Lot of good water when I dumped him in the Tank I built, I had to figure out some way to Make Use of the water because there was more than we could Drink—and just about that time some body sent me a Seed Catalogue with a Picture of some Green Grass growing on the Front Cover, so I just says to myself I'll Grow Some Grass and have a Real Lawn to Rest my Eyes on and Surprise the Natives & the Frog.

There's Lots of Folks here (14 out of 19) that Never saw No Grass—real Green Yard Grass, I mean, and not this Brown Cow Grass that grows here and we make Dried Beef out of—and there ain't a Real Lawn or Green Grass Yard within a Hundred miles of Salome, so I figured if I could make some Green Grass Grow in my Yard and any body was Looking for me, Folks could tell them where I lived—up in the Shack where the Green Grass Grows—and then there wouldn't be no making No Mistakes as to Which was me, which there sometimes is now, and me and the Frog could Sit Out there evenings and Lay in the Grass and mayhe Make ourselves Believe we was Somewhere Else on a Vacation in Some Place where Folks Lived and not out here Serving a Life Sentence in Salome—Where She Danced Barefooted on the Red Hot Sand. Me and the Frog have Both got Good Imaginations—which is a Good Thing if you are going to Try to Live out here in a Place Like This.

I sent to Los Angeles and got some Garden Tools and a Watering or Sprinkling Can and some of the best Green Grass Seed they had, which when it come said on the paper "Genuine Australian Rye Grass Seed Imported Direct From Ireland" and when I opened it up it looked All Wore Out from Traveling around So Much, but I knew from the Price they Charged it Must Be Good and ought to Grow. There's Only 2700 Acres in my Yard and not Fenced in Yet but I guess it's All There because I Always Claimed everything as Far as I can See and no one ever Disputed It Yet, but there wasn't much Grass Seed and I didn't have Much Water, so I fenced in a Piece right up In Front of the Shack, about Ten Feet Square, and dug it up Good and drove over to the Hip-O Ranch corral, 26 Miles from here and got a load of Fertilizer like the Catalogue said and Planted My Lawn.

Slim Givens' Liberal Offer

MY LAWN. Funny Thing how it Made Me Feel thinking and Talking about My Lawn. For the First Few Days after I planted it I didn't Do Much Else—and every time I Talked About It I would Take my Hat off. That's just the Way it made me Feel, but a Lot of Other Folks thought I was going Crazy—and the First Time I got out my Sprinkling Can and Watered My Lawn, Old Scar Faced Scroggs tried to have me Arrested for Wasting the Water—but I told the Judge, who is Cactus Bill Smithers and Working for Me, that it was My Water & My Lawn and I would do as I Goldarned please with it. The Mule Skinning Old Fool—Scar Face, I mean and not the Judge—still thinks it's 30 Years Ago Yet and won't even Admit to Himself that Automobiles and Trucks has Took the Place of the Old Time Freight Teams and we don't need So Much Water now as we used to Before I drilled my Well and there was lots of Freight Teams working.

It wasn't No Time at all before the Imported Irish Australian Rye Grass seed commenced to Come Up, a lot of little Green Points sticking up through the Sand and Fertilizer and you wouldn't believe it How Good 10 Feet Square or One Hundred Square Feet of Green Grass can Look when it is Surrounded on All Sides by Ten Thousand Square Miles of Arizona—the Only Genuine Green Grass Lawn within 100 Miles—and it looked to me as if Every Living Thing within 100 Miles come to See it. Me and the Frog had the only Reserved Seats, Inside the Fence, and I used to Water Him and It every night and then sit there and Watch him hopping around on the Green Grass cooling his belly and feet off and once in a while he would Hop Up on his Seat beside me and Look Up at me and Croak a few times as if to Say "This is the Life" and we would have a Good Time, forgetting How Hot it was going to be Tomorrow.

A Lot of Folks come a Long Ways to see my Lawn and Rest their Sore Eyes and have Something New to Talk About and Wondering with Each Other as they leaned on the Fence How Much it cost to keep it Green with Water Worth $1.50 a Barrel and Up, according to How Far you have to Haul it. Slim Givens over at the Renada Cow Ranch give me $5 one Sunday to let Him and His Girl sit on My Lawn that afternoon and Evening, but 1 Sunday was all I could Rent it to Him for because Slim's Girl said No Girl couldn't Act Natural sitting on the Grass Sunday Evening with a big Old Pop Eyed Frog Sitting there on the Bench Making Faces at Her and watching Her like some Pot Bellied old Judge of the Supreme Court just a Waiting for Her to make 1 Bad Move and Slim says as he Guesses he'll have to do His Courtin Horse Back after this and I don't like Much to have Folks Sitting with their Girls on My Lawn anyway unless it's Me.

Folks ain't the only Things that come to see My Lawn and from the way all kinds of Critters come from every where to see it I reckon this Little Green Spot on the Desert must show up like the Full Moon in a Clear Sky on a Dark Night and I wouldn't be a Bit surprised if the Inhabitants of Mars was fighting Among Themselves right Now arguing as to What this New Spot Down Here is because it sure does Show Up like a Six Carat Diamond on the Middle Finger of some Lucky Nigger owning Land in the middle of a New Oil Field in Texas. Me and the Frog is most Wore Out sitting up nights trying to Keep the Multitude out of My Lawn.

That Salome Frog

I'M SEVEN Years Old and I Cannot Swim—
So don't Blame Me for Looking Grim.
When a Frog has to carry a Big Canteen
And Water his Back to Keep it Green
And Prime Himself if he Wants to Cry
When His Belly gets Burned with Alkali,
Where Grass Grows Brown instead of Green
A Frog can't Help but Feeling Mean.
Even all the Water is "Extra Dry"
And there ain't no Moisture in the Sky
And Rain would be Something Entirely New
Where never a Cloud shows up in the Blue
And Folks Haul Water in Railroad Trains
While I Sit and Dream of the Summer Rains.

You can't Kid Me about this Desert Land
Where Salome Danced on the Red Hot Sand;
Nobody Knows how I Landed Here
In Salome's Sun Burned Atmosphere
Where I Sit and Dream of the Old Days When
They Say it Rained—and it May Again—
But I'll Bet Ten Dollars that I will Fry
Before any Water Comes out of the Sky.
I'm an Old Bull Frog—and Dang My Hide
I Can't Swim Because I Never have Tried.

—Wrote Down by His Father-In-Law.

Trouble and More to Come

FIRST it was the Rabbits, Jacks and Cotton Tails, which can smell Green Grass Forty Miles and Raise More Relatives than anything Else on Earth. In less than a Week after My Lawn come Up when I got up in the morning there would be a row of Rabbits Three Deep all A Round the Fence sitting there Looking at My Lawn. The Frog like to have worn all the Hide off his Belly hopping A Round inside the Fence trying to Scare Them away and Croaking at them so much he got so Hoarse I had to soak a Red Rag out of the Reptyle Kid's Flannel under shirt in Kerosene and Wrap a Round his neck to cure his Cold & Sore Throat. In a day or so More the Quails commenced to come, every Morning about 3 Hrs. before I Like to Get Up. I wouldn't have minded them so Much if they didn't Talk so Darn Much to each other. They wasn't Satisfied with the Good Thing they had found but they had to keep Chippering Away Telling each other and Talking About it—and when Seven Hundred Quails get to Talking to each Other right up at the Front Door of your Shack 3 Hrs. before you want to get Up and Every Morning, it got so it made me Mad at Myself, having to get up Barefoot in my underwear and Run them off and as soon as I Started back into the Shack they would Fly Right Back again.

After I commenced to Get Used to All this—and as if That wasn't Enough—then the Coyotes commenced to Smell the Rabbits or Heard about it in Some Way and then Hell was a Poppin' All Night Long and Nobody in Town could get Any Sleep. As soon as it Got Dark and the Rabbits Commenced to Gather a Round My Lawn, then the Coyotes would commence to Wail A Way at each other all a Round Town for Miles and Miles, making Speeches to Each other as they Gathered around the Banquet Table just Like the Rotary Club or the Tammany Democrats at a Clam Bake. Between you and Me I think the Coyotes are the Ones that organized the First Rotary Banquet Club, circling A Round through the Brush chasing Jack Rabbits and Making a Lot of Noise; any way they have got the Right Idea about It and Spread Lots of Conversation in Between Courses just like the Rotarians and Democrats.

The Coyotes would come Sneaking In just after Dusk Every Night, Two by Two and 2 by 4 and scatter the Jack Rabbits around My Lawn and Pick out a Fat One and away they would Go After Him right down Main Street and out through the Greasewood, making as Much Noise as a Steam Calliope trying to Play A Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight with a Flat Iron hanging on the Safety Valve and Every Body in Town out with a Six Shooter or a Thirty Thirty rifle or a Shot Gun Joining in the Chorus and Shooting at the Procession as it Went down Main Street. Nobody never hit No Coyotes but it Kept some of Us Dodging Buck Shot and Bullets more than it did the Coyotes with Every Body Shooting Every Which Way in the Dark and the Four Women and the Three Kids in Town having to go to Bed in the Old Adobe at Dark every Night to Keep from Getting Shot.

As soon as the Coyotes would get out in the Brush a Ways the Rabbits would commence to Gather All A Round My Lawn again and then another Mess of Coyotes would Come in after them or Else the First Bunch would Come Back after the 2nd Course and that's the Way it would Go All Night Long.

(Continued on Page 52

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CHEVROLET

NEW

SATURDAY Jan 3rd

New Value—greater quality than ever before.

New Chassis—from radiator to rear axle.

New Bodies—of even greater beauty and comfort.

New Finish—in the wonderful, enduring Duco.

See a Chevrolet dealer on Saturday, January 3

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GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

THIS being the proper season, we renew our customary New Year's Resolution, and promise to keep Maxwell House Coffee always "Good to the Last Drop".

In the coming year, just dawning, millions will buy Maxwell House, confident of a finer coffee flavor. We pledge them our faithful adherence to the ideals which made possible that delicious Maxwell House *taste*.

Start the New Year with Maxwell House Coffee on your table. Your grocer will supply you. Sold only in the famous blue sealed tins, convenient to open and use.

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Glimpses of Our Government

LOOKING BACKWARD

By William C. Redfield

DEPARTMENTAL life in Washington had much to do with animals. Bears, foxes, fishes, seals, reindeer and horses came within the official scope, together with strange specimens of the genus homo. If, as some irreverent souls have ventured to say, there are two zoos in the District of Columbia, that on the Hill is the more lively; indeed, a clever writer has recently mentioned "the wild bores of Congress." So it is quite proper that this article should deal in part with animals. Bears, indeed, must be omitted, for they are taboo, being in another story, and neither editors nor readers like twice-told tales, but horses and seals there shall be, and perhaps others. Before, however, we turn to them we must pause to hear what a distinguished congressman is saying.

The member who is speaking is the chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, and is therefore a personage. The date is April twenty-fifth of last year; the occasion is the discussion of the appropriation bill for the Department of Commerce. Listen to what he says, for it has interesting reactions:

"Colonel Jones" (director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey) "is the best advocate of his own cause that there is in the world. He is the best special pleader I ever knew. . . . He is a smart, bright, clean fellow. He is a good man for the job he occupies. . . . If the crowd of men on the Committee of Appropriations are not on their guard all the time, Colonel Jones will get all he can from the Treasury."

To one who looks beneath the surface this is more humorous than the chairman meant, for this "bright, clean fellow" who is "a good man for the job he occupies" is he who was attacked in the campaign of 1916 by a Boston newspaper and others as the "horse doctor" for whose appointment I was held up to ridicule. That, of course, was a campaign yarn, intended to influence votes. My selection of Colonel Jones for the important post he so ably fills was one which events have justified, and it is delightful to have it so frankly confirmed by the distinguished Republican chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. A few days after the chairman's remarks the Senate Appropriations Committee granted the full amount asked by Colonel Jones.

Shortsighted Economy

THE supposed collective intelligence of Congress has rarely visualized the fact that there is any obligation to supply adequate means for doing the work it has ordered to be done. The raid upon the Treasury was only a request from a scientific service to be permitted to do well the work for which Congress and the country do not fail to hold it responsible. It is comforting to know that the Coast and Geodetic Survey is adequately financed, manned and equipped. Even so it will take years to make up arrears in our scientific work. In April, 1924, I tried to get from the Geological Survey a topographical map of Northwestern Indiana, but none existed.

It still remains as true a statement as it is a severe one, that as between dollars and districts on one side and lives on the other, the record shows that Congress often refuses the dollars or favors the districts, and risks the lives.

It was the meanest of Nature's murderers, a concealed pinnacle rock off the coast of Alaska, that tore the bottom out of the steamship State of Washington. It was a concealed bowlder that the armored cruiser Brooklyn struck in Buzzard's Bay. These are not isolated cases. Such ruthless destroyers of life and property abound on our coast. Some were found in the East River within the limits of New York City; many off the Massachusetts shore. Soundings do not disclose them, for the lead glances from the pointed spines or rounded rocks and their presence is not revealed till a ship strikes them or a new method of surveying finds the hidden foe. One, in Alaskan waters, was as tall as the Washington Monument, as sharp and little larger, rising so near to the surface that at low tide it would destroy a vessel. Even in areas that have been carefully studied, unknown bowlders lie within the small spaces left between the lines of soundings. To run such lead lines twenty yards apart with a sounding every ten yards is close surveying, yet the rectangles bounded by such soundings cover two hundred square yards—sufficient to hide a large bowlder or pinnacle which may be missed.

To find these dangers with the wire drag four launches are used; the two larger ones tow the drag, which is a heavy wire kept at a fixed depth by sinkers and buoys. It may be several miles long; two miles is not uncommon. The two smaller launches adjust the depth of the drag, clear it if aground, and determine the position of the dangers which it discloses. The apparatus is all specially made for the purpose and the work requires skilled hydrographic engineers with a limited force of trained men. In using this appliance we were met with an exasperating problem, for we owned no launches with which to do the work. They were rented from private owners and, as few could be found which would carry our machinery, the annual rental was high—about twenty per cent of the cost of the launch. The whole arrangement was a fine example of wasting money by refusing appropriations for suitable boats. Yet the work was of vital importance; it had to go on.

An Apology With a Sting in It

ON OCTOBER 30, 1918, we had covered thirty-eight hundred square miles of water area with wire-drag surveys, but there were fifty-four thousand miles yet to be done. Nevertheless, we had to fight for funds for every additional wire-drag party, and it was not until after five years that an appropriation was made for government-owned launches, built for this duty.

Most people fail to realize that years of continuous effort are required to get from the legislature of this rich country the ordinary normal means for doing the work with which the same legislature has charged government services.

The conditions described do not center in one service. There were similar difficulties in lifting the Census Bureau out of the slough in which it was found in 1913. Five years of continued endeavor were necessary to raise that service to a basis which would compare at all favorably with commercial practice. The two controlling reasons for these dilatory processes were politics, meaning patronage, and so-called economy.

The following incidents describe the growls of which I spoke at the beginning, and show the spirit that often prevailed in relations that ought to have been mutually considerate. Some years ago the director of the Geological Survey prepared an estimate, for a deficiency bill, amounting to a few thousand dollars to cover damages to their equipment in the West by a storm. Just before the time set for the hearings on the bill the director was called on the telephone and asked to come to the rooms of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. He did so and found the chairman alone, who greeted him with "What are you doing in here?"

"Why, Mr. Chairman," said the director, "your office asked me to come at this time."

"What do you want anyway?"

The director told his story and left. The same day the bill was reported to the House and the desired item was in it. Later in the day the director met the chairman at a local club and said to him, "You treated me rather roughly at your office."

"I had not noticed it," said the chairman.

The director went on, "The remarkable thing is that after you treated me the way you did, you permitted the item in the bill."

With a shrug the chairman responded, "That had been decided by the committee before you came up."

Sometime later, and shortly after the chairman to whom reference is made here left Congress, another bureau chief who had been very badly treated when appearing before him met him, and the following conversation took place:

"Mr. ——, I have an apology to make to you."

"I don't doubt it. There are many who owe me one."

"This is a real apology. When you were in Congress I thought you were the meanest —— in the whole establishment, but since I have met ——" (his successor) "I owe you an apology." The chairman is reported to have told this tale at his own expense. I am sure from my own repeated personal experiences that there was ample reason in both cases for the feeling expressed.

And now we come to the promised animals, and will take seals first. These are not the Atlantic seals used for oil and leather. With those the Government had nothing to do. Our concern was solely with the Pacific fur seals, which are by law consigned to the care of the Bureau of Fisheries. These unfortunate animals had long been the object of attack by ruthless hunters, and their numbers had been so depleted by captures made in the open sea—the so-called pelagic sealing, which killed parents and infants alike—that the herds of Russia and Japan had been destroyed and our own greatly reduced. An international convention of 1911 had been put into effect by an Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, which stopped pelagic sealing, provided a five-year closed time on land killing, and allowed only the killing of such male seals from our own herd on the Pribyloff Islands in Bering Sea as were necessary to supply food for the native inhabitants of those islands. The closed season expired August 24, 1917, and it then became lawful to take fur seals for commerce.

Widely Traveled Sealskins

MEANWHILE an interesting situation developed. The United States is the largest producer of raw sealskins in the world and it is also the largest consumer of finished seal furs. It would seem natural that we should sell our skins at home and should dress and dye our own furs. This had never been done. Our raw sealskins were salted and packed in barrels and shipped from the islands in Bering Sea to one of our Pacific ports. Then they were transported by rail across the continent and by ship across the Atlantic to London. They were sold there in the raw state for account of our Government; were dressed and dyed there for private account, and those intended for the American market were shipped back to us. The American buyer of what was originally an American product owned by our Government had therefore to pay a price which covered three ocean voyages, added to transcontinental freight, including handling charges at three ports, marine insurance, and finally our own customs duty. The whole process was clumsy, slow and costly. It could have no sound economic basis, provided there could be found in the United States someone who could dye and dress the skins as well as they were done in London.

The Department of Commerce planned to establish in this country the best method of dyeing and dressing raw

About Two Jumps Ahead

sealskins, in order that the whole process from beginning to end might be American, and this it succeeded in doing. A contract was made for a limited term, under the advice of the Attorney-General, for the sale at auction of finished sealskins to all buyers who might come. This was subject to the provision that a process of dyeing and dressing seal furs, equal to the best known to the trade, should be promptly established in this country and permanently maintained. On September 20, 1916, in the city of St. Louis, the first sale took place of fully dressed, dyed and finished sealskins under this contract. The goods were approved by a critical class of buyers, and an American product, the property of the American people, chiefly utilized by American women, theretofore sent to a foreign land for sale and preparation, is now sold in an American market and finished in an American city for both domestic and foreign consumption. The results have been profitable to the Government.

The Pribyloff Islands, where the fur seals live, are the home of the government herd of blue foxes, from which several hundred skins are taken every year. There are some government-owned reindeer on the islands, but the large reindeer herds are on the mainland of Alaska. One of the curiosities of this remote part of our national domain was the taking of fuel out of the sea—driftwood—which came, we supposed, out of the great rivers of Asia, carried by ocean currents through or around the Aleutian chain until it piled up on the shores of St. George Island, and to a less extent on St. Paul. There was a lot of it to be had for the mere picking up, but it never had been used. The natives on the islands—Aleut Indians who are wards of our Government—were set to collecting this wood. Working at odd times and over a small part of the coasts of these two islands they collected in eighteen months three hundred and forty cords of good firewood—a pile more than half a mile long. There was much more which could not be gathered for lack of trucks and roads. We sent tractors and trailers to these distant islands, part of whose work would be hauling this generous gift of Nature, so valuable in that cold climate, to the native villages, where it could be used to reduce the demands for coal, which had to be sent from Seattle.

The premature report of the signing of the Armistice which reached Washington in early November, 1918, set the town wild. Our employes could not be restrained. They refused to work, and swarmed out on the streets, shouting, cheering, waving flags, letting loose long pent-up feelings. Those of us who knew the report was false were quite unable to check them. The mob spirit was abroad and the Government simply had to shut down until the hysteria passed. When the true report came a few days later it was received more calmly. It brought new duties, for it soon became clear that we should need a larger force in Europe to keep in close touch with developments and to watch trade tendencies. The President allotted us two hundred thousand dollars for this purpose, and by February of 1919 we had sent ten trade commissioners to Europe to investigate commercial, financial and industrial subjects under the supervision of our commercial attachés. We appointed new commercial attachés for Madrid and Rome in March, 1919, and the latter promptly secured admission to Italy of eight thousand packages of American goods that had been held for six months at Genoa.

Poland's Vicious Circle

THE ensuing months of uncertainty brought their own peculiar problems, among them that which brings up the promised horse story. One day Mr. Livingston, market commissioner of the state of South Dakota, called to solicit my aid in selling horses. He said there were a million light range horses in that state which his people could not use, and he was charged with the duty of selling them abroad. He thought two hundred thousand of them could be sent to France for food and that the rest could be sold to Poland for use on small farms, where he knew they were wanted. Could we help him to sell them? Certainly. We could even send him as a government representative over to Poland, right into the market he sought.

"But even so," we told him, "you cannot sell your horses, though your price is right and the Poles are eager to buy."

"Why not?"

"Because they have no means of paying—neither cash nor credits. Having no cash, they need horses with which to earn it, for without the horses they cannot work their little farms. Without credits they cannot buy horses; without horses they cannot earn cash, and there you are." So it went in a vicious circle.

"Why have they no credits?"

"Poland, you see, is an infant among the nations. No one knows exactly what or where she is or how long she is to stay there. Till her boundaries are fixed and fixed to stay, her economic basis for credit is uncertain, and uncertainty blocks trade. Is Poland to have the oil wells of Galicia or the coal fields of Upper Silesia? Either is a basis for credit, but until it is settled, or in some way credit is established, your horses must go unsold as far as Poland is concerned."

Another group wanted to sell railway equipment to Poland. Their factories needed orders, part of their workmen were idle. Rolling stock, they said, for about five thousand miles of railway was needed in Poland. We were anxious to sell and they were anxious to buy, but for the time there was neither cash nor sufficient credits to be had. One manufacturer took the risk of accepting Polish bonds, but few were as daring or as competent as he. These incidents reflected something of the results caused by the long debates at home and abroad over the peace treaty as well as the widespread and intimate interest we had in the troubled affairs of Europe.

The war had brought its economies as well as its wastes, and the end of the war brought its wastes as well as its economies. Much had been done by the War Industries Board to reduce the excessive number of sizes and styles of many products, and at the beginning of 1919 I formed the Industrial Coöperation Service to take over this and other similar functions begun during the war but of equal value in peace. President Wilson allotted one hundred thousand dollars from the fund for the national security and defense for this purpose, which made it possible to continue for six months, at the end of which time we hoped for an appropriation from Congress. It was interesting and productive work, a striking example of which was the development of uses for the cottonseed hull fiber which till that time had been a waste product of the cottonseed oil industry. This fiber was found available as an insulator for fireless cookers and incubators, as a binder in making composition soles for shoes, and as a material for making paper. The same service discovered, in coöperation with others, that cotton linters could be used to make a good grade of book paper. We experimented on this with the small paper mill at the Bureau of Standards and demonstrated that the seven hundred thousand bales of linters, which had been intended for munitions and were left unused when the war closed, could be utilized in this way.

Congressional Mentality at Work

AT THE request of the Secretary of State the service investigated the possibility of manufacturing submarine telegraph cables in this country. It undertook, at the request of book publishers added to that of the National Credit Men's Association, to study the serious problem of returned goods, for it was learned that the lowest estimate of the cost to American business of the unjustifiable return of merchandise was not less than twenty-five million dollars per annum. In every case the assistance thus rendered was requested by industrial or business concerns. The new division provided a place where business men could bring their practical difficulties and be assured of sympathetic attention, and was in fact an extension into a new field of some of the work of the Bureau of Standards, with which it was in frequent consultation.

The hundred thousand dollars granted by the President for this work proved more than sufficient, and when making our estimate for the following fiscal year—June 30, 1919–20—we asked Congress for only fifty-six thousand dollars to continue it. This was refused through that same system of costly economy of which I have spoken before, and the work consequently lapsed. Any one of the different studies which the Industrial Coöperation Service made in its brief life more than paid for its entire annual maintenance.

The work was sharply recalled to me in May of last year by the request of a business body for the facts developed about cotton linters for making paper. These facts were secured from Washington and furnished to the inquirer, with the reflection that Congress had not succeeded in making our former efforts fruitless. Today, after five years, the subject of excessive styles and sizes with which we dealt is under active discussion between manufacturers with the coöperation of the Department of Commerce. At a single conference of the producers in 1921, fifty-five varieties of paving brick out of sixty-six were eliminated. The remaining ones were in 1923 reduced to six.

During the war a Waste Reclamation Service was organized, part of whose duty was to teach our people to save the many things of value which they throw away. A daily reminder of its operation was a large bag hung in the hallway of the Commerce Building as a receptacle for the discarded metal collapsible tubes so commonly used for toilet articles. The bag was filled and refilled with surprising quickness by our employes. This office also initiated, in conjunction with the Treasury Department, a drive to save materials usually destroyed in annual clean-up campaigns, as a result of which it was estimated that in New England alone salvage to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was made during the months of May and June, 1919, and the amount invested in government thrift stamps.

Through the courtesy of the public printer, to whom the subject was committed by law, a study was made of the methods of disposing of waste paper in the government departments, which showed that during the year 1918 the Government should have received eighty-six thousand dollars more for its waste paper than was paid to it under the contract price. This service continued in profitable operation until June 30, 1919. Then it ceased to exist, for Congress refused the appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars which was asked in order to continue it for the following year. Here also was a fine example of mad economy, for work was stopped which netted the Government annually several hundred per cent profit in cash, irrespective of its value to the country as a whole.

At the same time another service which was successfully developing large quantities of unused, nutritious, cheap foods was deliberately cut off. It was hard for me to understand the mental processes, if they were such, whereby this was done. I reported to the President on October 30, 1919, concerning all these matters as follows:

"One is at a loss to understand the reasoning, if it be such, which leads to cutting off three productive services at a time when their results were effectively helping the solution of a difficult situation. The Industrial Coöperation Service was not an expense to the country, neither was the Waste Reclamation Service, and still less the food demonstration work of the Fisheries Service. On the contrary, these three produced wealth. The country was the richer for every month in which they operated. The country is poorer for their stoppage. There is less food available today because the Fisheries demonstration work has ceased. Products that are valuable are being wasted in great quantities because the Waste Reclamation Service no longer exists. For lack of the Industrial Coöperation Service, production is, in many places, either delayed or rendered more expensive. There is no doubt of these facts. They are denied by no one.

"The psychology seems to have been that anything that was born during the war was in its nature unfitted for peace, extravagant. No discrimination seems to have been made in favor of services which, coming into existence during the war, yet were meant for peace. They have been destroyed without regard to their productiveness or their advantage to the country."

Twenty-five years ago I listened to an able address made by Elihu Root to a legislative committee in the capitol at Albany. Certain vivid passages of that powerful plea still stand out clearly. "Reason," said he, "does not prevail with the board of aldermen; experience does not prevail with the board of aldermen; argument is wasted upon the board of aldermen; one wonders what it can be that will have influence with the board of aldermen." Often in Congress, and out of it, in executive service and amid private affairs, I have thought of these words and have wondered about what are supposed to be the mental processes of the members of our national legislature as did Mr. Root about the aldermen. The men who compose both houses of Congress are of adult years, yet they often act like small boys. In personal life and in private affairs they may show mature judgment, but in official station they are frequently much like a mob. They refuse to do a right thing merely because it bears some party label, and for a like reason will support a wrong thing against their better private judgment. Whatever congressional government may be today, it is certainly not government by the people and frequently not government for the people. It is all shot through with personal ambitions and with partisanship moved by passion rather than by principle. It is often a cowardly use of power to win a supposed party advantage or a still more pitiful use of public position to secure a personal reëlection.

The Owners of the Iowa

A FRIEND who knows Washington life intimately says that on the whole we do rather well; that our great measures are usually good measures or in time become so, and that the outcome of our legislative mill compares favorably with the results obtained in other lands. He may be right; let us hope that he is so. I cannot escape, however, the recollection of hours and days wasted through years in the effort to secure necessary action which none opposed; to obtain the means to do the work which the law demanded of me; to safeguard lives which were jeopardized—aye, lost—through an ignorant suspicion leading to stinginess, miscalled economy; to repeated failures either to see a duty or to perform it. In what is thus written there is no more caustic criticism than I have often heard from the lips of leading men of both parties in Congress. Would that some power would give to the Congress of the United States the gift to see itself as others see it. There would be some humiliated souls on Capitol Hill if inward vision would show them the reality of things as they are.

The departments have suffered too much from isolation from Congress, and this has been a misfortune to both. One day Admiral Evans stood with me for a moment on the deck of the Iowa when it was black with people. I said to him thoughtlessly, "Admiral, this must be a great trouble to you." "No," he said, "Mr. Redfield, the owners have come to see their ship." And the admiral had it rightly. The people of the United States own the public services. They are represented in their relation to them by the Congress of the United States, and intimacy of touch and relation between that Congress and the services is a

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When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

First place at the National Automobile Shows for the seventh consecutive year

SMOOTHING IT

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

I'VE just received a letter from Bill which causes me pain and apprehension. Bill's one of my old friends. We were pals together in other years, but it's about over now. For Bill has written from New York, and Bill has said:

"I'm coming out to that little mountain town of yours next summer, and I want you to take me up in the hills. You know, the where-men-are-men stuff. I just want to get right in God's out-of-doors, and be next to Nature. To really rough it, you know"

That's the trouble—I do know. I know, too, that when Bill gets on the train next summer to go home again, his entire thoughts for the following six months will concern the most delicious manner in which to murder a person who he thought was a true friend, but who turned out to be everything from a first-class fiend to a public executioner.

Nisqually Glacier, Mt. Rainier

The trouble is, of course, that I, like the rest of those who rough it as a matter of course, am a literal-minded cuss. We take folks too much at their word, even when we know that we'll be hated for it. We're always trustful: perhaps the next one will be the exception. But it isn't, and we lose another friend.

What Bill Thinks He Wants

BECAUSE the truth of the matter is that Bill doesn't want to rough it at all. He doesn't want to lose one convenience of the city, nor be discommoded for a moment. What he really wants to do is to get a good adventure story, a soft place in the shade, somebody at the other end of the bell if he needs anything, and read an exciting tale where the hero plows over mountain top and through roaring gulch for twenty-four hours straight and finally rescues the heroine. Bill wants to do that very thing too—but he wants it in his imagination, not in actuality. About the first time that he feels a good-sized bowlder pressing up between his shoulder blades and with only a blanket between him and his tormentor, Bill knows for the first time what he really desires. He wants to go back to the city, the dear old comfortable city, with its doctors and its dentists and automobiles and soft chairs and comforts. He's through with roughing it and all things attendant—even to the persons on the trip. Of course there are exceptions. There are also exceptions to the rule that persons have two eyes, one mouth, and five fingers on each hand. They are rarities.

It happens that I live at the edge of the High Country of the Rocky Mountains, close to the rocky, snow-swept regions of timberline. There are automobile roads, it is true, and good ones, too, traveling to the doors of various resorts which contain every creature comfort. But also there are places in which auto roads cease to be, dissembling themselves into rocky scars in the hills which can be traversed only by a four-horse team, or more often by horseback or on foot. These are the districts which lure the mountaineer, and the places to which his imagination turns when someone mentions getting out into the open. The automobile road doesn't mean the open to a person who lives within touch of wilder spots. He wants to get away from the lanes of civilization, the city man thinks he wants to do the same thing—and there the trouble starts

It happens also that I live in a tourist country, to which plenty of folks make the pilgrimage every summer—persons who all winter have dreamed, from the security of a steam-heated apartment and conveniences at their every command, of getting back to Nature, of really being in the open with the soft stars above them, and all the rest of the things that persons read about in books. But in those dreams they're never tired, they never have a toothache nor a stone bruise, nor a bunch of sunburn with the nearest drug store twenty miles away, nor any of the rest of the things that one who really roughs it endures as if by second nature, and therefore notices not at all. To be truthful, about the only persons who really get back to Nature are those who seldom get away from it. She's a pretty stern old girl when all is said and done, and with a lot of vagaries, especially when her mood happens to be that of the high mountain country.

Time was when all of life, whether in the country or the city, was attended by a certain amount of muscle-strengthening exercise. Nor was that much more than a dozen years ago, before the automobile leaped into the place it now occupies as a constant slave to the lazy streak which exists in all of us. Back in those ancient days men often walked to work or chinned themselves on the strap of a slow-moving street car. One form of exercise begetting another, more persons indulged in sports instead of watching them. The residence districts in the evening were alive with office men playing catch or pitching horseshoes or hoeing the garden or mowing the lawn or doing various other things which engaged the strength-building properties of many muscles. But the automobile has cut into all this sadly. Today the average man's exertions consist of a few moments of advertised exercise, which is supposed to make a Sandow out of anyone in three months—but which doesn't. After that he rides to work in his car, rides home again, and either takes a ride in the evening or does his sitting at home. The result is that the average man of the city—and often of the small town—is doctor ridden with everything from nerves, which all too often is nothing but biliousness, to really serious ailments. He's dentist ridden because he eats soft foods. And he is about as fit to go out and rough it in the real sense as a hippopotamus is fit to turn handsprings. The only trouble is that he doesn't know it.

Back in those old days it was all different. A certain amount of exercise formed a groundwork for hardier exertions. When someone wanted to take a fishing trip it wasn't a matter of an automobile, a waterproofed tent, vacuum bottles, cots, tables, chairs, complete cooking and serving outfits, tablecloths, and all the rest of the things which are an everyday part of camping-out equipment in these days when the amount of the paraphernalia is limited only by the carrying power of the automobile. Back in the dark ages of twelve or fifteen years ago, when one got off the railroad he did it with a buggy or, at best, a team, and he traveled light. Then sleeping on the ground was merely sleeping on the ground, nothing more, and it was looked upon as really enjoyable.

My favorite memories are of the days when I was a kid, spending the summers on the farm, and the whole countryside congregating at some favorite fishing spot, men, women and children, to spend a week or so campin' out. But even that was a luxurious affair. Straw was brought along for the women to put under their blankets, so their frail forms would have a cushion to rest upon o' nights! Especially if they had been participants in the square-dance contest which had been held upon a platform built of fence rails, and which ran continuously from four o'clock in the afternoon until the fiddlers caved in from exhaustion.

The Rocky Mountain Complex

THEN came the automobile and put an end to all such foolishness. Why stay out all night and sleep on the hard ground, when the old bus could drag one home again in a couple of hours? The result is that about all that is left of the hardihood of those dark ages is the desire. That seems permanent—perhaps due to memories of childhood which will be scornfully ignored by the next generation. But with the present one, which once did do such things, the complex is as hefty as anything Freud ever wrote about.

Especially as concerns the mountains. Some way, the word seems to have gotten around that the mountains, especially the Rockies, are still God's outdoors; that when one goes to them one should live next to Nature and really rough it. The fact that the Rockies—especially the ones which the tourist sees—have very comfortable hotels, lodges, havens, rests and what not, where there is everything from down pillows to long-distance connection with New York, does not seem to be taken into consideration. Folks who go to the mountains simply must rough it, and there's nothing else to do about the matter.

I know, because, in desperation, I've tried. A few years of sad experiences had caused me to sit down and think.

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FISHER BODIES

BODY BY FISHER

Fisher's pre-eminence in body-building is manifold. It embraces art in style-design as well as soundness and inventiveness in structure-design. It includes every nice variation of finish and trim. In every price division, there attaches to the emblem Body by Fisher a prestige which in and of itself is an added gratification to the car-owner.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

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For five years I had been breaking the hearts of friends because I'd been giving them what they asked for. Now I would try giving them what they really wanted. So I bought a five-room cottage at a pretty lake in the high mountains, where there were steel boats, trout hatcheries to supply the main body of water with catchable fish, and, in fact, everything but a bathroom. That I deleted, as a part of roughing it. But it didn't work.

My friends from the city wanted to get back to Nature. There wasn't anything to do but to lug them up to another lake at the top of the Continental Divide where they got what they'd asked for. After which, they moved up their dates of returning home, and told me I needn't bother to take them down to the station.

The truth is that everyday life has become too crammed with luxurious necessities to be physically possible for the average city person of today to get out and do the things that were common occurrences less than a score of years ago; to say nothing of the mental hazard, especially when the roughing is of the good old dyed-in-the-wool variety, on a pack trail and out of reach of civilization.

It's a queer feeling, that cutting away from the civilized, in these days when it seems that conveniences should grow on bushes. Out in the Rockies we who pound the hills from the beginning of its short summer until the snows lie too heavy in the autumn for anything but snowshoes, have a habit of driving our cars as far as they can negotiate the rocky roads without putting a hole through the crank case, and then, with the equipment of the camp upon our backs, striking out for the rest of the way on foot. Even to the seasoned, there is that little feeling of departure—like crossing a burning bridge which is to fall the minute one has reached the other side, cutting off retreat.

Away from civilization, from the store, from the telephone and telegraph. As it hits those who are accustomed to it, so is it magnified a thousandfold to those who are suffering thus as a vacation. For the first half mile or so it is wonderful. The grade appears easy, and the old hand who is leading the way has taken a pace that seems foolishly slow; the hills are beautiful and everything is so glorious that the novice just wishes he could call up So-and-So and tell him about it. Then suddenly the reminder comes that there is no telephone!

What the Gentleman Should Wear

IT SEEMS impossible. No telephone! No telegraph! No houses—merely the succession of mountains, piling higher and higher, as range after range they ascend to the Continental Divide. Merely the chipmunks scampering along the trail, or a camp robber scolding in a near-by tree; that and the silence of the pines, paradoxically carrying an attitude of quietude even when they are noisy with the wind—like the rumbling of a waterfall which does not disturb the woodland about it.

No telephone—and coincidentally comes the wonderment of what would happen in case of accident? Or suppose somebody back home should die? That is the favorite. The fact that all were well at the moment of parting makes little difference. Somebody might die—and then what?

The newcomer to the hills asks a question—and wonders suddenly why his breath is so short: "Are there many accidents in these hills?"

The answer is discouraging, simply because of its brevity and lack of reverence for the subject: "Oh, sometimes."

"What kind?" Inevitably there springs up a vision of wild animals.

"Oh, all kinds. Better save your wind—tough grade ahead."

"But"—it is just about this place that a rest is needed anyway—"what would happen if one of us should get hurt?"

Still discouragement: "Oh, we'd manage. There's two of us."

"Yes, but if we'd sprain our ankles on some of these rocks?"

Whereupon the eyes of the old head grow wide, and a curl of scorn comes to his lips.

"Sprain whose ankles?" he asks. "Forget it! You're dressed right."

Which, in a sentence, expresses many paragraphs. There are accidents in the mountains, sprained ankles and such. But they don't happen often to the mountaineer or the man under his guidance. Those are the things which rise up to confront the person who has outfitted in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago and like points at his favorite sporting-goods store for a trip in the open. And he has come to the mountains attired beautifully, tastefully, and thoroughly out of harmony with the country which he is to visit. In my little mountain town, for instance, the casualty list to clothing every summer is enormous. Golf trousers are slaughtered without mercy. Nice springy low-cut outing shoes fall before the onslaught of the enemy like grain before a scythe; and as for wool hose, guaranteed to catch every raspberry brier, spine grass and what not, the death rate is pitiable. It is true, these things are worn in the mountains. But their place is the mountain golf course, not the mountain trail. And as a rule visitors do not trek mountainward with their outing outfits for golf. They buy them on the recommendation of the clothing salesman who never has been ten miles from his store, as just the thing for the outdoors—to be discarded, once the tourist falls into the hands of the real mountaineer. Then he is led to a store which may not be much for looks or for window display, but which is there forty ways from the jack when it comes to giving a person what he needs for the high hills. The first thing that travels outward is a suit of light woolen underwear.

"You'll need it," says the storekeeper. "First thing, it takes up perspiration when you're on the grade. Then when the weather cools down it keeps you from catching cold."

That's a habit of the weather in the high hills—to become cool. It is one of the best tricks it knows. The sun shines hot while the sun is on the job. But let that sun depart—and the wind comes straight from the snowdrifts. More, evening brings a drop in the temperature of five to twenty degrees, growing steadily colder as night progresses. More than once have I roasted on a raft all afternoon within five hundred feet of the very top of the Continental Divide, and with snowdrifts to the right, left, fore and aft of me. And the next morning at sunrise I have hied myself forth to break the coating of ice on the lake to gain water for the morning ablutions! This in the last weeks of June! To say nothing of the first weeks of September!

So, after the underwear, comes a like assortment—pack boots, oversized to allow for wool socks, with moccasined toes and heavy leather uppers which lace high about the legs, giving a strong support to the ankles; and following the fit the storekeeper leads the way to a big can of waterproof grease which he souses well upon every inch of the leather, ruining the looks but doing much for flexibility and other things. The high mountains are not an arid waste. They are absolutely the opposite—stretches of black marsh ground in which the flowers grow in such profusion as to hide the ground, and from which water springs at the first weight of the human body; streams to cross, stretches of seepage, draining all summer from the eternal drifts high above, and which can be negotiated only by plunging through. Absorbent leather is not a good thing in such a place as this. Nor is a low-cut shoe. One wants boots, waterproofed, for the efficacy of something that can turn water is as necessary as something that will keep pebbles from the balls of the feet or hold the ankles from turning when a bowlder gets in the way.

So much for the boots. Then corduroy breeches. Corduroy, in preference to moleskin or khaki or whipcord, because corduroy is tough, because it is warm, and because it has certain qualities for turning water. A wool shirt goes without saying; and, equally, a sheepskin-lined vest.

Sheepskin lined? In the summer? Yes, sheepskin lined in the summer. And if one intends to reach the backbone country and stay there after the sun goes down, the storekeeper more than likely will throw in a sheepskin-lined coat. There is nothing as cold as the wind from the Continental Divide after the sun goes down. It may not reach a low degree of temperature, perhaps not below forty. But it has a penetration that would go through a steel vault.

After this outfitting the storekeeper asks: "How about a hunting knife?"

The First Mile the Easiest

AND then he explains that it isn't for hunting. Nor for protection against wild animals, for there is no wild animal in the high hills that would harm one. The mountain lion is a bugaboo, to be frightened by a shot from a .22 rifle in the hands of a boy. Bears are infrequent, and there is little else. The hunting knife is far more important; examine the cans which one finds in the high hills, and the opening almost invariably is a matter of four prongs. It has been opened by a knife through the simple operation of jamming it through the tin and cutting across, then making a new indentation and slicing at right angles. And for whatever else a sharp strong blade could be used—from cutting wood to slicing bread—that is the efficacy of the hunting knife.

So the outfit is complete, and the baggy trousers that would catch on every twig, the wool hose that would gather briers, the low shoes that would act as a placer mine for pebbles, are left behind. They're not the thing for the hills, just as the fishing outfits which one buys back East often are not the things—simply because they're not built for the kind of work they have to do. Trout are the fish of the mountains, and trout are finicky beings. They'll take one fly in one locality and they won't look at it in another. Of course the fisherman who is a fool on the subject carries every fly in the catalogue and a few special ones that he's made himself. The ordinary man goes to the hardware store in the locality in which he's going to fish and asks what they're takin' best right now. The hardware-store man usually knows.

But to get back to that state of mind when one leaves civilization. As I said, the first mile or so is fine. If on foot the walking seems easy. If on horseback the ride seems wonderful. Then things begin to happen. Either the pace or the horse begins to become galling. If one is on foot the type of walking is far different from that of the country road; if on the back of one of the plodding, slow-poking mountain horses which in real life are so different from the movie type of rearing, plunging animal, that steady jerk and pull, jerk and pull of ascent, or the stiff-legged, spine-jolting action of descent, begins to get on one's nerves and muscles.

Soon there's another question: "There's a good deal of pneumonia in these mountains, isn't there?"

It's just about this time that the mountaineer gives an inward groan. His troubles are beginning.

No one who has not spent considerable time away from a railroad or an automobile road with persons unaccustomed to anything but city life can realize how doctor-bound is the average mortal. Time was when a doctor amounted to something, to be visited or to be called only in a matter of real illness. That time is gone now. The doctor has become as inconspicuous and as necessary as an electric push button, so common in the life of the ordinary mortal that he isn't even considered—until the mortal becomes panicky at his absence. In daily life when he has had a symptom, all that has been necessary has been to reach for the telephone, make an appointment and then have his mind put at ease. But away from the railroad, the automobile road, the telephone and the telegraph, everything is changed, the doctor is far away, the mind can do as it pleases. And was there ever a mind which wasn't obsessed with the fact that its owner was sure to move out of this world the minute he got away from medical assistance?

Beset by Grisly Bugbears

THEREFORE, for the newcomer to the wilds the symptoms begin almost with the departure from civilization. If he's riding a horse his back begins to ache; and, as everyone knows, a severe backache is always the forerunner of something terribly serious. Then his head begins to pound, and his eyes to feel as if they were being pushed out of his head. A strange congestive condition comes to his lungs. He raises a hand. His lips are dry and parched. His face is hot. Fever! Fever! Combined with aching back, paining lungs, hot breath, high blood pressure!

Again he asks a question: "Pneumonia takes 'em off pretty quick here in the hills, doesn't it?"

Just to be heartless the veteran usually replies: "It sure does!"

After that, silence. Deep, ominous silence.

Finally: "About what time of the year is pneumonia worst in the mountains?"

Again, heartlessly: "Oh, most any time."

Which is as much scorn as the mountaineer can utter. Pneumonia is another pet bugbear of the hills, just like the fabled catamount and the wild animals that one should ward off with a blazing fire at night, and the rattlesnake that will follow for days to avenge the death of a comrade. Of course there is pneumonia in the mountains. And when it sinks its fangs into a victim it generally gets him, just as it gets him on the seacoast or in the Middle States or anywhere else. But the forests are not filled with horrible pneumonia germs waiting gleefully to leap forth at their victim. Instead they are filled with coniferous odors which are beneficial to the lungs. All the trouble that the visitor is having is due to just one innocent thing—altitude. He is some five or six thousand feet above his usual level of living. He is breathing harder, and that hurts his lungs. His heart is working faster, and that raises his blood activity, thus causing his eyes to pop and his head to pound. Sometimes he has a nosebleed, and after that feels better. But it's senseless to try to explain that to the ordinary mortal, cut off for the first time in years from telephonic communication with his dear old doctor. He knows what he's got.

He has whatever has been his favorite fear. If, five years before, his doctor told him that there was a possibility at some time in his life that he would have appendicitis, now is that time. If he ever had acute bronchitis and has been warned against following complications, those complications have just arrived, bringing all their family. If he has ever been examined for life insurance and the doctor has put a rubber band around his arm, squeezed a bulb and then said he was ten degrees off on his pressure, something has chosen this particular moment at which to burst; no doubt his great aorta. I am no doctor, yet I have treated pneumonia, appendicitis, gall stones, high blood pressure, typhoid fever, neuritis, rheumatism and rattlesnake bite, and have gotten a cure in practically every instance. In case a panting world should desire the remedy, it is simply this: To stand the complaints until they got on one's nerves, and then in a loud, explosive tone exclaim: "Oh, for the love of Mike, shut up!"

For all these things are in the mind; a mind which begins to work overtime the minute one parts from civilization, calling up terrible visions, and by dwelling upon them long enough, making them real.

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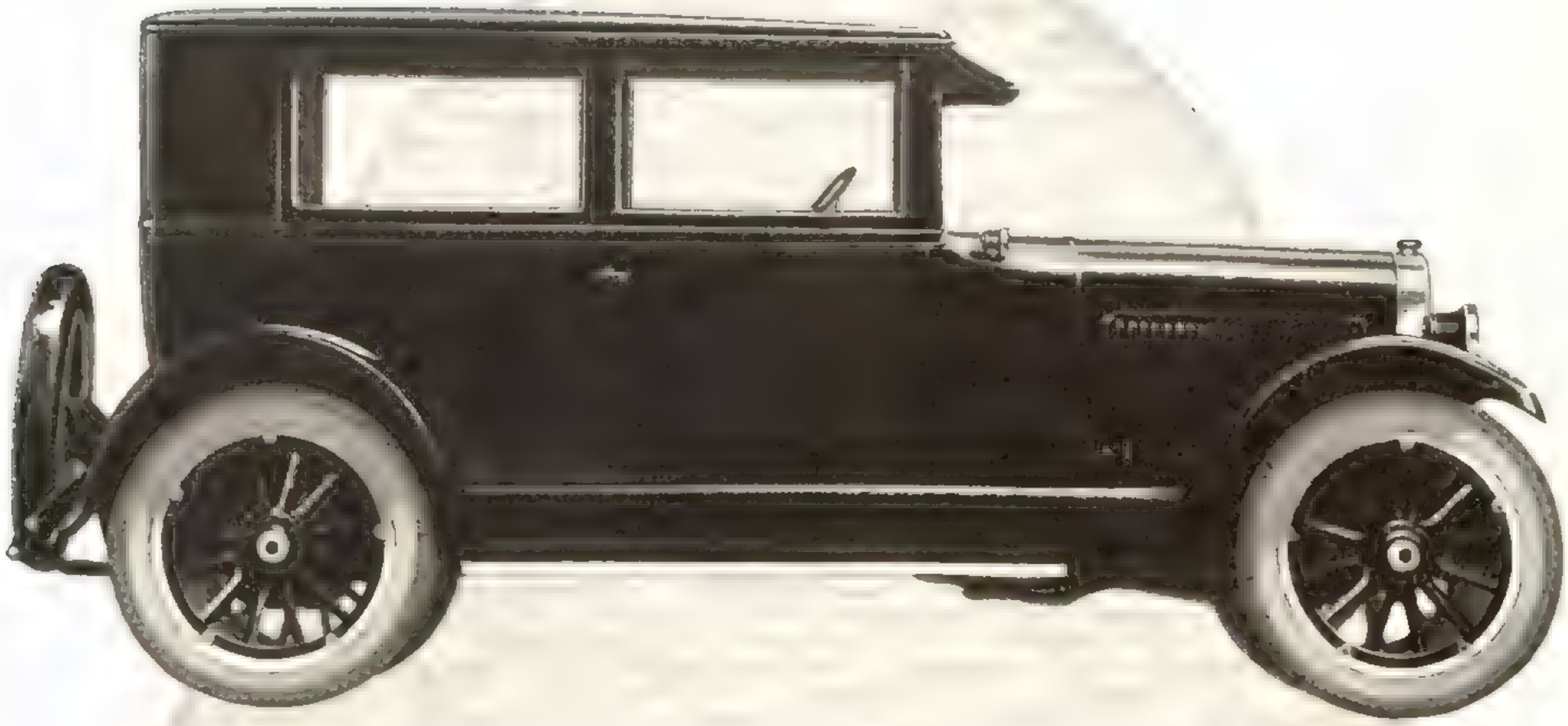

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OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
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OLDSMOBILE-SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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I remember rather vividly my first experience as an emergency doctor. I had needed a fishing pal. The regular ones had not been on deck and so I had gone down to Denver to recruit one who had expressed a desire, time after time, to get into God's out-of-doors. In this particular there are even folks who live as close to the mountains as Denver, which is sixty-two miles from the crest of the continent, who can do all the things that a man from New York can do. An office plays no favorites. Once it gets a firm hold on a man it attends to the rest of the details.

We fished hard that day—and it was the first time in his life that Ben, my companion, had ever cast a fly. A good trout rod weighs only five ounces, but five ounces multiplied enough during a day easily becomes a ton, and the repetition of drawing in that line, then throwing it forth again, has its effect upon even the muscles of a practiced fly caster. Ben and I came back to camp at dark. We cooked our evening meal; and the usual meal of the man who camps out light is salt meat, fish, bread and coffee, together with what canned goods he has lugged along. Then, under the pup tent, we rolled up in our blankets for sleep.

Ben's Rattlesnake Bite

Hours passed. Midnight came and went. Then early dawn, and with it a poke in the ribs.

"Coop!" came an agonized voice. "Coop! For heaven's sake, wake up!"

"Huh? Wasmatter?"

"Wake up! Wake up! I've been bitten, and it's paining me clear up to my shoulder!"

This time there was no further questioning. There was sagebrush in this country, and some 'dobe. There might be a rattlesnake. The flashlight gleamed, and I faced Ben, one hand supporting the injured arm. Then with anxious eyes I looked for the tiny marks of that marvelously constructed hypodermic needle known as a rattlesnake's fangs. But there was none. I felt for swelling or evidence of coagulation. That also was missing. Meanwhile Ben groaned and gnashed his teeth and swung his head from side to side and implored me to do something. But all I could do was ask questions.

"Were you awake when he bit you?"

"No; the pain of it woke me up. Oh, Coop! To think of a thing like this, miles from a doctor. Can't you do something?"

"Yes, if I can find the blamed bite, I can cut it and get out the poison. But how the devil can I fix it when I can't see where he bit you? Where does it hurt most?"

"Oh, everywhere. Clear into my shoulder blade."

"Where else? Isn't there a stinging?"

"Stinging?" He stared. "Does a snake bite sting?"

"Of course it does. Like a bee—only worse."

That worried Ben. Evidently this didn't sting. I sought for just what it was doing. He thought that over.

"It itches, Coop. Right there."

"Where?"

"Right there. There—right there."

"Well, get your hand away; stop rubbing it like that. Do you want to massage the stuff through your whole ——". Then I halted; and cussed; cussed as only one friend can cuss another when his heart and liver have been turned over with fright. "Well, you poor sap! You—you—know what's wrong with you?"

"No. What's wrong with me? Was it a scorpion?"

"Scorpion, my eye! That's a mosquito bite. Isn't it? Look at it close—if you can find it again. And the rest of it is muscle ache from swinging that fishing rod all day!"

Whereupon Ben looked his arm over, found the mosquito bite, put some wet salt on it to kill the acidity of its sting, rubbed his shoulder, and then a man who five minutes before was dying from the poison of a rattlesnake, Gila monster, scorpion, tarantula or something else which is supposed to be terribly deadly, flopped down into his blanket again and snored until bright sunup.

Such is often the calamity of the hills.

And, of course, there was good ground for Ben's beliefs, because there should be in the hills only those things that one expects to find there, and nothing that one has forgotten about, such as mosquitoes. There's nothing more disappointing to the regulation picture of God's out-of-doors than insects; such as red-headed ants, which take hold and refuse to let go; or gnats, which rise in swarms about one and simply love to linger. But of all the disillusionments, the mosquito is the worst.

Somehow folks from the lower country just know that there aren't any mosquitoes in the mountains. It's too high for them. Back home, for instance, when one wants to get away from the mosquitoes, he goes up on a hill, where the breeze has a good play, and in this position of height is clear of the pests. Therefore, if one can ascend a medium-sized hill and be free of humming visitors, how inviolable the peaks of the Rocky Mountains must be, rising majestically from five to fourteen thousand feet above the sea!

The truth is a little different, for the Rocky Mountains are exactly like New Jersey. There are places where one doesn't see a mosquito from year to year. Then there are other places, like a certain memorable stretch of timber on the trail to Trapper's Lake, and at an altitude close to twelve thousand feet, where one may gently lay his hand on his horse's neck, press it hard, then raise it, red with blood from the mosquitoes he has killed! The same is true of ants, gnats and other forms of insect life.

Altitude doesn't bother them much. They seem to know that being in God's out-of-doors without them wouldn't be quite complete, and they're right on the job—at least until the sun goes down. After that it gets a bit too chilly as a rule for insects smaller than large miller moths and similar flies to be abroad. And unless one deliberately pitches his camp on an ant hill he's free of trouble; with the exception, of course, of rattlesnake mosquitoes. But then, there's even a consolation about them. They don't seem to carry the germ poisons that are prevalent in lower countries.

Advice for the City Man

Incidentally, in this regard, the mountaineer carries little medicine. If he hits the trail on foot he sometimes has a small cube of camphor ice, with which to coat his lips, so that the hot breath, caused by his exertions, will not crack them. Often, too, he has a small vial of iodine, a bottle of subnitrate of bismuth, a roll of two-inch bandage, a roll of inch adhesive, and a package of aspirin tablets. He needs little else. The injuries of the hills are usually nothing more than the skinning of knuckles, which would heal of themselves. Sometimes one will catch a slight cold which a tablet or two will cure; and beyond that, a person's own system does most of the work through elimination.

As for sleeping on the ground and the dangers thereof—not so much sleeping on the ground is done as is imagined. In the first place the high mountains contain here and there deserted huts, rangers' cabins and other shelters, which exist year after year, doors open, windows ajar, for those who may find their way there. But when no such place is available the mountaineer doesn't worry much. He selects a place where the pines are thick overhead. He builds a log fire and heats the ground. Then he moves the fire, brushes away the coals, spreads his blanket on the hot ground and lies down, back to the earth. And he stays warm all night.

But that is for the mountaineer. The city man might not love it so much. In fact, after two or three days in the open, it's the usual case to find the newcomer suffering from everything from pleurisy on up and down, and thinking up excuses by which to get back to town.

Of course there are hardened city men, just as there are weak mountaineers. Men who have been getting out regularly ever since they were boys and to whom an excursion into the open is merely a means of keeping fit. This naturally is not for them; except as a reminder of their own experiences as guides, tutors and general guardians. It is for the man who spends the year from one end to the other in an office—and his name is legion—and who sooner or later yields to the savage he-man impulse surging within him to get right out and live next to the heart of Nature. Of course if that man spends an hour or so a day in religious effort at the athletic club, or if he is a seasoned handball, baseball or tennis player, well and good. His muscles are sufficiently attuned to violent exercise for them to adapt themselves rapidly to other endeavors. The golf player doesn't come in this category; there seems to be a difference, somehow, between treading the fairway and hoofing it along a mountain trail. And if one is not accustomed to a certain violence of endeavor, and a peace of mind under all circumstances, a good way to rough it would be to read about it, or to take his roughing in smoother doses, such as a camping trip along an automobile highway, with the rough part of it consisting of going three days without a shave. There's nothing much left of roughness in the average motor camp of today; what with cots, compact cooking and eating kits, down-filled sleeping bags, and the rest of the equipment, it's a fairly easy matter to be a bit more comfortable perhaps than at home.

For the man of the office, motor camping is the life. Not the other. For there are things which suit all persons, and the human body doesn't take changes any too readily. As, for instance, I, who have been writing of the city man who goes to the mountain to rough it. I—who, when the winter comes on and I hie back to the city, suffer for three days from a bursting headache caused by the noise, and am lame for a week from walking on cement sidewalks!

GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 42)

foremost duty and one of the highest privileges of both. It is earnestly to be hoped that it may come to be the spirit and the fact.

On July 5, 1918, I was instructed by a Senate resolution to furnish "such information as is available concerning the advantage and value to the commerce of the country of the acquisition, construction and maintenance of the canals connecting Chesapeake Bay with the Delaware River, that river by a canal across the state of New Jersey with New York Harbor, and the canal connecting Massachusetts Bay with Buzzard's Bay; such report to include so far as available estimated costs of purchase and development of same, respectively, as deep sea-level canals, what relief will be thereby afforded to lines of existing rail transportation, the extent to which such canals would probably be utilized by the commerce of the country, and the incidental value thereof as assisting the national defense."

The subject was not new, but events arising from the war had emphasized its importance, and whatever interest it might have on the economic side was enhanced by a hideous record of loss of life through marine disasters. In July of that same year a German submarine had attacked vessels outside of Cape Cod and the statement prepared by Grosvenor M. Jones and Oliver C. Moles, of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which I sent to the Senate in September, 1918, said that "the presence as this is written of enemy submarines on our coasts makes the argument one of grim reality." The same report spoke of the long, unbroken coast of New Jersey, where vessels can find no refuge in time of storm and which had been the scene of many shipwrecks. It pointed out that "during the decade from 1900 to 1909 there were over 5700 disasters to shipping on the Atlantic seaboard." This averages more than ten each week for ten years. The report further stated: "These accidents are known to have destroyed $40,500,000 worth of vessels and cargo and to have caused the loss of over 2200 human lives. The loss in property alone was thus nearly sufficient to have paid for the New Jersey section of the intracoastal waterway."

Intracoastal Waterways

I visited each of the canals mentioned and caused the whole subject to be exhaustively studied. Inquiry uncovered a considerable literature, of which a bibliography was attached to the report with extracts from a study of the subject which had been prepared under authority of Congress seven years before. There was also included a list of disasters, stating the number of persons and the value of the property jeopardized, together with several maps and illustrations. One of these maps showed the coast of Rhode Island and Southeastern Massachusetts, on which were marked the approximate locations of 1076 marine disasters known to have occurred in those waters.

The significant note appears on this map, "Many more disasters have occurred than those indicated. . . . It is stated that thirty-four vessels were driven ashore or otherwise damaged in a November storm, but no record of these wrecks is at present available."

My recommendation read: "The conclusion is reached that the commercial and other advantages of this system of canals would be so great and so far-reaching as to warrant the early acquisition by the United States Government of the Cape Cod and the Chesapeake & Delaware Canals and their prompt improvement as deep sea-level canals, as well as the early construction across New Jersey of a sea-level canal of a minimum depth of twenty-five feet. In the opinion of this department the time for action has come."

This was written after careful study of the official reports of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and took into account the fact that the Cape Cod Canal was, at the time, under the control of the Director General of Railroads.

The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal has been purchased by the Government. A bill providing for a like purchase of the Cape Cod Canal has been pending without action in each of several Congresses and is pending today, having passed the House of Representatives on the day this was written.

No official action has been taken about the essential link across New Jersey. The significance of the Cape Cod Canal was emphasized when the stream of vessels passing around that cape was diverted in 1918 to the protected route which the canal furnished because of enemy submarine attacks. The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal at a critical time in the Civil War furnished an essential route for transporting troops and supplies for the Union armies. The United States already owns the canal leading from Hampton Roads into the North Carolina sounds.

The Army and Navy have joined in the recommendation that these intracoastal waterways be opened, and the state of New Jersey has monumented the center line of the proposed waterway between New York Harbor and the Delaware River, and has agreed to purchase the right of way if the construction of the canal is undertaken. This single element of the larger subject has been under study for thirty years, ever since the city of Philadelphia made in 1894 an appropriation for the expenses of a commission to examine it.

While Congress Talks

Here then is a great practical subject upon which technical study has been concentrated until every phase of the matter is thoroughly known. States, cities, private corporations and individuals have expended much money and long effort upon it, and it is safe to say that there is no opinion adverse either to the whole project or to any of its major phases. Nevertheless it waits while Congress talks. The money which such an intracoastal system would cost would not be expended, but invested. The owners of the Cape Cod Canal have knocked at the door of Congress patiently for years. The difficulty with the whole proposition appears to be that it is merely one of great public usefulness. It seems to offer no large personal rewards. The treatment this subject has received is a striking example of how things should not be done, and illustrates clearly how the great, practical American people, noted the world over for their individual initiative and executive capacity, fail when their national legislature faces a problem of social and economic value which offers neither personal nor political prizes.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr Redfield. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

A New Coach

Recognizing the demand for a truly comfortable and economical car of the coach type, Dodge Brothers have provided it.

The new Coach reveals a characteristic maturity of design—in the low-swung lines of the body, in the arrangement of the interior for five-passenger comfort, and in the exceptional dimensions of the doors and windows.

The car is Duco finished in Dodge Brothers blue with a body stripe of cartouche yellow. Fittings and fixtures are first quality throughout, and balloon tires are standard equipment.

So far as riding comfort and dependability are concerned, it is only necessary to add that the Coach is built on Dodge Brothers sturdy chassis and cushioned by Dodge Brothers underslung springs.

The price is $1095 f. o. b. Detroit

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WALKERVILLE ONTARIO

RUSTY AND THE EARLY BIRDS

(Continued from Page 36)

"What'll I do with it?" I asks, holdin' the grimy thing at arm's length.

"Put it in the car," says Marion. "And do be careful, Gillan. It's a real Fenton. Just fancy, Edith; a Lyman Fenton jar for seventy cents! Isn't that a find?"

Maybe it was, but I'll say I felt foolish luggin that rummy thing out to the limousine. I was tryin' to wrap it up in newspaper when I see Sister Marion wavin' for me again. She's captured another prize, this time a battered black kettle more'n two feet across the top, that looks as though it might have been used on wash days in the Ark. Mrs. Peck is gazin' at it as fond as if it was a dead rat, and it's plain she's been protestin'.

"Why, Edith!" says Marion. "It's a stunning old brass sap kettle, and when it is burnished and lacquered it will be just what you want for a fireside wood basket. Only three seventy-five too. They're worth fifteen or twenty. Take it, Gillan."

I rubbed off some of the soot gettin' it through the crowd, but there was plenty left for me to get well smeared up with, and I tucked the thing under the car, hopin' they'd forget it when we left. No such luck, though. I find Sister Marion has got out a pad and pencil and is keepin' track of every item. She must be some experienced auction hound, too, the way she goes at it. She has me grab a couple of old chairs and drag 'em in after them, and before long she and Mrs. Peck are wedged right in front of the auction stand where they can get a good view of everything that's put up, and can be seen by the auctioneer. She don't shout out her bids, either. All she does is hold up a finger or nod her head; and, believe me, when she goes after anything she usually gets it.

Well, it was some day she had. We got there at 1:30 and at six she was still stickin' to it. And you should have seen the stack of junk I had piled around the car. There was a whole four-posted bedstead, all but the spring; three chairs, two with wabbly legs; some pieced bedquilts, a couple of old lamps, an odd lot of glassware, and a pair of rusty andirons, besides the crock and the kettle. And when she finally quits and leads Mrs. Peck over to the car I asks her if she wants me to call a truck and send it all home.

"Oh, you'll never find a truck in this out-of-the-way place, Gillan," says she. "Just pack those things in somehow, or tie them on the outside. That's the way everyone does."

She's right, at that; for, all about, people are loadin' up tourin' cars and sedans with just such messy specimens. So I scouts around back of the house, swipes a clothesline and some burlap bags, and after a lot of tricky work gets the whole collection stowed away, with the bed and kettle on the runnin' board and the rest inside. But Mrs. Peck starts for the ride home with a dusty old chair in her lap and her feet in the crock, while Sister Marion is holdin' a lamp in one hand and two water goblets in the other. Say, I don't know how they felt, but I was blushin' clear back of my ears, for if we didn't look like a junk cart after a good trip I don't know what else you could call it. All I was thankful for was that Mr. Peck wasn't there to see us land. He'd have thrown a fit, for he's more or less finicky about the way I keep his new limousine polished up.

I think Mrs. Peck has her doubts also about how he's gonna take this new fad of hers, for when we unloads the stuff at home and she looks it over she hunches her shoulders and asks Sister Marion, "But what am I to do with these things, now that I have them?"

"Why, have them restored and fixed up," says Marion. "I've heard of an excellent man down at the village. We'll have him come up and go right to work. You'd better clear out one room at first and furnish that. The living room, perhaps. Then you can start on one of the others. You'll need some rugs at once—old braided and hooked ones—and there's another auction Saturday."

I knew Mr. Peck would be home Friday night, and I was lookin' for him to queer this junk-huntin' game the minute he got wise to it. But Lady Peck is some hubby handler and she's got a good line. I heard her breakin' the news to him as we drives back from the station, and after she's eased the idea over smooth he only chuckles.

"Marion's latest fad, eh?" says he. "Well, go antiquing if you must, old girl, but don't let her get you in too deep."

He don't do any chucklin', though, when he inspects the heap of stuff stored in one of the sheds. "Good heavens, Marion!" says he. "You don't expect us to put any of that rubbish in the house, I hope."

"Quite so, Burton," says she. "I plan to have you sleep on that maple four-poster two weeks from tonight, and you're going to like it."

"Huh!" says he. "Not if I'm in my right mind. I never did care for antiques, you know."

"These are not antiques," says Sister Marion. "They are all early American pieces and the only appropriate furnishings for a farmhouse that was built in 1820, as this one was. You wait."

Mr. Peck took one more sniff at the junk and went in to dinner. But next day, before I drove him to the golf club, I dropped the two ladies at a farm auction, and when we picked 'em up that night and had loaded in their loot, there was hardly room for him to squeeze aboard. At that he made the trip home balancin' a light stand on his knees, while Mrs. Peck holds an old mantel clock in her lap and Sister Marion hugs a mahogany-and-gilt-framed mirror. What all I had roped on the outside and even tied on the top I couldn't begin to tell, but we sure looked like movin' day in the tenement district.

"I'm glad it's getting dark," says Mr. Peck, "and I trust none of our neighbors see us arrive."

"Pooh!" says Sister Marion. "They would only be envious. And we did have splendid luck today; didn't we, Edith?"

"I—I suppose we did," says Mrs. Peck. "But I wish this old clock wasn't quite so smelly."

It was durin' the middle of the next week, after a lot of the stuff had been patched up and cleaned and varnished and rubbed down, that they begun revisin' the livin' room. I was in on the whole act, for they got me to help the man with the shift. Out went the nice new tables, the stuffed easy-chairs, the Oriental rugs; and in we lugged straight-backed, rush-bottomed relics, old rugs made out of braided rags, pine things that Sister Marion called tavern tables, and high-backed rockers with weird flowers painted on 'em. Down came the silk window hangin's, and up went frilled white things. All the nice pictures was stored in the shed. A mason came and ripped out the tiled mantelpiece that had been laid over the old brick fireplace front, and Marion squealed for joy when she discovered an old iron hook swung from the inside.

And by Friday noon the presto-change business was finished. The room looked like it had slipped back about a hundred years, and I'll bet it didn't have a thing in it that wasn't made before Sister Marion's granddaddy was born. They even had some old tin candle holders to light it up with, although a couple of funny glass lamps had been wired for bulbs to help out. By this time, too, Mrs. Peck is a reg'lar fan.

"It is all so dear and old-fashioned," says she.

"Early is the word, Edith," says Sister Marion.

"Oh, yes! I forgot," says Mrs. Peck. "And what a surprise it will be for Burton."

It was. "For the love of soup!" says he, starin' around. "What is this, a Plymouth Rock museum?"

"It is an authentic post-colonial living room," says Sister Marion, "and I doubt if there's a better one in the state."

"Let's hope there isn't another," says he. "But where are all the new rugs and easy-chairs?"

"Stored in the shed, where they belong," says Marion. "Now sit down in that old comb-backed rocker and look into a real fireplace."

He did, while I piles on a couple more birch logs. "By George!" says he. "This isn't so bad, you know. I never dreamed these old chairs were so comfortable. And these things do give the place sort of a homy look. Must have cost something, though, to make such a complete transformation."

"Here is the staggering total, Burton," says Mrs. Peck. "One hundred and thirty-nine fifty."

"Wha-a-at!" says he, runnin' over the list. "But how could you do it at that figure?"

"Auctions, Burton; farm and village auctions," says Sister Marion; "and knowing what to buy and how. There's to be one tomorrow and we expect to pick up a few more maple pieces for your room. You'd better come along and see how it's done."

"Really, Burton," says Mrs. Peck, "you must. It's the most exciting thing I've ever experienced."

"Thanks," says he, "but I guess I'll stick to golf, even if my slice is worse than usual."

But with two women against him you can guess the result. He grins sheepish when I comes out with his golf bag to stow in the car. "Not today, Rusty," says he. "The ladies insist that I must go to this fool auction with them."

Well, it seems this was a bigger one than usual. It's staged in the side yard of a fine old house on the edge of a cute little town way up the Connecticut Valley somewhere, and there's more of a mob gathered than I'd seen at any of the others. We'd started right after an early breakfast, so's to be on hand before the sale begun, but there was dozens of cars parked before we rolled in.

"Dealers and collectors," says Sister Marion. "There's bound to be spirited bidding today. And just look at some of the gorgeous pieces which are to be put up. Oh, there's a pine dresser with the most interesting legs!"

"What, that old thing?" asks Mr. Peck. "What's fine about that?"

She made him pile right out while she explained—all about the clouded-glass knobs set in pewter, the original stencilwork on the top piece, and the two dinky little drawers.

"Wonderful lines, and quite early," says Sister Marion. "Just what we need for your bedroom. And this old highboy and two or three of those nine-spindle Windsors would complete the set. I hope we can get them all."

Mr. Peck don't seem so anxious. He walks around and stares at the stuff and then shakes his head. "They ought to thank me if I should offer to take any of it away," says he.

An imposin' old girl in black hears him and turns to give him a dirty look, like he'd been usin' cuss words or something. But there's a lot of other folks buzzin' around, pawin' things over, pullin' out bureau drawers, scrapin' off paint with pocket-knives, and even squintin' through magnifyin' glasses. They're surgin' into the house, too, and pokin' into everything.

Kinda sociable affairs, these auctions. For one thing, all the antique dealers know each other, as well as most of the private collectors, and they get together in little groups. Then, of course, a lot of the merry villagers, who've been friends and neighbors of the deceased, gather to see what was in the house, maybe some with an idea of biddin' in this or that piece that they've fancied. Some of 'em bring the children and have a real folksy time.

Prompt at ten o'clock the auctioneer climbs on the plank platform that's been knocked together hasty, raps on an old table, and starts the usual spiel about how all these goods was the property of the late Mrs. Whosit and that the executors have asked him to dispose of 'em at public sale. He announces that there'll be no by-bidding and that the terms will be cash. Then he holds up a copper-bottomed wash boiler and asks what he's offered. Somebody buys it for ten cents and the sale is on.

And say, you'd never guess any house could hold so much truck until you've watched one emptied from cellar to attic at one of these are-you-all-done orgies. For in these old joints, where the same family has lived for years and years, they do seem to collect an awful lot of stuff. Looks like they never threw anything away, or lost anything, or completely wore anything out—except themselves. And the young folks who are to divide up the estate are livin' in four-room apartments in Springfield or Worcester or Boston, furnished new and stylish, and have no use for such old rubbish.

So out comes the pieced coverlid grandmother made before she was married, and the tin mold she used to make candles in, and the old spinnin' wheel, and the brass warmin' pan, and the pine chest with the staple hinges that she kept her sheets and tablecloths in, and a bandbox full of old bonnets, and the Cashmere shawl Uncle Jabez brought back from Bombay, and a little footstool with one leg gone, and a couple of patent apple parers, and a yellow sampler with a name and the date stitched in fine and careful. Also grandpa's bell-topped silk hat in a moldy leather case, and the painted cradle he made for the first baby, and the maple sap yoke that helped round his shoulders, and the bone-handled carvin' knife that had cut up so many Thanksgivin' turkeys, and his old tool chest full of spokeshaves and jackplanes and augers, and even the daguerreotypes him and grandma had taken on their weddin' trip to Concord. Then there'll be candle snuffers, wooden choppin' bowls, bootjacks, framed mottoes worked in worsted, wax flowers under a glass case, pewter casters for the table, a bundle of painted window shades, the old hall clock with the wooden works and the iron weights, part of a mulberry dinin' set, an old butter churn, some bean flails, and a string of odd buttons a yard long.

Them's only a few of the junky curios I've seen put up, and I wouldn't have known the names of half of 'em if it hadn't been for Sister Marion, who's a reg'lar shark at explainin' such things. And you wouldn't think anybody would want stuff like that wished on 'em, even as a gift. But say, there's always some sucker ready to part with good money for trash that you or me wouldn't look at a second time. Honest, I've seen swell-dressed ladies biddin' high on rickety workbaskets full of calico scraps, or on little boxes with old combs and beads in 'em. And when it comes to rummy old furniture—oh, boy! They simply go nutty at times.

This auctioneer is one of them real comic guys, who knows half the people in the crowd and now and then calls 'em by name. If it's a set of tin pie plates he's tryin' to get rid of he'll sing out, "Hey, Mrs. Murdock, why don't you git these and make Jim pick you some blueberries so's he can have a hunk of pie without goin' to th' neighbors?" Or if it's a rollin'-pin or a flatiron he'll ask Mrs. Joe Briggs if she don't want a husband persuader up at her house. That's always a sure-fire joke with an auction crowd, and it's seldom it ain't pulled.

(Continued on Page 52)

PHOTO. BY PAUL W. MACFARLANE

A Stormy Day at Williams' Point, Washington

There isn't much air pressure in a toy balloon, but you know what a lively thing it is. You can't get your finger away faster than the balloon recovers after you have compressed it. Neither can the car spring get away from the reaction of the soft air cushion in a balloon or low-pressure tire, when the tire is depressed by striking a bump. Unless controlled that spring action corresponds exactly to the tire action and must be passed on as an upthrow or a galloping motion to those in the car.

What Happens With Balloon or Low Pressure Tires?

The answer to the question is the scientific fact that—

The lower the air pressure in the tires, the more closely the tires and car springs act in unison.

In other words, when balloon or low-pressure tires encounter a bump, they yield to it because they contain a *soft, springy cushion* of air.

But they rebound as quickly and as surely as they yield —because they are soft and springy—and they pass this action on, *through the car springs*, to those in the car.

The answer to the question of how to control or snub this more frequent and more violent action is Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers.

Gabriel was first to recognize the requirements of the new riding problem introduced by balloon and low-pressure tires, and designed the new balloon-type Gabriel Snubbers to meet these requirements.

The exclusive Gabriel combination of increasing braking action and of free play is the result.

The one snubs and controls the greater upthrow of low air pressure and stops galloping and rolling.

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These are the great Gabriel superiorities. They are the factors that enable the motorist to obtain and enjoy the full measure of the greater riding comfort of balloon and low air pressure tires.

All Gabriel Snubbers look like this illustration and bear the name Gabriel Snubbers.

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(Continued from Page 50)

All these affairs start kinda slow, for they begin by workin' off the rubbish. That's where the local hicks have their innings, for even if they don't mean to buy anything, the first thing they know they've made a bid on some odd lot or other, and it's knocked down to 'em. Then they snicker and turn red in the ears, and their friends give 'em the haw-haw, and a good time is had by all. But occasionally something is put up that the collectors or dealers want, and then the bids go soarin'. I watched Sister Marion goin' after a couple of glass pickle bottles strong, but she was nosed out by a heavy-set gent who wore a cigar in the southeast corner of his mouth.

"Humph!" says she. "One of those dealers. He will sell it for twice that."

"Then why didn't you keep on?" asks Mr. Peck. "Although, personally, I am glad you didn't."

The boss acts more or less bored with the whole business. He listens and watches for a while, and then he takes to wanderin' around and finally camps down in the shade and smokes.

"Not what I call a thrilling outdoor sport; eh, Rusty?" says he.

'I don't get any kick out of it, either," I agrees.

And by noon all Sister Marion and Mrs. Peck has collected is a pair of rusty fire tongs, one braided rug, and an iron crane kettle.

Then I gets out the luncheon hamper and they tackles the sandwiches and hot coffee and frosted drop cakes the ladies in the car, and me and Mr. Peck sittin' on the runnin' board. Other parties was doin' the same, and for them that didn't bring anything the women of the Congregational church was servin' cold baked beans, lemonade and doughnuts.

"Picnicking under the red flag," suggests Mr. Peck. "And for this I am missing a perfectly good foursome!"

"Oh, the real sale doesn't begin until afternoon," says Sister Marion. "Wait until they start putting up what they insist on calling antiques."

She knows the game, all right. After lunch a lot of the neighbors drifted back home, but twice as many recruits took their places. They rolled in in limousines and tourin' cars and sedans until the street was jammed. Classy folks who had summer places anywhere within fifty miles, and some from the resort hotels, for the news of this event had been well broadcasted. I was loafin' on the edge of the mob when the fun begins in earnest. It's all over a kinda battered sideboard thing that I'd be sore if anybody stuck me a five-spot for. And I gets bug-eyed when the biddin' starts at twenty-five and goes on at ten-dollar jumps until it stops at two sixty-eight.

"Say, is it lined with gold or sump'n'?" I asks a gent in a check suit who's quit at two thirty.

"It's a Sheraton with original shell and trident brasses," says he, which leaves me right where I was before.

"Brass must have gone up," says I.

Then I watched 'em sell a homely little vase effect that looked like it might have come as a prize with a pound of tea, and it goes for an even forty dollars. "Staffordshire," says somebody.

Meanwhile Mr. Peck has been listenin', too, and he's looked over the old pine dresser that they'd told him he ought to have. And somehow when it's finally put up he gets the fever. When it seems to stick at twenty-five and is about to be knocked down to somebody in front he wins the auctioneer's eye and holds up his finger.

"Twenty-seven," says the hick on the platform. "Will you gimme the thirty?"

He got it. "Thirty-five," says Mr. Peck.

The other party goes to forty. The boss counters with a ten-dollar raise. He has his jaw set and there's a glitter in his eyes like when he braces himself to carry a bunker. But he'd run against somebody just as stubborn. It wasn't until he'd run the thing to ninety-five and the crowd was gaspin' that he had the opposition beat.

"What's the name?" calls out the clerk.

And when he gives it we sees a gray bobbed lady down front stand up and stare. It's Sister Marion. In a minute she has pushed out to where we are.

"Of all the silly things, Burton!" says she. "Of course I didn't dream it was you who were bidding against me."

He grins, foolish. "Well, we got it, didn't we?" says he.

"Oh, yes, we did," says she, sarcastic. "But if you're going to do any more bidding let's stay together."

"I'm through," says he.

But he wasn't. Once he's started at a thing he's one of the kind that likes to stay with it. He ain't made a million or so in the bond business without workin' up more or less of a bulldog disposition. And it seems this auction stuff has sort of stirred his sportin' blood. Next thing I knew he was right in the thick of it, biddin' against dealers and collectors, and havin' stuff checked off to him right and left; all kinds of junk, from luster pitchers to hooked rugs and a Franklin stove.

"Good night!" thinks I. "Here's where I ride my passengers home on the mudguards and hood."

But when it's all over and we come to size up the young van load of things he's bid in, it's plain we gotta have a truck from somewhere, and by doin' some lively scoutin' I finds one with a driver who's willin' to make the trip for twenty dollars. And on the drive back Mr. Peck is jollier than I'd ever seen him.

"Why be a piker, Marion?" says he. "If early American is what we want, why not go after it? I rather think I picked up some good pieces."

"But that awful looking black bureau, Burton!" protests Mrs. Peck. "Why did you ever buy that?"

"Oh, I got it cheap enough," says he. "Only ten dollars, you know. We'll put it in Rusty's room; eh, Rusty?"

"What you got against me, Mr. Peck?" says I.

And Sunday mornin', as I was gettin' the car ready to start for the golf club as usual, the boss comes out to the shed where his truckload of prizes had been unloaded the night before, and begins pawin' 'em over. Then all of a sudden I hears him callin' excited for me. He has his knife out and is scrapin' the paint off that black bureau.

"Come here, Rusty!" says he. "Look where I've scraped. Isn't that mahogany under the paint?"

"Looks kinda dark reddish," says I. "Might be, at that."

"Call Mrs. Peck and her sister," says he.

When I'd dragged 'em away from breakfast Sister Marion inspects the scraped spot.

"Crotch veneer, Burton!" she announces. "And the lines are excellent. I believe you've picked up a bargain. If it's all like that this bureau ought to be worth at least a hundred."

"We'll soon see what it's like," says he. "Rusty, get some pieces of glass and let's get off some more paint."

No, we didn't go near any golf course that day. We spent most of it scrapin' black paint off that bureau, and as soon as we had a drawer front or a side done Mrs. Peck and Sister Marion had to be dragged out to see. Honest, I got almost as excited over the game as he did.

Well, from then on he's a changed man. All he seems to be bent on is collectin' enough old furniture to take the place of the new stuff in different rooms, and as fast as he gets it done and fixed up he orders the decorator's things carted out. You ought to see the spiffy new bedroom set he hands over to me, and the Turkish rugs I got on the floor.

He lays off golf absolutely too. Instead of signin' up with the old reg'lars for the week-end foursomes he takes Mrs. Peck and chases auctions. Sister Marion had to go home, but she ain't needed any more. Mr. Peck can buy more in an afternoon than she ever got in a week. He's bought books on old furniture, and got himself wised up to the different kinds, until he's as foxy as any of 'em. To hear him get off the patter, and talk about taproom tables, and flip glasses, and duck-footed legs, and comb-back Windsors, you'd think this was his reg'lar job, instead of buyin' bonds. And I've handled so much of the truck myself that I could 'most qualify as one of them collectors. Yeauh! I got so I can squint at an old table and tell whether it's early eighteenth or late Grand Rapids.

But I can't make any hit with golden-haired Sadie along that line. "Don't tell anyone," says she, "but daddy thinks Mr. and Mrs. Peck have gone plumb crazy over this antique business. Why, when we moved up here we threw away a cartload of just such stuff."

"Then you missed the chance of your lives," says I. "You should have staged an auction."

Sadie says she's never been to one. I didn't plan on takin' her to anything of the kind, either, but here last week when I'm sent alone with the car to bring back some pieces that we'd left behind on our last trip I gets an O. K. on havin' Sadie go along. And it was while we was joggin' back across country that we comes to this farmhouse where there's a small crowd and a red flag hung out.

"Let's blow in an' give it the double-o," says I.

It's kind of a punk, third-rate auction, with a small crowd of jays and no dealers nor summer folks present, and the stuff is mostly what Sister Marion would call jig-saw period. There was a grained pine spool bed in the lot and I sticks around until I sees it sell for a quarter. Also a block tin candle scone that went for ten cents.

"Do you ever buy anything at these sales?" asks Sadie.

"No," says I. "But I could. Maybe I will now."

About then the guy holds up a dusty picture in an old frame—a vivid red-and-green thing of a little old-fashioned girl holdin' a rose about the size of a cabbage.

"Now who wants this here lovely piece of art?" asks the auctioneer, and the crowd giggles.

"Five cents," bids a woman in a print wrapper.

"Ten," I sings out, prompt.

"Your property, young man," says the auctioneer, and the crowd roars.

"I'll hang it in my room," I whispers to Sadie.

"How about the mate to it, young feller?" asks the auctioneer, holdin' up another.

The snickerin' of some of them yaps got under my skin. "Ten," says I, and nobody raises me.

"Ha!" says the guy. "Here's a young man that knows real art when he sees it. Bring out the rest of the collection, Hank."

There was half a dozen more, all about the same type, and I didn't want 'em any more'n a cat wants a safety razor, but I'd started a bluff with these rubes and I wasn't gonna let 'em think I'd squealed. So I bought the lot at a dime apiece. Then Sadie helped me lug 'em to the car and we beat it.

"Course," I explains, "I was just showin' you how it goes. I'll chuck 'em in the shed."

But about half a mile from home we runs across Mr. Peck, who's been on a little tramp to limber his legs, and I picks him up.

"What's all this?" he asks, spottin' the collection of bum art on the back seat. "You haven't been bitten by the auction bug, have you, Rusty?"

And I has to admit that I stopped off for half an hour and got stung.

"Well, well!" says he. "Nothing very rare about the frames, eh? And I must say, Rusty, that the color scheme is a bit lurid. They are —— Why—er—slow up a moment until I get my glasses on. By George! Curriers, every one of them!"

"Eh?" says I, pullin' up at one side of the road. "As bad as that?"

"Bad!" says he. "They're Currier & Ives prints, and rare ones, I believe. I didn't know that you knew them. What did you have to pay, Rusty, if I may ask, for these gems?"

"The lot stands me eighty cents," says I. "Did I get nicked?"

He stares at me for a minute over the top of his glasses. "You lucky young rascal!" says he. "I'll gladly give you an even hundred dollars for the collection, but I warn you I shall be getting a bargain."

"You've got it then, Mr. Peck," says I.

"And you have joined the frenzied fraternity, Rusty," says he, passin' over five yellowbacks with a grin.

I ain't sure but what he's right. Say, I'm gettin' so I can't pass a red flannel undershirt hung out on the line without feelin' sort of a thrill along the spine; and last night I woke up all excited to find that I was wavin' two fingers in the air.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.

SALOME—WHERE THE GREEN GRASS GREW

(Continued from Page 38)

My Fence is All Tore Down Now and My Lawn is All Gone and I'm trying to Write This in Jail, chained up by the Leg to a Big Granite Rock, which is All the Jail we have Here, as a Warning to Other Folks who may Want to Try to Grow Green Grass to Be Careful because the Man who Wrote that Piece in the Paper about anyone Being a Public Benefactor Who Made Two Blades of Grass Grow where None Growed Before, Didn't Know What he Was Talking A Bout, because Look at Me Now. I Grew 100 Square Feet of as Pretty Imported Irish Australian Rye Grass as Green as Green and 100 Miles from Where Any Body Ever Saw Any Before—and I'm IN JAIL FOR IT.

How Come was This Way. With No Body getting No Sleep and so Much Shooting going on every night, Night After Night, some of the Boys commenced to Get Nervous and Careless and One Night the Chuckawalla Kid shot Cutaway Bill Sims in the Seat of the Pants Behind a Mesquite Tree with a Load of Bird Shot and Cutaway Bill didn't Like It Very Much, but he didn't Blame the Chuckawalla Kid and said it was All My Fault because if I hadn't Planted the Grass there wouldn't be So Many Jack Rabbits in Town at Night and Coyotes chasing them and Folks Shooting at Them and he wouldn't Have Got Hit Behind the Mesquite Tree because he wouldn't Have Been There with a Gun waiting to Shoot a Coyote when the Chuckawalla Kid Shot Him if it hadn't of been for My Lawn. And on the Strength of This and a Few Drinks and Bird Shot in Him, he Swore Out a Warrant Against me for Disturbing the Peace.

I told Cactus Bill Smithers who is Judge and Working in the Garage for me not to issue No Warrant or I would Fire Him but Cactus Bill's Girl who was Pretty Sore about being Kept Up Nights and Sleeping in the Old Adobe to keep from Getting Shot told Him he was a Free American Citizen and the Judge and to Stand Up for His Rights or She would Quit Him and if he Got Fired Her Pa would give him a Better Job in the Restaurant where he wouldn't have to Get So Greasy and they could be Together, so Before I knew what was Going to Happen I was Arrested and on Trial before a Jury of 4 Women and the Chuckawalla Kid and Scar Faced Scroggs. It Beats Hell How Much Trouble Women can Stir Up and then Settle It All their Own Way without giving a Man a Chance to Talk A Tall.

As soon as I was Arrested I was Surprised to Find Out How Many People Didn't Like Me. I didn't Have No Chance and the Trial was A Joke to Every Body but Me. It Looked Like I was to Blame for Every Thing that Ever Happened in the Last 20 Years and the Jury found me Guilty all Talking at Once about Different Things and without Leaving their Seats in the School House where school was Dismissed and the Trial Held and when Cactus Bill, the Judge (he's Sure Some Joke as a Judge) Tries to Fine me Fifty Dollars and Orders My Lawn Destroyed I Busts Him in the Nose and Breaks 3 of His Ribs and 2 of My Knuckles and then while the Rest of them Hold Me he Gives Me 10 Days in Jail for Contempt of Court. That's Another Joke but he ain't got Sense Enough to Know It.

I'm In Jail, all Right All Right, as the Irish Man said, and No Question About That, sitting out here in the Sun on a Big Granite Bowlder with a Chain A Round My Leg—because there was Too Many of Them for Me and No Man can't Buck Too Much Public Opinion No Where—but there is 5 of Them in the Hospital they had to Start in the School House and when My Term is Up there is Going to Be Something Doing in This Here Town. I don't Mind it So Much Now that It's Done Because Some of the Women is commencing to Feel Sorry for Me now and Wish they Hadn't of Done it and I am Getting More Good Things to Eat than I Ever Had in My Life—and Any Way I'm the First Man to Ever Raise a Genuine Green Grass Lawn within 100 Miles of Here—and That's Worth Some Thing Just to Think About the Rest of My Life.

—*Dick Wick Hall,*
Amateur Gardener.

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THE MAJOR'S MONUMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

ride her up along the river and show her the monument they had built for General Grant. He admitted it was rather too big for Carverstown churchyard, but it wasn't any bigger than Major Rufus Potter, bless his heart, was entitled to sleep under.

Well, I had my office dig up the history of Central Western Land. As Mrs. Potter had said, it was a relic of the old Mississippi & Western, and all it owned was some of the land that the Government granted to that pioneer when it was built. There was no value in it, so far as I could see—no minerals, no timber worth the cutting, no good land for grain or farming. It had a little annual income from grazing and irrigation arrangements and other small things, but no more than enough to pay taxes and picayune administration expenses. The stock was all but worthless and naturally it had faded out of the Wall Street picture.

But it had been kept on the stock-exchange list, and that meant that somebody was interested in keeping it there, dead as it was. So I went a little deeper and found that more than half of all the outstanding stock was owned by the Swanson estate. Then I remembered that old John Swanson was at one time a very large holder of Mississippi & Western. Out of that he got a big block of this Central Western Land and I learned that later he picked up a lot more at low prices. God knows why, but he did. Then he died and his estate has been in litigation ever since. It is famous in that way, you know. There are a thousand heirs, more or less, and the property is tied up so tight that Houdini himself couldn't get anything out of it. That was another reason why nothing could be expected of Central Western in the market. With such frozen control there couldn't be any change in its affairs for a long time.

I found, too, that there was no market in the stock on the exchange—a little wanted and a little offered, but not enough either way to prevent a small amount of buying or selling from moving the price considerably. Anyone could have jacked it up a couple of dollars by buying two or three thousand shares, but no one would want to do that because there was no reason to suppose that, after it had been put up, there would be any buyers to sell out on.

I had that much information ready for Henderson next day, but he didn't come downtown at all. We were having a roaring market, but he spent his time motoring little Mrs. Potter all over New York. I met him here in the club that night and he told me he had been a boy again among the animals in Bronx Park. Mrs. Potter, he said, had enjoyed Woodlawn Cemetery most; and he didn't expect me to laugh at that either. He told me they had seen the kind of monument they were going to have, but he was ready to agree that Central Western Land wouldn't pay for much of it.

"It's trash," he said. "Go ahead and sell it in the morning and we'll make that monument out of something else."

But we didn't, for the circus began right there. We came downstairs, headed for home, and out there in the hall we ran into four or five men who had just come in. They all were stepping rather high and that pompous little duck, J. Chester Downey, was a shade worse than the others. Now J. Chester is bad enough when he's cold, but when expanded by heat he's fit for nothing but Congress. He barely knew Henderson, but his liquor made that unimportant and he came up with his hand stuck out only a little ahead of his chest.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Henderson," he said, as if Johnny had been Addison Sims. "Glad to see you, Mr. Henderson, very glad. What d'ye say to things downtown?"

Johnny threw him a look that would have chilled an Eskimo. He said, "It's quite a lively market," and moved on; but Downey moved with him.

"Things are getting pretty high, aren't they?" he chirped, and Johnny stopped and looked down at him. I could feel the look. "They're getting too high to be safe, Mr. Henderson; that's my opinion," says J. Chester in his cocksure way.

I was surprised to hear Johnny say slowly, "Well, not everything."

"Oh, come now," Downey sputters, very familiar and confident, "the whole list is toppy. You know that as well as I do."

"Some stocks haven't started," says Johnny smoothly, taking his hat and stick from the coat-room boy.

"Just which ones?" asks the little man. "What, for instance?" He wanted his tip, you see—just like old Dan.

"Well, there's Central Western Land, for one," says Henderson easily, and I choked.

Downey yapped, "Hell's bells, you don't mean to say there's something doing in that dead old bird," and Johnny smiled down on him like a chorus girl in the finale.

"You never can tell," he said. "Good night."

In the motor he asked me, "Dick, who was that sweet little friend of mine? I don't seem able to place him."

I told him that J. Chester Downey was the self-recognized livewire of the enterprising stock-exchange firm of King, Downey & Co., and a perpetual candidate for the title of Napoleon of Wall Street. That seemed to interest him a lot and he was very quiet until we pulled up at my door.

Then he said, "Don't sell that Potter stock in the morning, Dick. It's just possible that the little Downey person will be so clever as to misunderstand what I said to him and lift Central Western a bit by buying some of it. So we'll be friendly and give him a chance. And suppose you put your own nose in there again tomorrow and make a few more inquiries about the market in the stock. You needn't keep it secret that you are investigating because Johnny Henderson wants to know."

Of course I knew what that meant, and by noon next day quite a few of the inquisitive souls on the floor had confidential information that Johnny Henderson was interested in old Central Western Land and was sizing up its market. At the same time somebody slipped in and scooped up a thousand shares or so, and the price spurted up to 3. As I told you, it didn't require much buying to move it. Then I went over to Henderson's office to report, and I wasn't there very long before the second chapter began.

Johnny was standing by that big window of his, frowning down into Broadway, and I had just finished telling him I didn't believe Downey had done the buying that had started the stock up. The next second he gave a little yelp and there was a crash and clatter below. I jumped to have a look. One of those heavy old taxicabs had smashed squarely into the stern of a surface car that had stopped suddenly, and a big sedan had swerved from behind and run across the sidewalk, full into the entrance to one of the buildings beyond Wall Street. Men and women were scattering like frightened ants and in the space they left clear I saw a fat little man scuttle out from the edge of the car's front, trip and fall at the curb, lose his straw hat, scoop both it and himself up with one great effort, and disappear into the nearest doorway.

We both saw who it was. I said, "That was Tony Miller!" and Henderson nodded without saying anything. But after we had watched the crowd gather around the wreck for a while he turned to me with a curious look.

"Things happen that way," he said, as if he had thought it all out. "He wasn't even scratched. Do you know where you can get hold of him?"

I know Johnny Henderson too well to ask him to explain anything. It doesn't get results. I knew where to reach Tony Miller, and I went away to get him and bring him in. You know Tony, of course. You don't? That's queer. I thought everybody knew Tony Miller. Two generations down there in the Street, or maybe three, have tried to solve the mystery of him, but it hasn't been solved yet. They all give it up finally, and afterward, when he's mentioned, they say, "Tony Miller! That little rabbit? What the devil can he know? But what was it he told you? He gets good things sometimes. What did he say?"

You must have seen him down there—a squat, thick little man—a gnome with a carved face and a stubble that brings out the curious vagueness of his Irish gray eyes. He goes trotting around with the jerky gait that so many little fat men have, running in and out of the commission houses, chumming with the customers' men and the tape watchers. He's had them guessing for years. I suppose what he has is a freak memory and an uncanny imagination; but whatever it is it gets him plenty of audience. He's always full of the most remarkable tales of what's being done inside the game—in the holy of holies by the highest of the high priests, you know. And now and then he turns out to be amazingly right. When that happens there's a boom in his reputation and for a while they'll believe anything he says.

You know that Tony is an impossibility, but you listen to him in spite of yourself. He claims to know everything, and often he'll startle you. He claims to answer every question that's asked when he's around, and he doesn't stop to look in the back of any book for the answers. You'd suppose the Directory of Directors was his private telephone list, with the Social Register holding the overflow. What he tells is, I suppose, the total of what he hears, plus what he dreams, plus what he invents; but there's always a thread of truth in it and that's what gets you—impresses you. Then, too, the mystery helps. His name isn't Tony Miller at all, and although the Street has known him so well for twenty years and more, no one yet has discovered just who he is, or how he lives, or where.

You see, a man has to live and pay taxes in Wall Street half a lifetime before he stops believing in the possibility of the impossible. Most of them downtown haven't been there that long and that's why Tony gets his hearing. Yet even old ones at the tickers will sit with their mouths open while he fiddles with the tape and tells his tales of Jack, the Wall Street Giant Killer, or the Three Bears of the Stock Exchange—and when he passes out a tip.

Well then, this Tony Miller picked up my call and came twitching up to Johnny Henderson's desk late that same afternoon, with his gray hair all plastered down for the occasion and no other grooming that I could see. The adventure in Broadway traffic had affected only his hat. Henderson started with "What can you tell me about Central Western Land?" and without turning a hair Tony rattled off all the facts I had dug up and a lot more. He knew all about the Swanson control and had some interesting trimmings for his explanation of that. They turned out to be true enough, by the way. And then he put on a foolish grin and asked Johnny a question.

"Why do you want to know about it?" said Tony. "Are you getting ready to do something in it?"

Johnny gave me a queer look and answered that with the precise truth. He had no interest whatever in Central Western stock—yet. A friend who owned some of it had brought it to his attention. He was looking into it and its possibilities but no one seemed to know much about it. He had sent for Tony, who knew so many things, hoping to get information. First, he wanted to know whether there was any sleeping Wall Street interest in the old stock that might wake up if there should be favorable developments in its affairs. Had Tony any ideas as to that?

Tony has ideas as to everything. He shook out his feathers and told Johnny Henderson that it wouldn't be any use trying to move Central Western Land. The Swanson crowd wouldn't let it be moved. He knew that because a certain Lovegrove, of his intimate acquaintance, had tried it once. This Lovegrove seemed to be a great man in the financial world and Tony was scornful when neither Henderson nor I could place him. Why, he was one of the Lovegroves of Sandusky. Not the big Lovegrove—not the one with the whiskers—not that one. The other one—the little fellow. George! Certainly we must know of George Lovegrove, because he had more money than any of them. This Lovegrove man, then, had tried to start something in Central Western at one time, but the Swansons were cold and wouldn't play with him. That was how Tony, his friend, came to know all about the company.

Henderson never batted an eye through all this, and when it was over you'd have thought he was talking confidentially to J. P. Morgan himself when he said, "Now that's very interesting, Miller. I can see that you know a great deal about the thing and I'm glad you came in. But, between ourselves, tell me this: Have you ever heard it suggested that there may be oil on the Central Western property?"

Oil! Do you get that? I didn't—for a minute. And Tony took it, bolted it like a hungry puppy. He answered like a shot, as he always does.

"Of course there's oil there," he said. "Why wouldn't there be oil there? That's why Lovegrove wanted to go into it. But the Swanson outfit won't let anybody know about it." He stood up to Henderson and beat one hand into the palm of the other. "Don't you see how it is?" he explained. "As long as they are fighting among themselves none of the money can be spent putting down wells, and none of the estate's stock could be sold out no matter how high it might go on the news of a strike. That's why the oil stays where it is and does nobody any good. That's why the Swansons swear there's no oil there."

Henderson caught my eye again and said carelessly, "Oh, I can see that. But some syndicate that is willing to take a chance and spend the necessary money might make an arrangement with the estate to drill and pay royalty on what oil it gets."

Tony let his grin come back slowly and you could see that he had discovered Johnny Henderson's secret when he giggled:

"Oh, ho! That's the kind of a deal you're working, is it?"

"I'm in no deal," Johnny told him very positively. "I mentioned that only as a possibility."

But Tony went on giggling: "I know. Oh, I understand."

So Henderson said, "I tell you I have no personal interest in the stock. I simply want to know what the situation is. If you will gun around and bring me what information you pick up on Central Western, I'll make it worth your while." And the little chap went out, promising to deliver that kind of goods.

When he had gone I asked Johnny where he got the oil idea and whether it was original, and he said, "Discovering oil is one of the most popular pastimes of the season, Dick, and I am trying it à la Freud—repressions and dreams and complexes, and so forth. Think I'll get results?"

I asked him how much stock he was going to let me buy for him and he laughed. "Not a share. I'm trying an experiment and I'll stick to Freud. Besides, I never buy a stock that I believe to be worthless. Keep your eyes and ears open and let me know what goes on."

Next day again there was a little more buying of Central Western than usual, but the day after that it came to life with a rush and showed real activity for the first time in years. It bounced up to within a fraction of 5 and closed at the top, and big Sam Harris, who was the specialist in it on the exchange, came running to me with his eyes popping.

"What about this stock?" he wanted to know. "What's Johnny Henderson doing in it anyhow? What's the news on it?"

I told him I had neither news nor reason to believe that Henderson was doing anything in it, but he wouldn't swallow that.

He said, "Don't dodge that way. You told me a day or two ago you were nosing around because Henderson asked you to. Today King, Downey & Co. bought more than three thousand shares and were still bidding for it at the close. I know that was for Henderson, because King let it slip that his partner had been talking to Johnny about the stock. Some of the wire houses are showing interest, and I can smell something cooking. I think you know what it is. Come across with it."

Well, I thought of little Mrs. Potter and her worthy cause and I felt that I should do my bit. So I said quite truthfully, "Sam, I don't really know a thing, but, between you and me, I have heard talk of oil on the Central Western property."

You should have seen him jump at that. "Oil!" he barked. "Good Lord, I never thought of that! Oil! That would be big, wouldn't it? Do you get that straight?"

Of course I explained to him that I didn't get it straight or otherwise, that I'd only heard it suggested as a possibility. But he went away all keyed up, and next day Central Western sold above 6. And that afternoon one of the newspapers had a paragraph saying the stock's strength gave strong color to rumors of the early development of the company's territory as an oil field. That's what you might call news by deduction, eh? It's very popular.

Young McCarthy, of Hammond & Co., showed me the paragraph in the Subway

(Continued on Page 59

—"and as I walked down the aisle in the furniture department, my attention was attracted by some people gathered about a table—in fact, this very table.

"I stopped, and saw a girl pour boiling water on its beautiful surface!

"Astonishing! Hot water might be *spilled* on a table top, but to deliberately pour it . . ."

"That's Duco, the new, clear finish for furniture," the girl said.

"Then I saw hot dishes placed upon it . . . and finally watched it being cleaned and polished by the simple application of soap and water.

"After hearing a demonstrator say, 'This has been done sixteen times a day on this table for a week,' I could not resist buying that very piece—and here it is, an attractive addition to my home . . ."

❦ ❦ ❦

Duco is the transparent armored veil that makes of the furniture you buy today—cherished heirlooms of tomorrow

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division
PARLIN, N. J.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Varnish and Color Works, Toronto

DU PONT
DUCO

Duco Qualities

In addition to its beauty, Duco Finish combines the following advantages:

1. It is the hardest, toughest, most durable finish made.
2. Steam, boiling water, hot dishes, etc., do not mar, or soften it.
3. It is waterproof.
4. Does not chip, crack or craze.
5. Cannot print or get tacky.
6. It air-dries almost instantly, and must be applied by a pneumatic spraying machine.

Duco Finished Furniture

The following manufacturers of furniture are now using Genuine Duco on some or all of their lines

Allegan Furniture Shops
American Fixture & Showcase Manufacturing Company
Art Metal Construction Co., *Steel Office Equipment*
Baker & Company
Beckstege Furniture Company
Colonial Manufacturing Company
Crown Chair Company
Davis-Birley Table Company
Decorators Furniture Company
Empire Chair Company
Fulton Furniture Company
Frank A. Hall & Son
Hanson Furniture Company
Helmers Manufacturing Company
Herrick Manufacturing Company
Hickory Furniture Company
Innis Pearce Company
The Lane Company
John J. Madden Mfg. Company
Maher Bros. Company
Martin Furniture Company, Hickory, N. C.
Meer & Pahlmann Furniture Co
Mueller Furniture Company
Myrtle Desk Company
Nichols & Stone
Parkersburg Chair Company
Saworth & Fultz
Sterling Furniture Company, Greensboro, N. C.
Union Furniture Company, High Point, N. C.
Wemyss Furniture Company
White Furniture Company

Other Uses

Genuine Duco Clear Finishes are adaptable to almost any product made of wood designed for household or office use. Genuine Duco dries almost instantly upon application and thus saves materially in finishing time, storage space and investment in finished product. It cannot be hand-brushed. It must be applied by pneumatic spraying machine or mechanical dipping. Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is already being used successfully in the following industries:

Furniture Office Equipment
Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines Lamps
Handles for Tools
Brooms, Brushes, etc.
Novelties Toys
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets Radio Parts
Vacuum Cleaners
Billiard Cues Golf Sticks
Bobbins and Wood Turnings
Coated Fabrics Caskets Clocks

Duco Colored Finishes

can be used on practically any product, wood or metal, requiring a lasting finish in color. They are already in successful use in those industries listed above and also the following:

Automobile Bodies Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Furniture Electric Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Toilet Seats Typewriters

• • •

Genuine Duco-finished pieces may be identified by the label shown below.

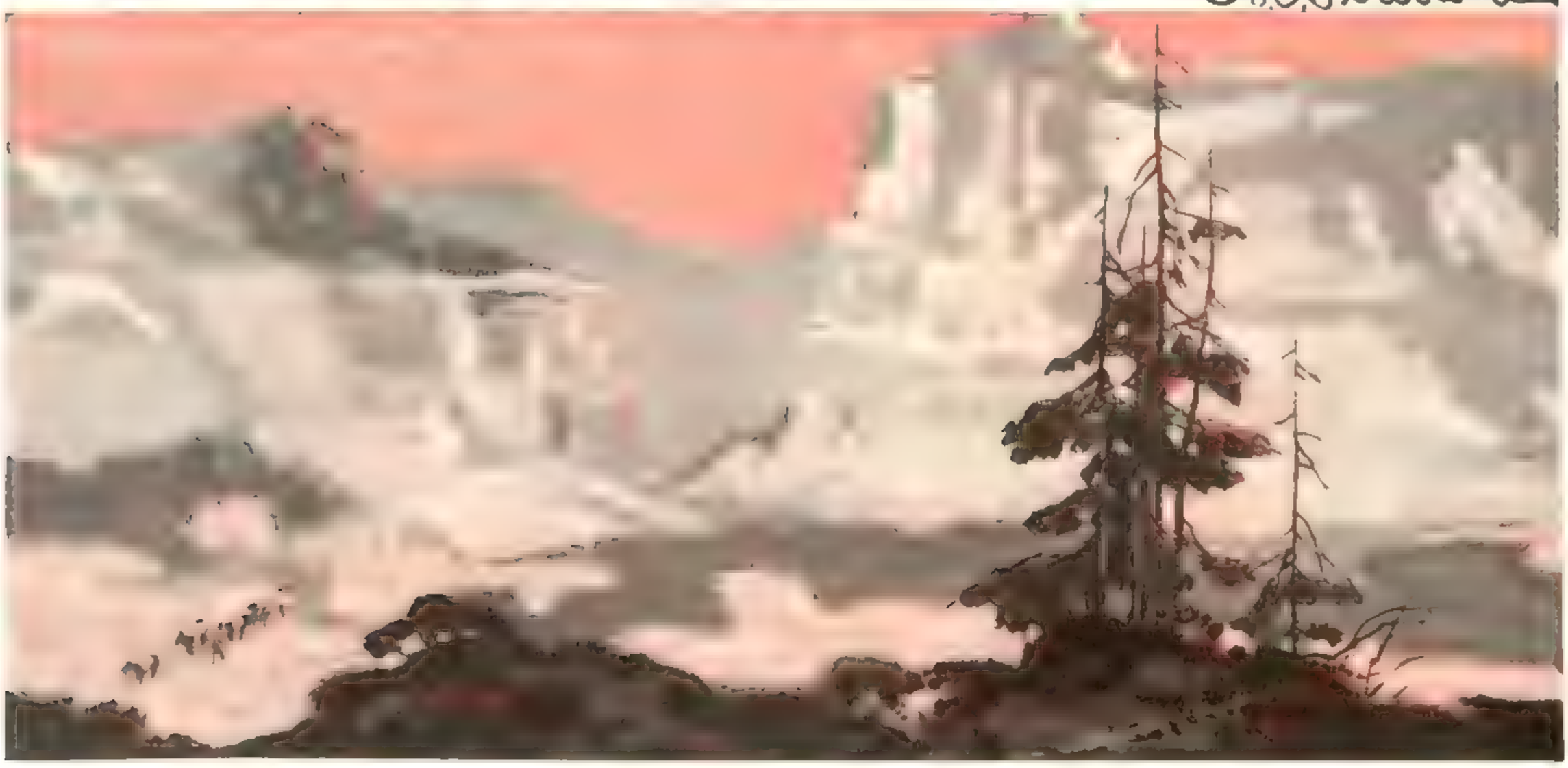
Finished with
DU PONT
DUCO

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE

The names of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark stand immortalized for fearless exploration of the Northwest. Theirs was a service of inestimable benefit to the Union. In carrying out their duties, the lives of these two leaders were characterized by undaunted energy and an amazing disregard for hardships or the perils of the unknown.

The Mark of Quality

IT'S OWN RUBBER . . . H.B.S. firestone



Pioneering for Progress

Typically American was the spirit of the early pioneers who saw the promise of the new land and dauntlessly set forth into the unknown—breaking a path for progress. In our present age the adventurous spirit finds expression in new discoveries and conquests in science, in art, in industry.

In the Firestone organization it has been consciously fostered and encouraged by the Company's head and founder with benefit to all concerned. An example of this is the unique Training School maintained by the Company, which affords younger men of promise an opportunity to acquire a thorough groundwork in the rubber industry, and to fit themselves for real achievement.

The tangible results of such broad-visioned policies are the many major contributions of this organization to the building of better tires.

The past year has witnessed a very definite example of Firestone pioneering effort in the successful development of the true and original low-pressure tire—the Firestone full-size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord.

Endorsed by leading car manufacturers and acclaimed by the public, this remarkable new tire has revolutionized tire building, setting a new standard for the entire industry.

Naturally, other manufacturers, recognizing the value of this contribution to motoring progress, have followed this latest example of Firestone leadership.

Meanwhile, the successful initiative, expressed in the Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord, is adding new honors to the name which has been so continuously associated with the advancement of highway transportation.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES
AKRON, OHIO
HAMILTON, ONT.

Firestone

Personalities of Paramount

Cecil B. De Mille ~

Director General of Paramount Pictures

The name of Cecil B. De Mille is written in letters of fire and gold across the entire history of motion pictures.

In the uncharted land of Filming Life, he has pioneered from picture to picture, devising and improvising point after point of technique that has since become axiomatic with the industry.

In the wake of his progress he has left more than a score of world-encircling productions, all Paramount Pictures, and all so successful that nothing short of his own "Ten Commandments" could out-shine them. Surely the man who showed us the Red Sea open up can do anything with pictures!

The glory of his example set such a torch to the ambition of others that he may be truthfully called director-maker and star-maker.

His philosophy is that the motion picture can be made the greatest instrument of human entertainment and stimulus to perfection ever dreamt of, and every Paramount Picture he makes is practical precept and proof of it.

If you saw "Male and Female", "Manslaughter", "Feet of Clay", "The Golden Bed", or "The Ten Commandments", you know the art of this super-director.

Cecil B. DeMille is now making "Sorrows of Satan"

Jeanie Macpherson's screen play of Marie Corelli's story

SETTING THE GENIUS OF THE SCREEN

Many kinds of talent go to the making of great photoplays.

Like a precious stone, motion picture genius requires setting, and to do this, guarantees and money and organization must be forthcoming from somewhere *in advance of the creation of any real values whatsoever.*

In the past the Great Aristocrat was the patron of art and within the portals of his palace a place was made for the Artist.

Today, Business Organization is the Patron, holding the sacred trust in fee for all the millions of people who seek the spirit of that intenser life called art at the motion picture theatre.

And Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is proud to realize that there are millions who demand to know nothing more about a picture before they go than that its name is Paramount.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

(Continued from Page 54)

on the way uptown. He shoved the paper under my nose and said, "What do you know about this? Is Johnny Henderson working that stock?" I asked him why he thought it was Henderson, and he said, "Because that little chap Miller was in our office this afternoon with a story that a crowd of oil men have leased the oil rights on Central Western's land and that Henderson is in the deal and handling the stock-market end of it. I find other people have heard the same thing. Is it true?"

I told him I knew nothing about it, but he only sneered and said, "That doesn't mean anything. You couldn't admit it if you did know." So I advised him to keep on getting his information from Tony, and I have reason to believe he did.

Next morning I was in Henderson's office when in came Miller with his grin all set. He marched up to Johnny's desk and said, with his giggle, "When are you going to put out the news of the lease?"

"What lease?" Henderson asked him.

And he came back with, "The Central Western lease. It's all signed up. You can't expect to keep it quiet when you're putting the stock up this way."

"That's interesting," Johnny said, "but I'm not putting the stock up and I don't know anything about a lease. Who's been telling you all this?"

"Never mind," says Tony. "I found it out. Lovegrove knows it. I've just had a telegram from him and I meant to bring it in to show you. He's been buying the stock. He got his news from the Swansons. They let him know about the lease."

"Good enough!" Johnny said genially. "Now he can't blame you or me."

Tony stretched his grin and said he didn't believe there would be blame for anybody. Anyhow, he thought Henderson should know that the Swansons were letting the news out. So he twitched himself out and I asked Johnny if he believed there was such a person as Lovegrove.

"Only when Miller is asleep," he said. "The Lovegrove without the beard is a repressed desire. I've been reading about him."

But he was all wrong there. Four or five days later along came a letter, and George Lovegrove was peevish. He complained that a person named Tony Miller, had been bombarding him by wire with passionate advice to buy a stock called Central Western Land. He gathered that this was done on behalf of Mr. John Henderson, who seemed to be promoting an oil company of that name in the stock market. But he knew nothing about oil companies and didn't want to; he never speculated in stocks; and he had no money anyhow. So he wanted the said Tony Miller at least crippled beyond ability to send further telegrams to Sandusky collect. So much for Tony!

Henderson had sent for me that day, and the Lovegrove letter was only one of three he handed over to be read. By that time Central Western was up close to 9, with the oil story going strong and the idea of Henderson manipulation gaining ground every day all around the Street. One of the other letters was from little Mrs. Potter. She had seen the stock quoted in the newspapers above 7 and she wanted to know why Johnny hadn't sold hers there. Seven dollars a share would give her more than half the money she needed for the major's monument and she didn't want it to get away. Johnny should see the importance of it, and if he hadn't sold already, wouldn't he do so right away and send her the money? He laughed and said, "She doesn't know the thing was ordered the day she went home."

The third letter was something else again. It was from a lawyer person named Levine who said he was attorney for young Alec Swanson. I suppose you've heard of Alec. He was a young bounder, one of the principal Swanson heirs, who had been burning up Broadway for three or four years, getting into all kinds of trouble with bookmakers and ladies and tailors who thought bills should be paid sometime. Levine had something urgently important to say on his client's account and he was coming in at one o'clock sharp to say it. He came on the minute.

All he wanted was a fat share of the profits Henderson and his pool were making out of Central Western Land. If young Alec didn't get that, or a cut of some kind, the trustees of the Swanson estate would be enjoined from agreeing to any sale or oil lease of the property. That, he explained, would blow up Henderson's play in the stock. So it was up to Henderson to make a choice and make it quick.

"But what would you say," Johnny asked him, "if I told you that I am not making a play in the stock and that I don't know anything about a pool in it?"

"For what I would say you could have me locked up," says Levine. "Do you think you could get away with that with me? The next thing you'd tell me would be that you don't know anything about oil being found on that land."

Johnny let himself go and laughed in the man's face. Do you wonder? He said, "That's real news, Mr. Levine. When did it happen?" And that started Levine.

He couldn't be bluffed by John Henderson or anybody else. All the money in Wall Street couldn't frighten him. He knew the facts. He knew that the crooks who were keeping the rightful heirs out of their share of the Swanson estate had made a deal with Henderson and his Wall Street gang. He knew that drilling for oil on the Central Western property had been going on in secret and that oil had been found. And he knew that the news of it was being held back until the lease had been made and a lot of cheap stock picked up in the market. He knew a great deal more, and if his client, Alexander Swanson, wasn't counted in or settled with, the whole scheme would be ditched

By the time that speech was finished Johnny had his face straightened out and his hair all mussed up. He asked Levine where he got all his information and Levine reminded him that his client was a Swanson and in a position to know everything.

"Well," says Johnny, "I'll have to admit that you seem to be very well informed, but I'm afraid I shall have to disappoint you. I have no interest in Central Western that I can divide with your Mr. Swanson."

So Levine went away threatening all kinds of trouble, and Johnny Henderson and I sat still and wondered where it all was going to end. Everybody who was doing things in the market knew the oil story by that time and the whole of Wall Street was trying to get a line on what Henderson was planning to do with Central Western stock. I suppose that was about the time old Dan got in. It was bobbing up and down and working higher, little by little, with from five to fifteen thousand shares changing hands every day. The news agencies and papers were saying things about it regularly, and finally one of them printed the whole deal in detail.

The Swanson estate, it said, had sold at least half its holdings of Central Western to a syndicate made up of Henderson, the Lovegrove interests of Ohio, and several Wall Street banking houses. Geologists and other breeds of oil sharps had investigated and reported that a whole ocean of oil was underneath the company's territory, and the syndicate, with the aid of the Swansons, was going to take the cover off immediately. At least one gusher a day for the next year or two was inferred and, for good measure, the boy who wrote the piece said the oil would be very high grade.

Of course that outburst brought a denial from one of the Swanson trustees; but he stuck to the text and only denied that the estate had sold or would sell any of its Central Western stock. So the newspapers promptly roared over this piece of studied deception. They said he had carefully avoided saying anything about a lease, which was the form the deal was to take, no actual sale of the Swanson stock ever having been discussed. Therefore he was trying to fool the public, probably to help the Henderson crowd get more low-priced stock. And the public saw the point so plainly that the denial actually jumped the stock to a new high price above 11.

Meanwhile, King, Downey & Co. and half a dozen other firms were tipping Central Western constantly in their market letters.

The afternoon of the day Central Western went above 11, I toddled over to Henderson's office after the market had closed and went in past three newspapermen who were waiting to see him. They were after Central Western news and he called them all in at the same time. But he reminded them that he had a rule never to confirm or deny gossip about what he was supposed to be doing in the market, and they couldn't get him to say yes or no to anything until one chap piped up and asked, "Honestly now, Mr. Henderson, do you believe Central Western Land is a valuable oil property?"

"I don't know," says Johnny. "I have no personal knowledge of it, and what I believe is not important. You men are looking for facts, not beliefs, aren't you?"

"Where shall we get them?" one of the boys wanted to know.

And Johnny looked straight at me as he suggested, "Why don't you try Leo Levine?"

Of course they had never heard of Levine, so Johnny said, "He's a lawyer and personal counsel for one of the Swanson family. He has told me more interesting things about Central Western than anyone else. According to him, oil has been found on the property and the discovery is being kept secret. Why not go see him? He's a talkative person and I don't doubt he'll tell you what he told me when I saw him a few days ago."

And Levine did! He told them even more. And next morning there were fine big headlines over the story of the oil finds on the Central Western property. Levine and young Alec Swanson both talked, and the papers gave estimates of the production of the wells—there were several by that time—and told also how Johnny Henderson and a Wall Street pool already had accumulated a great line of the company's stock on which millions would be made. But nothing was said about an injunction to ditch Johnny Henderson's deal, because, as we learned afterward, Levine and his client had bought some stock themselves and had no mind to say anything that might hurt it.

Do you remember that oil story and what it did to the stock? Henderson called me before the opening that morning and told me to sell Mrs. Potter's two hundred and fifty shares at 13. He had just received a letter from her saying that she guessed she didn't want to sell, after all, because she read that the stock would soon be worth more; but 13 would give her the money she wanted and a bit more, and he didn't pay any attention to the letter.

I sold it as the gong rang, and I couldn't help getting 14 for it, because the stock opened there with a roar. And it didn't stop climbing until it went above 19. That was one wild day in Central Western Land. They traded in nearly a hundred thousand shares of it and it closed at its top—up from 2 to nearly 20 in three weeks! And all because an old lady wanted to put up a tombstone and a cocky little stockbroker was a bit annoying one night out there in the hall of this club! Also because so many people like easy money and believe in fairies!

I don't have to tell you that the inevitable happened, and there wasn't any delay. The oil story was flatly denied overnight, with a statement that there hadn't been, wasn't, and wouldn't be any oil lease of Central Western Land, partly because nobody had proposed such a thing, and partly because there was no oil to be leased. So that was that, and Central Western stock smashed to 10 the next day. Remember? And within a week it was selling below 5, with some of the newspapers telling how hard Johnny Henderson and his pool had been hit, and others yelling that the wicked manipulator had deliberately stung thousands of innocent and confiding—barbers and waiters and silk merchants and dealers in doo-dads and what not. The papers called them small investors.

And that's the story of Johnny Henderson and Central Western Land. Did he sting anybody? I leave it to you. Think it over before you answer.

Gellatly reached for a tall glass that had been set before him, and young Astley began, "Well, it seems to me ——"

But Kellerman interrupted and said, "I wonder how old Dan got away with his life? Let's find out."

He rang, and when the old man came he asked, "Dan, who told you when to get out of your Central Western that time? How did you happen to do so well?"

"No wan tould me, sorr," Dan said. "I had an ordher with me broker to sell the three hundher' at aayteen, and wan day whin I waan't lookin' it wint to that an' more, all at wance. So he sould it for me. 'Twas a bit o' luck."

"You had three hundred shares, did you?" Kellerman seemed surprised.

"Yis, sorr," Dan answered. "three hundher' was all I had that toime."

"All you had that time?" Gellatly repeated sharply. "What do you mean? How much more did you ever have?"

"I have more now, sorr," said the old man readily. "I have near six hundher'. I bought it whin it wint down ag'in."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"All prices, sorr—from 12 down to 7. I bought now an' ag'in. Phwat d'ye think of it, sorr? D'ye think 'twill be goin' up soon?"

Gellatly turned to Kellerman.

"Can you beat it?" he demanded. "They're all alike! They won't believe the truth when it's told them. He's shown that the stock is no good, but he goes back into it and buys twice as much as before, so he loses all he's made and a lot more. Where would you put the blame for that loss?"

Old Dan gave the answer.

"There's no blame, sorr," he said comfortably. "I have it paid for an' all. I'll hould till it goes up again. I can waayt."

"Wait!" Gellatly snorted.

Prentice Ward remarked helpfully, "Your Mrs. Potter waited, you know, Dick. She waited and won out."

"She did," said Gellatly with sudden new indignation, "and I'll tell you about her. This will give you another angle. Three or four months after the Central Western hullabaloo Henderson took me with him down to Carverstown for the unveiling of the major's monument. It was quite a party. They had a parade, with the town band, a couple of old Grand Army men, a few more Spanish War vets, and their new American Legion post. The whole town turned out and the congressman of the district did the orating. And dear old Mrs. Potter pulled the rope. Johnny had the time of his life, and I got a thrill or two out of it myself.

"After the worst was over and the crowd was scattering, Johnny was holding a little reception of his own with some of the old people and I was standing with Mrs. Potter, looking at the monument. I told her how handsome it was and how proud and satisfied she should be.

"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'it's a very nice one, but there was a much bigger one that I would have liked better. It was five thousand dollars and I might have had it if Johnny Henderson hadn't sold that stock so soon.'

"I said, 'So soon! Why, Mrs. Potter, you traveled all the way to New York to sell it when it was two dollars a share, and you scolded him when he didn't sell it at 7. He held it until you got 14 for it, and now it's down to nothing again.'

"'But it went to nearly twenty dollars,' the old lady insisted. 'I left it all to Johnny, thinking he'd know about it, but he missed getting me all that other money.' She pulled me down and talked in my ear. 'I wouldn't say anything to hurt his feelings,' she said, 'but I always used to tell the major that maybe Johnny Henderson didn't know as much about stocks in Wall Street as he thought he did. And I was right, wasn't I? If he's made all the money there in New York that people say he has, I don't see how he did it.'"

Kellerman stood up and yawned artfully.

"Haven't you heard enough?" he asked young Astley. "Let's go before they tell us another one"

But Prentice Ward said, "Wait a minute! There's one point I want cleared up. Dick, you told us that at the very beginning of the Central Western move somebody started the stock and shot it up to 3 by scooping up a thousand or so. Who did that?"

Gellatly glared.

"You're a disagreeable person, Prentice," he snapped. "Did you have to ask that?"

"I thought so," grinned Ward. "Johnny Henderson doesn't buy worthless things, but other people do. Did you get out of it at the top, Dick?"

"I didn't," answered Gellatly tartly, "and it's no affair of yours."

"You carried it all the way up and still had it when it smashed, didn't you, Dick?"

"Well, what of it?" Gellatly demanded, showing discomfort. "It was down to 10 before anybody could turn around."

"Don't crawl," persisted Prentice "Did you sell all of it at 10, Dick?"

"No."

"Half, Dick?"

"Not quite half."

"Ah! And what have you done with the rest, Dickie? Still got it?"

"Well, what if I have?" Gellatly blazed defiantly. "It's mine, isn't it? I have it paid for and put away."

Old Dan bent over the table and abolished an imaginary speck.

"We'll waayt, won't we, Mr. Gellatly—the two av us?" he said, smiling.

REVENGE

(Continued from Page 17)

A picture of the old man swam before his eyes—long, lean and vigorous, with weathered cheek and shrewd blue eye, his mouth twisted to the right in perpetual irony; a fine old man, fine even in his injustice and wrong-headedness, a man you could stand up to and enjoy quarreling with. Now that it was gone, Gid knew how he had hungered and thirsted for a chance to stand up to his grandfather, to defy him, to give him as good as he could send. He had thought of it as an encounter of sworn enemies; now he knew his dream had rather been that of man to man; that his triumph was not to have been injury to the old captain, but the proof of his own mettle, a justification of himself to the only human being to whom he wished to be justified.

Gid looked up from his boots, conscious that Henry was watching him.

"Sho!" he said.

"Yes—died two months ago. We couldn't git word to you, because nobody knew where you was."

Gid was able by a strong effort to lay hold of that part of himself which he most valued.

"See here, Henry Dilley," he began, "if I find there was anything crooked—if I find you didn't treat the old man right——"

"You might ask around town," returned Henry dryly. "He was paralyzed for over two years, and I lived with him and took care of him."

For a moment Gid was obliged to turn his back to Henry, but pride put her hand upon him and turned him about.

"House is yours now, I presume?"

"Yes."

"That's one place I'll never put foot in then."

"The store's mine too," said Henry dryly.

"You executor of the will?"

"Yes, I am."

"How about that two ——"

Henry held up his hand. A customer had entered. To Gid as to himself it would be shame and disgrace to be caught publicly discussing these private affairs which are expressed in figures.

Gid did not want to talk about money anyway. He wanted never to talk again. For the moment he did not even want to annihilate Henry.

He slunk back to the boat, accountable to the cook for a loaf of bread forgotten, and to the mate for the air of a conqueror lost fathoms deep. Neither was anywhere to be seen; the deck of the Hattie B. echoed under his footfall. Gid threw himself into his bunk, face downward; he need not be a hero again till tomorrow morning.

III

THE name of Myra had come but once to his lips while he talked to Henry. From that source he would not deign to ask of Myra in the present. His account with her was something separate and apart, to be reopened in its own hour and mood. His pride in himself as a lover did not demand impatience as its chief quality, and he was willing to put off seeing her till noon of the next day, with the loading of the lumber well begun.

In Gid's code he who shaved of a weekday was something less than man; but in honor of the woman over whom he meant to reestablish dominion he stooped for once to foppery. Braving the amazement of the cook and the mate, he put on, besides, a collar and tie, and, the day being warm, took off his sea boots.

To Myra's house one walked past the store and the post office some two hundred yards, took the second turn to the right and mounted a little hill. There it stood, trim and white and green, Myra's house, like a dainty woman drawing aside her skirts from the dust of the highway to look back upon the sea. The main part of the house, with the front door in its gable end, was farthest from the road, with which the L was in friendlier relation, inviting you across the grass to enter by way of the kitchen. The front door was only for state occasions, and for ladies coming in their best; masculine visitors in their workaday clothes, coming on errands yet to be defined, went around in the rear of the kitchen and came modestly in by the shed. The kitchen door was for those certain of their rights.

Gid's feet took him by the well-worn path to the entrance with which they were most familiar. Pleasant smells of baking came from the kitchen in waves.

Someone watched him as he came. Just within the screen door a girl was standing, meditatively engaged with a russet apple. Above its shadow rose the waving brown hair and slate-gray eyes which had woven themselves these many months through the tissue of the captain's dreams.

His heart leaped; but a wave of awkwardness, of embarrassment swept over him. He should have been exalted by his joy; he knew that. He should have taken her masterfully into his arms and kissed her, kissed her over and over again; let the whole world see him and the whole world go hang.

He said, "Well—hello, Myra!"

The apple was removed, and as to the face thus revealed, Gid's only perception was that it did not belong to Myra, after all.

He looked at her distrustfully, and she read his thought with ease.

"I'm Myra's sister, Lucy," explained Myra's double. "You want to see her?"

"Sister!" cried Gid, as if his resentment of the assertion had power to disprove the fact. "I never knew Myra had a sister."

"Oh, yes, you did," declared Lucy in an offhand manner that seemed to Gid alien to the ways of Hammettville, and slightly indecorous. "You knew, but you'd forgotten. That's me in the parlor on the mantelpiece in a white dress. Half-sister, I am. Mother went West after she married again, and I was brought up out there. She died last year and I came back to live with Myra. You're Gid Hammett—aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, everybody in town knows you're back. Besides," she smiled, "you look like Gid Hammett. I'll tell Myra."

Gid plucked a blade of grass and chewed nervously upon it till Lucy's return. This time she opened the screen door, sat herself down upon the step outside, and looked confidentially up into the captain's face.

"She don't want to see you," said Myra's sister.

"Don't want to see me!" cried Gid, aghast.

"No, Myra, she don't want to see you; but she's going to. I told her she'd better."

"You told her she'd better!"

"Yes, Cap'n Gid Hammett, I told her; and for once she listened to me."

Myra herself appeared before Gid had time to close his lips upon his amazement. She came with obvious reluctance, her head still moving backward in a series of defiant tosses.

Gid's first impression of his old love was that she looked less like herself than Lucy did. Her figure, indeed, was as slight as it had been five years ago, her hair as brown and wavy, but about her whole person something had settled hard and tight and restraining. The glance she cast upon him was like a touch of ice upon his skin. It seemed critical, almost inimical; and yet, of course, that could not be. He would prove to her that it could not. She had mistaken her part, and he would set her right.

"Myra!" He set his face to advertise dumb and pleading anguish.

"How do you do, Gid?" spoke Myra in precise and nipping tones.

"You never said you didn't want to see me, did you, Myra?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did?"

"My stars, how often you want to be told?"

"Well, this is a nice story!" cried Gid, mercifully borne beyond shame by the driving force of his indignation. "Here I've been looking forward to this day all these years and lotting on it, and toiling and moiling so I could come back in good shape, with something laid by, and leading a life that no one could say a word against, I don't care who 'twas, and in my own vessel, so's't I could take you away with me—and all I hear is 'Myra, she don't want to see you!'"

"How in the name of goodness," cried Myra sharply, "did I know you was coming back?"

"Because I said I would. Ain't that enough? You forgot what I swore to you, night 'fore I left?"

"Yes, I have," snapped Myra.

"And how you promised——"

"Anybody that set any store by a promise might 'a' thought of it before this. Why, for all I knew, Gid Hammett, you might be dead and buried, or at the bottom o' the sea; you might be married or anything. I ain't even had a letter from you for nearly two years!"

Gid's jaw set. "I'm here now, and I'm here to marry you and take you along with me. I said I'd do it, and I'm a-going to!"

Myra laughed briefly and sardonically. "Perhaps you ain't heard I'm goin' to be married to somebody else next Monday night."

"Married! Married! Who to?"

The needle of Myra's inclination hovered between prudence and dramatic flourish. "Henry Dilley!" she cried at last. "That's who to!"

Through the dark and numbing wrath that fell upon him, for a moment Gid was conscious of seeing nothing but Lucy's face grinning impishly over Myra's shoulder. Then that rage which flowed through his brain like a molten river of lead began to divide into separate channels, setting and hardening. There was anger at Myra's unfaithfulness, there was consuming wrath at Henry, wrath that Henry had treacherously tried to take her from him, wrath that Henry had left him to learn his own humiliation from Myra's lips. But above it all came a rush of exultation—the exultation felt by the bulldog spoiling for a fight when his arch enemy comes into the open and seizes his own private bone.

"Goin' to marry Henry next Monday, are you?" he roared.

"Yes, I'm goin' to marry Henry next Monday!" repeated Myra in the tone used by children when engaged in the sport of "mocking." It marked a slight sinking of the heart at the masterful ways of her slighted lover, and perhaps a hint of reluctant admiration.

"We'll see about that!" cried Gid in a bellow that was almost joyful.

Unfortunately for Henry it was the hour when he locked the store and went home for his noonday dinner. It was his habit to pause by the way and say a word or two to Myra; and all unconscious of what was brewing, he now came briskly up the path while Gid's fury was still at white heat.

Gid turned upon him as the bulldog turns upon the terrier. Instinct urged him to demolish Henry and be done with him forever; the presence of the women blew hot and cold upon him, urging him on for glory and holding him back for shame.

He took one tentative step toward Henry, fists clenched.

Myra screamed.

"What's the matter with you now, Gid?" asked Henry as to an unruly child.

"I'm a-goin' to kill you, that's all."

Henry looked warily around him as if for help. There was no one in sight. He stepped backward. Gid advanced. Henry did not exactly run away from his cousin, but for two or three minutes kept him dancing after him over the grass. Then he suddenly adopted an attitude of feeble defense, both hands held out before him.

It was too easy, and yet it must be done. Myra was screaming and somewhere outside the blur Lucy shook her head violently and incomprehensibly from left to right and back again.

Gid did not quite kill Henry, but he left him behind, limp and inert, and very much in need of arnica.

"You see what he did!" Myra was crying to a group of neighbors suddenly assembled. "You see what he did! You see what he did!"

IV

YES, they had seen what he did. The whole town knew by now the kind of man he was. Gid entered upon the early afternoon in a glow of satisfaction with himself that made it a pleasure to curse the mill hands and the crew right soulfully; the loading of the boat ran half a day ahead of schedule. News of the fight had got abroad; old friends who strolled down to renew acquaintance mentioned it with a guarded twinkle of the eye.

The mate took the liberty of mentioning it. "I hear he's getting a warrant out for you, Gid," was what he said, and grinned. There was derision in that grin; the captain's prowess with his fists was a fact so well established that one more successful battle could not in itself command the mate's respect.

A bulldog is praised not for the fury but for the timeliness of his efforts.

Little by little the captain's sense of satisfaction ebbed. After supper he grew restless. Inactivity and the society of his own crew became insupportable, and lighting his pipe he went for a walk. By footpath and wood road he struck into the back country away from vessels and stores and post offices; was overtaken by dusk, the sleepy pipe of birds and the shrilling of tree toads; and came out of the twilight again and upon the last dying flame of the afterglow as he mounted the hill behind Myra's house and descended the slope toward the sea. It was a slight miscalculation; he had intended to slink by under the cover of darkness complete.

The first outpost of the fortress was Myra's woodpile of logs, cut twice, seasoning by the roadside, fragrant in the evening air. He passed it slowly, reconnoitering. There was no light yet in the house; it was not quite time for one. Beyond the trim stockade was a jumble of logs uncut and unpiled, beyond them again a sawhorse and a chopping block.

"Good evening!" spoke the chopping block casually. Myra's sister was seated upon it, her back against a heap of logs.

Gid returned the salutation gruffly, head held averse.

"Looking for Myra?"

Gid grunted, noncommittal.

"I wouldn't go in just now if I's you. Henry's there."

"You can't go anywhere in this town, far's I can make out, without running afoul o' him."

"Oh, yes you can! Henry came right back here after dinner, and he's been here all day. Hasn't even been to the store. Lo' Higgins is all alone there. He can get to our house 'cross lots, but he can't go much of anywhere else. Henry's eyes are both black and blue; Myra's been treating 'em with arnica and beefsteak. Black and red, rather; the right eye's more black than red, and the left more red than black. That's what you've done for Henry Cap'n Hammett."

Gid leaned against the sawhorse.

"It ain't a circumstance to what I'm goin' to do to him."

Lucy looked dreamily away to where the afterglow had been.

"Of course it was a peach of a thrashing you gave Henry ——"

Gid had imagined himself as embarking on an argument with one of Henry's allies. He turned and looked at her dumbly, his eyes and whole face suffused with speechless gratitude, like a dog who has been given a bone when he expects a beating. "You don't like Henry!" he breathed.

"It was a peach of a thrashing," repeated Lucy firmly, "but I can't for the life of me see what you want to thrash him for."

"You ever heard all Henry done to me?"

"Oh, I've heard something about it."

"Wan't it pretty mean?"

"Mean enough."

"You blame me for trying to get even?"

"No. But do the black eyes make you even with Henry?"

"But I tell you I've only just begun——"

Lucy laughed briefly. "I suppose you think Henry's going to sit there with his two black eyes, waiting for what you'll do next! Didn't you ever thrash Henry before?"

"Plenty o' times!" Gid's eyes glowed with satisfaction.

"Just for fun now—when was the last time?"

"The day before he bragged he'd tell on me to grandfather and keep me from gettin' my share of the Hattie B."

"And the next day he *did* give you away to your grandfather, and you got turned out, and you did lose the Hattie B. See what I mean?"

Gid seated himself astride of the sawhorse. The falling darkness hid the wake of new thoughts working outward to his face.

"You don't seem so awful fond of Henry yourself."

"I'm not. Henry's mean; I don't deny it. I suffer a lot from Henry myself. He'd like to get rid of me after he marries Myra. You see, I answer him back when he lays down the law, and set her a bad example. Then there's the matter of beaus—they kind o' get in Henry's way. There seem to be a good many around sometimes."

"I should 'most suppose there would be," said Gid with a sideways glance.

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"Every now and then he picks a quarrel with one of them, gets him out of the house, and Myra always backs him up."

"How's he goin' to get rid of you," asked Gid with sudden acumen, "if he drives away all your beaus?"

"Let him find out after he marries Myra."

"He ain't goin' to," said Gid stubbornly.

Lucy examined him through the gathering dusk. "You just as crazy to marry Myra as you ever were?"

"Yes, I am!" shouted Gid.

Lucy looked apprehensively toward the house. A faint light struggled from it through the lilac bushes.

"She'll hear you."

"I'm willin' to have her."

"Or maybe Henry'll come out here and find you."

"I ain't afraid to be found."

"You want to meet Henry again?"

"I just as soon."

Lucy meditated. "I don't know; it looked queer to me the way Henry stood there and took that thrashing—and the way he waited till the folks came out from next door. Henry can put up a fight if he's a mind to. He's got something up his sleeve or I miss my guess. My idea is you better keep away from Henry for a while."

"I'm goin' to see Henry Dilley tomorrow morning! He's got two thousand ——"

"Henry's going over to the Harbor to see Lawyer Phillips tomorrow morning," spoke Lucy, still meditating. "Look here! I've told you enough so you ought to be willing to trust me. Don't you go near Henry till I give you the word."

Gid looked obstinately off into space.

"Good night!" said Lucy.

"I'm goin' in with you," declared Gid. "I got something I want to say to Myra."

"Oh, for goodness' sakes!" Lucy had a moment of dumb exasperation. She came back from a point halfway to the kitchen door. "Don't you know anything? You keep away from Myra too!"

v

THE captain slept badly that night. He sat down to breakfast feeling that he had been lured back to Hammettville by the last false smile of a fate consistently perverse and malign. But when he spoke it was only to go on record as to the quality of the breakfast.

His language was such that a real cook would have been through on the spot. Waldo answered sadly that he didn't relish his own cooking any more than the captain did

"A woman on board, that's what we need," said the mate, winking at the cook.

"Shut up!" said the captain.

The captain's inner gloom and surface touchiness lasted all that morning. He was in the midst of some peculiarly disagreeable comments on the mate's technic in handling boards when a motorboat, coming from the direction of Spring Harbor, rounded the point, made the channel and filled the whole cove with the chug of an engine without a muffler. When he looked up, the boat was alongside, and in it was the figure of Henry; Henry without a hat and displaying brazenly to the world a blackened and sinister countenance.

The engine stopped and Henry stood up in the bow.

"Hel-lo-o, Gid!" he called.

Gid went to the side. "What d'you want?" he said roughly as to an unknown intruder.

"Sa-ay, Gid," said Henry, "if you'll come around any time tomorrow, I'll fix that up for you."

His words were vague, but Gid was perfectly familiar with the local custom of referring publicly to weighty and specific matters in general terms. Henry was speaking as executor to legatee. Though it was temporarily impossible for his countenance to be amiable, his voice was eminently so.

Gid's contempt and amazement at Henry's acquiescence in his own shame were such that he could only express them by a grunt.

"You be 'round?" pursued Henry.

Gid grunted again. Henry started his motor and went on his way.

vi

AFTER supper the next evening the captain sat on deck smoking. He had to himself the boat, the wharf and the whole waterside wrapped in the glamour of the setting sun; the cook and the mate had gone to a dance at the Harbor, and he was companioned only by his own thoughts. They were tonight such as he would have been willing to speak aloud. He felt the need of being expansive, and rehearsed in his mind what he would have said to certain chosen parties had they been there to listen.

He sat upon a nail keg, his feet upon the rail, his back to the wharf, and was unaware of a shape that tripped soundlessly across the sawdust and so from the wharf to the deck.

"Good evening," spoke a woman's voice.

For a moment the captain believed that Myra, sobered and penitent, had come to beg his pardon and throw herself on his mercy. He turned, and the sun caught him in the eyes. Before he could raise them the voice had spoken again. It was not Myra's. It fell, for all that, soothingly on the captain's hearing, and he had to set himself against allowing his mind to follow the defection of his ear.

The shape that was not Myra's fluttered about the boat like a restless and inquiring bird.

"What a jolly old boat!" cried Lucy. "I wish I lived on a boat. Always going somewhere, always seeing something new. That's where you put your cargo—and where's the cabin where you eat and sleep? Oh, down that funny black hole! Lovely! Why, there's lots of room, and it's as clean as clean. You could take your wife and family with you if you had one."

"I'm cal'latin' to," said Gid grimly.

"Myra—Myra, she never did care much about the sea."

"She'll learn."

Lucy coughed. "How'd you make out with Henry this afternoon?"

"How'd you know I saw him?"

"I tell you everybody knows everything in this town; you ought to found that out."

Gid swelled a little. "Well, I guess maybe I didn't make such a mistake thrashin' Henry after all. Henry, he handed me my two thousand dollars as clever as anything, and that was all there was to it."

"Act mad about it?"

"I wouldn't say so. I sh'd think he'd 'a' felt cheap, but he didn't seem to. I guess I got ahead o' Henry this time, Miss Lucy."

Lucy looked thoughtful. "Oh, I wouldn't be sure of it. He had to give you the money. Lawyer Phillips told him so. It was a charge on the estate."

"Well, I got it and I can use it."

"Crazy about money, aren't you?"

"I'm crazy about my rights. I come back here to git my rights, and more ——"

Lucy hastened to change the subject. "That reminds me that what I really came for was to give you a message from Myra."

Gid adopted the look of an indulgent sultan.

"Myra's sorry for some of the things she said to you yesterday."

"I thought she would be."

"And she'd like to be friends with you."

"I thought 'twas about time."

"Oh, you thought 'twas about time! You want to know the real truth? Myra had a row with Henry tonight. That's one reason she wants to make up with you. Henry don't want to be married till his eyes get well, and Myra, she says if he don't marry her Monday she'll never marry him at all."

"Myra's right. She won't never marry him at all."

"Of course not; it was a crazy idea she had How you going to stop it?"

"You can all of you wait and find out."

"Tell me," coaxed Lucy.

"No," said Gid.

"Now, see here," said Lucy: "Myra wants to marry Henry, and Henry wants to marry Myra. Why in the name of common sense can't you go away and leave 'em alone?"

"Because Henry Dilley ain't goin' to get his hands on anything that belongs to me."

"Most people would want to marry a girl because they were in love with her."

"Ain't I in love with Myra?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"Ain't I proved it stayin' true to her for five years like I've done?"

Lucy sighed "Don't you know you can't go off for five years and expect to find the world standing still just for you? I bet you had enough sight better time roaming around to New Orleans and Buenos Aires and everywhere than what you'd ever have had here. You may be crazy about Myra just as you say you are, but outside o' that you don't care about money or your old rights or getting on in the world or anything except raising ructions. All you're accomplishing now is pulling Myra and Henry up with pride and importance by making them think they've ruined your life!"

Gid contemplated her with grudging but genuine admiration. "I'll say this: I never heard anybody talk like you in all my born days! It's like preaching; I can't understand more'n half of what you're driving at."

"Oh, it takes time to understand me," said Lucy, "but it's worth it, once you do. Well, shall I tell Myra you've decided to go off when your ship's loaded and let her alone for the rest of her life?"

"You tell her to have her things all packed and ready to stow below, because she don't know how soon she may need 'em."

Lucy looked at him with an exasperation that was almost conjugal in quality. "You can't take Myra by surprise and run off with her. She's got full as much mind of her own as what you have. Why, if you'd ever lived in the same house as Myra ——"

"What about it?"

"Nothing," said Lucy, sisterly loyalty interfering betimes with confidence.

"And you tell her to come down here tomorrow, same as you done tonight. I've got something to say to her private."

Lucy's eyes narrowed shrewdly; in the smile on her lips were amusement, affection and a whole-souled contempt for the stupid purposeless obstinacy of the male.

But she knew a limit when she saw one. "I'll tell her," she sighed, and rose to depart.

"Don't go," said Gid.

"Why not?" asked Lucy.

But Gid had no reason why not. His jaw dropped and his cheek flamed at the words that had come from he knew not where.

vii

GID waited in more than customary impatience for the next evening. He rehearsed the things he meant to say to Myra. He pictured Myra standing, a woman with ears and no tongue, still and conscious-stricken before him. His interview with Henry had prepared him for things as improbable. He wished almost that Lucy, too, were to be present to hear him at his best.

Lucy had found him in his workaday clothes. For his interview with Myra he assumed a blue coat and a yachting cap, kept for shore use only.

The cap and the coat intrigued the mate. "Goin' courtin'?" he asked.

"No," returned Gid shortly, "I'm goin' to stay right where I am."

The mate lighted his pipe and settled down for a little conversation. Waldo joined them.

"How'd you make out at the dance last night?" asked the captain.

"Nothin' extra."

"Ain't another tonight anywhere, is the'?"

"If there was I wouldn't go across the street to it. Not a girl there that was fit to look at."

"And all I could do *was* look on account of my leg," chirped Waldo.

The captain coughed, and looked at his watch. It was twenty-nine minutes after six. At half-past six precisely he thought he saw Myra tripping across the sawdust. She came nearer.

"Oh, it's you!" The captain was able without effort to adopt the cavalier tone appropriate to the presence of the crew.

"Yes, it's me," confirmed Lucy, brief and businesslike. Her eyes did not seek the captain's but dwelt confidingly and with pleased surprise on the forms of Ryan and Waldo.

Waldo lowered his pipe, and Ryan made nervous motions with a horny hand among his tangled locks.

"Get out!" hissed the captain below his breath.

They moved slowly, reluctantly, the mate sighing deeply, Waldo shaking his head from side to side in admiration of the captain's undeserved good fortune Lucy's smile grew ever more sweet and more softly lambent as they receded; she nodded her head at last in definite farewell and was recalled to a sense of Gid's presence with a start, allowing an afterglow of tender regret to fade slowly from her eyes.

Thunder threatened upon Gid's brow

"Myra comin'?"

Lucy shook her head in gentle commiseration. "Myra's too busy; she's got a lot of sewing to finish. Only one day more before the wedding, and tomorrow's Sunday."

"Send any message?"

"Myra says she hopes you're willing to let bygones be bygones and she'd be real pleased to have you come to the wedding."

"Oh, I'll be there!"

Gid studied the inscrutable face of Monte Cristo descending his eternal stairs, and frowned; Lucy studied his, and smiled.

"It was really my own idea coming; I found out something I think you ought to know—something I guess Henry didn't tell you."

Gid's face set again for a storm.

"It's about your grandfather's will. It's been probated and anybody can read it that's got a mind to. I read it myself when I was over in Sanborn. He's left you free and clear besides that two thousand of your father's, three thousand dollars. 'To my beloved grandson, Gideon Hammett.' I saw it myself."

"No!" cried Gid, gulping. "Grandfather called me —— He left —— He forgave me before he died." He turned his back square upon Lucy, tears in his eyes, unmanned and at her mercy.

Lucy's hand stole out toward him and back unseen.

"My goodness, Gid Hammett!" she cried at last. "Ain't you forgetting something? Here's a chance to be good and mad at Henry, and you ain't taking it?"

"Damn him!" spoke Gid from the very depths.

"Certainly," agreed Lucy briskly. "But you'll have to sit up nights to catch Henry breaking the Ten Commandments or getting on the wrong side of the law. If he didn't give you the money it was because he didn't have to."

"What you mean?"

"It'll come in handy, that money will," suggested Lucy warily. "You could buy another share of the Hattie B "

"Damn the money!" cried Gid. "All I care about ——"

"All you care about is cutting off your nose to spite your face. That's what I keep telling you."

"I'll get it out of him, you see if ——"

"Of course you'll get it out of him. If it's in the will he's got to give it to you. And now about Myra—shall I tell her you'll be at the wedding Monday night?"

"You won't tell her no such thing. I'm sailing Monday morning."

"Well, that's right!" said Lucy heartily. "Go peaceably, and no harm done."

"And I cal'late to take Myra with me."

"My heavens!" Lucy had risen. She sat down again. "You've about as much chance to get round Myra now ——"

"She's goin' with me."

For once Lucy looked baffled. That is, to Gid her face underwent a change. He did not know that the change announced Lucy as baffled, because he had basked hitherto innocent and unsuspicious in the deceiving light of confident feminine comprehension.

Gid preened himself. He was more of a man than any of them knew. He'd show them; sweetest of all would it be to show Lucy.

Long and thoughtful was Lucy's regard. If Gid was right about Myra, and she was wrong, the key to the mystery was not in the man's guileless mind; it must be sought in the little house on the hill; the duel would be fought between equals, and simple weapons would not avail. Her eye gleamed.

"I told you to keep away from Myra, and I thought you'd done it."

"Folks don't always do what they're told to."

"She did quarrel with Henry," murmured Lucy to herself.

The captain stood armored in silence.

"And ——"

The captain's silence was becoming to him; for once he looked as masterful as his own vision of himself, as he would like to be.

"Good-by," she said at last, resuming her usual brisk and competent mien. "If things are as you say, we may not meet again before you sail. I'm sorry you had to see so much of me and so little of Myra."

"Oh, that's all right," Gid answered awkwardly. "I'll see plenty of Myra later."

"Good-by, Captain Hammett," repeated Lucy, holding out her hand. "I wish you luck."

"Good-by," he said, and wrung it. "Lucy, I'm glad to of made your acquaintance. If he bothers you any after we've gone, you just let me know."

"He won't." Lucy looked dreamily away to the other shore, allowing her hand to rest in his as a part of herself over which she had resigned responsibility. "Henry objected

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(Continued from Page 62)

to me only as a sister-in-law. It was on account of our house, you know. Myra and I own it together. Henry thought my getting married, too, might prevent it getting into his hands."

"Ain't that man a hawg!" breathed Gid.

"'Tain't likely he'll give up the house just because he's lost Myra. It's about the only one left in town he hasn't a mortgage on."

Lucy paused to allow the implication to sink into the simple mind with which she was dealing.

It got to Gid at last. "You mean he'll try to marry you next?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Marry someone else to spite him!" urged Gid warmly.

"That's you, Gid Hammett!" said Lucy indulgently. "Why should I bother to do a thing to spite somebody else unless it's going to be an advantage to me? Maybe I'd get more out of going to Boston to study stenography than what I could get out of getting married."

"Maybe you would," he agreed thoughtfully.

Gid was still holding her hand, by observing the system of absent-mindedness introduced by Lucy herself. His eyes, however, less disciplined than hers, betrayed a certain pleasure in the act.

But in mood and substance the interview was a thing finished and complete, and threatened, if continued, to spill over into a violation of the unities.

"Good-by," said Lucy briskly, allowing herself to become conscious of her own right hand and withdrawing it with decision.

"Good-by!" said Gid. "You promise not to tell Myra anything I've let drop."

"Oh, I'll promise."

VIII

ON SUNDAY, when all the soberer part of the village was in church, the captain took a last stroll through Hammettville. The cook and the mate were with him.

"That's the house," said the captain briefly as they mounted the hill, crowned by Myra's little domain.

The crew noted it.

"It's that room 'side o' the front door."

"That one?" asked the mate, pointing.

"No, that's the parlor. The one on the left." The captain pointed it out carefully. "You go in by the front door."

"How'll we get in?"

"They don't never lock their doors here."

"Look here, Gid," objected the cook. "I don't like it—right into a lady's room!"

"Knock at the door and tell her to git up and git dressed."

"Supposin' she screams?"

"'Twon't do any good; nobody else in the house but her sister."

"Supposin' she screams too?"

"'Tain't likely."

"I wish'd you'd come with us, Gid."

"Somebody's got to be makin' sail, ain't they?"

The cook sighed and shook his head. The mate's eye gleamed with the delight of adventure.

Suddenly he paused and removed his hat with a flourish.

"What you doin' that for?" asked the captain, suspicious.

"It's the other one; one that comes down to see you. She's lookin' at us out o' the window. Say, Gid, this ain't such a bad town."

Gid grunted.

"I do' know but I might run up here again by myself sometime."

The captain nodded briefly at Lucy as his contribution to the amenities. The mate was disposed to linger, but was prodded up the hill.

IX

THE morning chorus had trailed off into stray chirps and peeps and the east was stained with saffron when the schooner nosed her way into the channel and stiffened her sails as the breeze caught them. The wind was fresh; even in the cove waves whitened under the light. Monte Cristo had been torn halfway from his moorings and flapped helplessly against the wall above the empty wharf.

The captain had issued his commands in a voice subdued to the landsman's level, and a vocabulary so shorn of its usual richness that the crew winked joyfully at each other with whatever eye happened to find itself outside his range. The reason for this tame and monotonous departure was below; it had been carried aboard by the mate and the cook successfully at the appointed hour.

"All right?" asked the captain of the mate as they were casting off.

"All right, cap'n."

"Struggle much?"

"Not more'n you'd expect."

His exclusive knowledge of the channel now kept the captain at the wheel. He stuck to it, clung to it almost, till they were out of the cove and heading out through the islands for the open bay.

It was borne in upon the captain, as after the punishment of Henry, that there is something strangely sad and stale in the hour of triumph as compared with the time of struggle. He had sworn to make off with Myra from the very arms of Henry, and he had done it; but now the act which had closed his vista was itself receding into the past, leaving rough and treacherous water in its wake. He thought of that which awaited him below with all the enthusiasm of the man who has persuaded a scratching cat into a bag, and now must coax her out and tame her.

"Lady wants to speak to you, cap'n." The mate was at his elbow, his voice sunk to a confidential whisper.

The captain rose, tightening the muscles of his jaw, and resigned the wheel to Ryan. He went slowly down the companionway into the cabin, digging out of his mind the words he was presently to utter, and clinging to them desperately that they might not fail him.

They gushed forth without recourse to act.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said the captain.

"Now don't say another word till after you've had your coffee," began the lady kindly. "Your arrangements here are pretty poor, and not what I could make 'em if I gave my mind to it, but still and all, I've got breakfast ready. I told the cook to leave it to me, and he said he'd be glad to."

Gid sat down heavily and accepted the coffee as in a trance. "I'll pay them good for this!" he murmured.

"No, you won't; 'twan't any way their fault. They followed your directions just the way you gave 'em. Myra, she'd been having rheumatism and I offered to change rooms with her."

"When'd you change?"

Lucy smiled privately and mysteriously. "What difference does that make?"

"You promised ——" began Gid, trying to storm.

"Yes, I know I promised. I had to promise something to get you out of Hammettville before you tore it to pieces. Myra never would have married you, not if you'd kept her on bread and water from here to the Horn. She did quarrel with Henry, but I expect they've made it up by this time; they always do. I suppose you can't believe it, but the truth is she likes him."

The captain swallowed this along with his coffee. He did not speak.

"And there was another thing: That three thousand dollars the old cap'n left you had a string to it; it wasn't to be given you till you'd led a sober, righteous and godly life for five years after his death."

"The' can't no man make such a will!"

"No, of course not. But the cap'n made it, and Henry's executor; he may overlook those two black eyes, but he'd never overlook your running away with Myra. I think something of three thousand dollars if you don't. Eat your breakfast!"

It was not a breakfast for a hungry man to defy, and Gid ate it; but he ate with all the outward gloom and sadness he could muster. When it was finished, he went on deck and back to the wheel, and was still sitting there when Lucy came up and the crew went below for their share.

Lucy knew the coast. She caught the southern shore of Gull Island over her left shoulder and knew that they were still slipping on—on away from Hammettville. The wind blew fresh and steady, and the schooner dipped before the advancing wave, pulled herself together, rode high upon its breast and dipped again.

"I spoke to you just now," suggested Lucy.

"I didn't hear you," answered Gid. "I was thinkin'."

"You weren't thinking of putting about, were you?"

Gid shook his head. "I got my business to attend to, now I'm started. But I don't want to put about anyway. I do' know what's the matter with me. I ain't the man I was."

Lucy sat sociably down beside him, with the air of a housewife who has finished her morning tasks and is ready for a little conversation.

"I suppose you're wondering how you're going to get rid of me," she suggested.

"No, I ain't," said the captain. "I ain't wonderin' any such thing. I was thinkin'—I was thinkin' —— How's a man goin' to know how he ought to act? Now you take it like this: I didn't have to go back there—I can take any cargo I'm a mind to and go where I please for it. I went back there because I wanted to and because I thought it was right to go. There was those three people I had in mind. I wanted grandfather to know I'd made a man of myself; that was right, wan't it? I promised Myra I'd come back, and she promised to wait for me; and not to shame her I waited till I had something to offer her. Wan't that right? And Henry—well, I wanted to get even with Henry; and the way I look at it that wasn't no more'n what was due me. Well—grandfather's dead; Myra, she likes Henry better'n she does me; and Henry's still got the whip hand of me. Things are queer in this world; you do right, and what do you get out of it?"

Lucy smiled demurely. "If you'll put in at Rockland I'll take the boat for Boston; or if that isn't in your course you can drop me at Stonington and I'll wait for the Morse."

"The' ain't either of 'em in my course. I'm bound for Boston myself."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lucy.

"I don't see why you can't go to Boston on the Hattie B. It's rough here maybe but we got everything a woman would want. I always cal'lated to take my ——"

Lucy's face achieved a miracle of blank innocence.

"There's things I'd like to talk over with you. I guess I ain't much good; I can't seem to settle anything all by myself. Like what I just said: What am I goin' to get out o' goin' back there? What was the use of it? What does a person ever get out of their own mistakes? Ain't any of 'em ever goin' to be made up to me?"

Lucy, thus credited with omniscience, looked down at her feet and smiled a long mysterious smile. She let the wind carry the captain's questions away like mutinous discords still unresolved. The answer to all Gid's questions was so easy she trusted him for once to find it out for himself.

PLEASE PASS THE IODINE!

(Continued from Page 23)

in remote mountain valleys and that only the hugest and most tremendously overgrown cases were noticed. And these there was no use worrying about, because they were incurable by the clumsy surgical methods of the day and produced comparatively little disturbance of health or shortening of life.

But one day, scarcely more than half a century ago, it was rather suddenly discovered that certain forms of depression and chronic nervousness in middle-aged women with pasty faces, dull eyes, ashy complexions, thin greasy hair and a mental state of great depression and apathy, were due to wasting away of this thyroid gland after the change of life, and what was much more interesting, they could be cured completely by feeding the patients with extracts of the thyroid glands of animals.

So recent in fact was the discovery that the death has just been reported, due to old age, of one of the first patients who was recognized and put on the thyroid treatment.

The old lady had been kept alive and in excellent health by a steady daily dosage of, in the first place, sandwiches made of the raw gland, and later prepared extracts of it, for nearly forty years, in the course of which time she was estimated to have devoured the thyroid glands of something like nine hundred sheep. Incidentally, the patient far outlived the doctor who had put her on the treatment, illustrating the well-known medical aphorism that the best way to live forever is to get a chronic disease and then sit down and take care of it.

A second finding, almost within a decade or so of the other, was that there was another form of goiter, marked by enlargement and overgrowth of the thyroid gland instead of shrinkage, recognized by protuberance of the eyeballs, hot and cold flushes all over the body, warm sweats, and incredibly rapid pulse, reaching in some cases 180 beats a minute. And what challenged our attention was that instead of lasting for years without appreciable harm to the health, it produced an extremely serious illness, with a death rate of nearly 20 per cent within two or three years. This came to be known by the graphic and descriptive title of exophthalmic or out-eyed, "pop-eyed," goiter, on account of this protrusion of the eyeballs.

These two goiter harpoons waked us up to begin a systematic study of the condition of the thyroid gland at all ages, which culminated about ten or fifteen years ago in the astonishing and disquieting discovery that all over the great middle belt of this country, and not only there but all over Central and Western Europe, from 20 to 60 per cent of our young boys and girls of high-school age had mild degrees of enlargement of this gland. We had literally been taking food out of our children's salt and feeding it to sheep.

Here was literally a pretty kettle of fish, or rather a kettle without fish, as we shall see later, and we were for a time fairly stunned with this extraordinary and apparently menacing state of affairs. But we were not long in finding a clew. About fifteen years ago, while analyzing and studying in the laboratory this curious gland which had leaped so suddenly into the limelight, it was discovered that it differed from all other tissues of the body chiefly in the fact that it contained appreciable quantities of iodine. We all know iodine as we do the back of our own hands, as the saying is—that dark-brown liquid which stains our skins so deeply and which comes out of the family medicine chest to be painted over cuts and scratches and swollen joints and enlarged glands and has such a pungent smell. Also, probably most of us know, as a hazy recollection from our high-school days, that it is found in sea water and seaweeds, and with its sister element, bromine, is largely responsible for the bitter nauseous taste of a mouthful of old ocean which goes down our throats when bathing in the surf.

This caught our eye at once; but the amount of iodine was so tiny—scarcely more than three-quarters of a grain, or as much as would fit on the point of a penknife blade, in the entire gland—that it seemed absolutely incredible that a mere half pinch of any element could possibly produce such extraordinary effects upon the whole human body. But it set us thinking; and when, now scarcely more than five years ago, the active principle, or "soul," of the thyroid, thyroxin, was extracted and isolated by Kendall, at the Mayo brothers' laboratory at Rochester, Minnesota, and it was proved by actual demonstration that doses of a few thousandths of a grain would cure myxœdema, or the pasty-faced under-thyroidism of women, and turn an idiotic dwarf called a cretin into a comparatively normal child of three or four, and that three-quarters of this thyroxin was iodine, we began to sit up and take notice. If a mere fraction of a pinch of this bitter brown sea salt could do things like this in disease, what might not its importance be to the human body in health?

This sent us back on a second search to see how widely spread over the system iodine was. And, as we had suspected, the infinitely delicate and responsive tests of modern laboratory science showed that every tissue and every part of the body contained its tiny percentage, or rather per thousandage, of iodine. To paraphrase Scripture, we live and move and have our being in extremely dilute solutions of iodine; which is simply another way of saying that we are merely a skin full of sea water and that every cell in our body is a jellyfish swimming in brine.

This instantly raised the question in our minds, Where do we get iodine? In the sea water. Where don't we get goiter? Along

(Continued on Page 66)

SUCCESS
Without A Parallel In Motor Car History

Exhibiting at the Silver Jubilee Automobile Shows, New York and Chicago; also at other principal shows.

AS A MANUFACTURING and business achievement, the success of the Chrysler Six in its first year before the public is remarkable enough. But it is even more remarkable since, both in number of cars produced and in money-volume, it reaches figures never before recorded in the 25-year history of the motor car.

In its first year, just closed, Chrysler Six has built and shipped more than 32,000 cars. The public has eagerly paid over $50,000,000 for the privilege of enjoying the motoring superiorities which were unknown until Chrysler revealed them.

One year ago the Chrysler Six was little more than a name to the public at large. Beyond the word of Walter P. Chrysler that it was striking an entirely new note in motoring performance and efficiency and comfort, it was an unknown quantity.

Today it is the one car talked about above all others.

Never before has a motor car so quickly and completely captured the whole public.

Never has any car appealed so irresistibly to buyers of all classes, and to owners of all classes of cars.

Never has any car so completely swept aside traditions or so surely pointed the way to the obsolescence of the cumbersome, the heavy and the wasteful in motoring.

Never before have such results as Chrysler Six provides been achieved with such compactness of construction and yet with comfort of such superlative degree.

In a word, the Chrysler Six—in the 25th year of the motor car, when it might have seemed that the full gamut of engineering and manufacturing ingenuity had been run—gave to the public a car which in size and weight, in comfort and room, in performance and economy, in alertness and stamina, was precisely what the public had long wanted, but never before received.

The Chrysler Six was designed to yield results never before achieved.

It offered those qualities which the American sense of the fitness of things admires and desires.

It brought a new alertness and aliveness to the motor car—a flashing acceleration that is pure delight. As never before, it joined roominess and conservation of space. It revealed performing abilities which had always been just beyond reach. Now see what has taken place.

What has come to Chrysler Six in its first year is nothing more than the reward and the recognition which the world is sure to bestow upon something distinctively superior to that which has preceded it.

Thus Chrysler Six completes the first of what enthusiastic Chrysler owners predict will be many successful years—years in which we shall earnestly strive to keep the Chrysler as far ahead of the wasteful and the commonplace as it stands at this minute.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

Watch This Column

STARS IN THE "WHITE LIST"

Announcement of Universal's "White List" has proved a sensation amongst theatre managers. I can say without exaggeration that no list of picture-plays produced since the industry began has revealed such excellent stories and such uniformly capable casts. Keep the list for future reference and add the following to those you already have:

"The Clash," featuring ALMA RUBENS and PERCY MARMONT, assisted by Jean Hersholt, Cesare Gravina, Rose Rosanova, Zasu Pitts and Andre De Beranger. From the story "Miracle," by Clarence Buddington Kelland, which appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal. Directed by Edward Laemmle.

MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY in ***"Fifth Avenue Models,"*** based on "The Best in Life," by Muriel Hine, assisted by Rosemary Theby, Josef Swickard, Rose Dione and Jean Hersholt. Directed by Svend Gade.

VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"Up the Ladder,"*** with Forrest Stanley, Herbert Holmes, Margaret Livingston, George Fawcett, Priscilla Moran. This is Owen Davis' Broadway stage hit and was directed by Edward Sloman.

HOUSE PETERS in ***"Overboard!"*** from the novel "Head Winds," by A. M. Sinclair Wilt.

HOOT GIBSON in ***"Let 'er Buck,"*** with exclusive scenes of the famous Pendleton (Ore.) roundup of 1924, and Marian Nixon, Josie Sedgwick and G. Raymond Nye. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Have you seen ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"?*** You'd better. It is the greatest spectacle of the year. HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Tornado"*** will arouse and enthuse you. ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** is coming along splendidly, thank you.

Drop a line today for our beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet. It is yours for the asking.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 64)

the seacoast and the shores. Where don't we get iodine? Up in the mountain tops. Where do we get goiter? In the same places.

The whole problem of goiter or myxœdema, of cretinism and exophthalmia, seemed to resolve itself into a question of the presence or absence of a few pinches of iodine in our thyroids.

Studies were promptly made by geologists and chemists of the percentages of iodine in soils and drinking water all over the United States, and these findings compared with its percentage in sea water, showing that, in the language of the report, "Practically all the iodine in the world is in the sea." This is due to the fact that, like its inseparable companion, common salt, iodine is the most readily soluble of all the salts contained in our rocks and soils, which were mostly, of course, laid down under sea water. And as the dry land gradually rose up out of the ingulfing ocean, leaving more than three-fifths of its area still at the bottom of the sea, the first elements to be washed out of the soil of the low mountains and poured into the sea were iodine and salt.

This explains at once why it is that through all history goiter has been especially associated with but not entirely confined to high mountain valleys, beginning in the Alps and the Apennines and Carpathians, and including the Atlas Mountains of Northern Africa, which were the cradle of the white race; and of late, as shown by McCarrison's interesting studies, the Himalayas and the mountains of Tibet.

These mountain valleys are in the first place a long distance from the seashore, so it was impossible for them to renew their supply of iodine by the method we shall discuss later. Also, having their strata more sharply tilted so as to allow drainage, they have been washed more completely free of their iodine and salt. A pinch of iodine is as important and vital in human life as the proverbial grain of salt.

It also comes home to us directly and solves our perplexing puzzle over why our great and fertile Mississippi Valley area and Great Lakes belt, or zone, though as innocent of mountain ranges of any sort as a lizard is of feathers, should show such an extraordinary flood of simple goiter. It is not necessary that you should live on mountains to get goiter, provided you are far enough from the sea and your soil has been sufficiently leached of all sea salts or covered by glacial drift which has naturally been "double-washed." And how appallingly thorough has been that leaching and washing can be realized by the statement of the Geological Commission that an average human being would have to drink Lake Superior water steadily for forty years to get a sufficient amount of iodine for one yearly charge of his thyroid gland.

Three Ways of Eating Iodine

But of course all this, fascinating as it is to the goiter enthusiast, would have been merely a rather melancholy triumph over a puzzling problem if we had not at the same time been able to give it a practical turn, and "with the bane provide the antidote." But this, thank heaven, we can now do, and the hair of the dog that didn't bite you will cure 90 per cent of all cases of simple goiter and greatly improve even the severest exophthalmic forms.

But perhaps someone will ask in the language of the day, How come does iodine get into the human system of dwellers along the coasts from sea water? They certainly don't swallow enough of that when they are in swimming, although some of us have felt that we had swallowed half the Atlantic Ocean at times; nor do they or any of their domestic animals habitually drink sea water.

There are three ways of eating iodine along the beaches. First and most obvious, by the free consumption of fish, clams, lobsters and all other forms of sea food, which are not merely dripping with but soaked in sea water and its contained iodine. Second and more important, by the fact of the tide rising over the extensive salt marshes all along our coasts, whose iodine-soaked grass is either pastured directly by cattle or consumed later in the winter in the form of salt hay. A curious illustration of the inborn craving for iodine is that the earlier settlers along the New England coast just north and east of Boston, where the great salt meadows come down to the shore, insisted upon having for every forty acres which they took and cleared up in the hills, ten acres of salt meadow; and these holdings are still attached to the hill farms in many parts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire today. Coming down to the coast to cut the salt hay was one of the great outings and picnics of the year, during which they also got a good taste of iodine in various ways.

Last and probably the most important of all forms of iodine distribution is by sea spray. Everyone who has enjoyed the exhilaration of fighting his way along the sea sands or over the dunes in the teeth of an autumn gale will well remember the prickling of his cheeks and the distinctly salty taste on his lips brought by his battle with the storm wind.

Health in the Sea Breezes

But we have little idea how far inland this spray treatment of the country and its inhabitants with iodine extends. In the great Quaker school where I was a boarder in my schoolboy days, in the North of England, it was no uncommon thing to find the windows of our dormitory on the seaward side after a great storm so thickly encrusted and caked with sea salt that we could write our names on them with a slate pencil or the end of a finger; and yet those windows were forty miles inland on one side and sixty on the other. This is a fair illustration of the distance inland to which sea salt can be driven on the howling blasts of the fall and winter storms. And appreciable salty deposits have actually been recorded two hundred miles from the surf.

Very little, of course, of this salt or iodine is inhaled into the nostrils or even sprayed on the faces of human beings; but every bit of it falls sooner or later upon the leaves and the grass and the soil, sinks down into the drinking water, or is eaten by cattle or sheep and so finally finds its mark in the human thyroid.

No wonder we have such an absolutely unconquerable and irresistible craving for a visit back to the beaches every summer. In the words of the poet ——

"Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that great sea
Which brought us hither."

The habit of going down to the coast in summer, which now extends clear across the country both ways to the Rocky Mountains, and to the California and Florida beaches in winter, is based upon a sentiment nearly as old as the world itself. How powerful and practically effective this impulse is may be glimpsed by the statement of one of our leading real-estaters, that the extraordinary and phenomenal rise in the value of beach properties and shore real estate has been one of the most striking and surprising happenings in the history of real estate. In the past twenty-five years it has exceeded in percentage of rise even that of downtown city real estate and almost equaled it in total volume of sales, and is far more uniform and reliable. As he pithily puts it: "Beach property chosen with any reasonable judgment is the only property which is always a good buy."

Here then was pretty convincing proof, not only from all over the United States but from almost all over the world, that goiter is most intimately associated, in the language of the day, both ways from the ace, with shortage of iodine in our food and drinking water, if not actually caused by it. And the question arose, if the disease goiter is caused by deficiency of iodine, why not cure it by giving iodine to make good this deficiency? But with true scientific and humanitarian caution, before recommending the use of iodine on a nation-wide scale for the cure of goiter, we wanted a further test upon some form of animal life in the state of nature. We had, of course, proved by experiments that goiter could be produced in dogs and then cured by the administration of iodine; also, that by putting a dog under the conditions which would almost invariably induce goiter, and then giving him plenty of iodine in his food, goiter would be prevented from developing.

While we were anxiously sweeping the horizon for the opportunity of such a test, Nature and the United States Government played directly into our hands; the first, by producing a rapidly fatal form of enlargement of the thyroid in fresh-water fishes in the government hatcheries; the second, by its Bureau of Fisheries calling in consultation one of our leading students of the goiter-iodine complex, Dr. David Marine, to see if anything could be done to relieve the condition. After looking the situation over and identifying the disease as a fish goiter, Doctor Marine suggested putting so much iodine salt per day into the stream supplying the hatchery pools. The results were simply miraculous. Within a week or ten days the little troutlets were sitting up and taking notice of flies and worms and things, and within a short time the goiter shrank down and the fish became literally as sound as a trout.

This was a result of great practical importance to the Bureau of Fisheries, because this form of disease of the throat and gills had been a pest of trout hatcheries for years and was so fatal that it was known as trout cancer and had broken up many attempts to hatch and breed trout.

It may seem at first sight a little far-fetched, but there is probably a special reason why trout are so susceptible to this shortage of iodine. As everyone knows, the whole group of trout and salmon have one peculiar habit, and that is, like bad boys, they run away to sea in early life. They are all hatched in fresh water, many of them in very tiny streams, indeed; but as long as they stop in fresh water they never attain any considerable bulk or size. Salmon, for instance, run down to the sea about a year after they are hatched, with a length of about six or seven inches. They come back from the sea one to three years later, grown to a weight of from fifteen to thirty pounds, to find their stay-at-home brothers and sisters who were hatched from the same eggs still barely six inches long.

Incredible as it may seem, many of the trout have the same restless habit; and if they can easily run down to a brackish water estuary so as gradually to get accustomed to the salt, and finally get out into the sea or a big salt-water bay, they too, will grow from fingerlings up to ten, twelve or fifteen pounds' weight. So it is hardly too much to describe a salmon as a trout that has run away to sea or a trout as a salmon that did not have the enterprise to ship before the mast.

Now what do they get in the sea which was not available in the sparkling brook or the little inland lake? In the light of our recent knowledge, it begins to look as if the answer might be iodine, for all the other elements of the food are equally abundant and nutritious in fresh water. In other words, salmon is simply iodide of trout.

Good for Troutlets and Children

Incidentally, this iodine cure throws an interesting light upon the long-drawn rule-of-thumb procedure of those who have the care of goldfish in a bowl, minnows in an aquarium, or any other sort of pet fish, of giving them every few weeks a bath in salt water or—if they can get it—sea water, on account of the tonic and enlivening effect it produces upon them. Even a goggle-eyed goldfish in a bowl may feel the cosmic urge for iodine.

With this convincing proof of its widespread curative value and wholesomeness, we no longer hesitated about trying iodine out cautiously on our little human troutlets in a school. Doctor Marine and his coworkers, to whom a very large share of the credit of this important discovery is due, with full consent of parents and teachers, put the boys and girls in one of our lakeside schools upon a new course, not of study but of iodine—a few grains of iodide of sodium three times a day. Some of the pupils objected slightly to the bitter salt taste; but they didn't insist upon their opposition when it was discovered that in about three months' time the number of simple goiters among them—that is to say, of enlargement of the thyroid gland, which could readily be seen—had decreased from seventy-five to about twenty; and further trial showed that this improvement could be increased to complete cure by keeping up the remedy in the same doses for about six weeks twice each year.

Not only did the goiters disappear but the general health of the children distinctly improved; and what was of almost equal practical importance, their progress in their studies was unmistakably hastened and the percentage of retardation distinctly diminished. As retardation has been one of the banes of our public-school system for years, estimated to add annually from 10 to 20 per cent to its entire cost, the teachers pricked up their ears at once and became almost as enthusiastic over the new procedure as were the doctors.

(Continued on Page 68)

As Your Car Runs

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I M M E N S E !

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

(Continued from Page 66)

Together, they spread the news of one of the most useful and promising of partnerships—Doctor, Teacher & Co.—that has ever been developed, with the result that now literally hundreds of schools, not merely in the goiter belts around the Great Lakes and in the Mississippi Valley but all over the United States, wherever a careful study of the school children has shown a high percentage of goiter, are attacking the goiter problem with iodine with most encouraging results both as to health and scholarship.

The good news spread across the Atlantic and was promptly welcomed in Switzerland, partly because it was the native home of goiter and partly because of its high degree of general intelligence and open-mindedness. The authorities overcame one of its chief objections, the taste—because this led a certain percentage of pupils secretly to "duck" the dose—by coating it over with chocolate, which no schoolgirl can resist, and within a few months similar excellent results were obtained. In Zurich, for instance, the percentage of goiter before iodine was used was from 80 to 90 per cent; after iodine, it was barely 30 per cent; while the schools in the canton of St. Gall fell from 87.6 per cent of goiter to 13.1 per cent three years later. So the Goiter Commission recommended that this method of goiter prevention be instituted as a public-health measure over the entire state.

Of course all these results were carefully checked by what we call controls; that is to say, examinations of other pupils of the same age in the same village or county, in schools in which no iodine was given; and also, more precise and convincing yet, by the proportion of goiter persisting in those children who either themselves, or from objection on the part of their parents, declined to take the iodine. In every such test the percentage of goiter in the children who did not take iodine remained unchanged, or else increased distinctly, showing that the improvement in those benefited was due solely to the iodine and not to any mental impression or to a better care of their health in other respects.

The only serious objection raised to the method is the claim that in a certain number of cases a simple and comparatively harmless form of goiter has apparently been developed into the exophthalmic, or dangerous, form under or after the iodine. But so far these apparently bad results have been few in number and scarcely at all in excess of the normal 1 to 2 per cent of all cases of simple goiter which experience has shown may take on the more serious forms. Also, it must be remembered that, in the keen attention focused on every form of goiter in all the children of the community by these tests, a number of cases of mild exophthalmic goiter have been discovered which would otherwise have escaped notice

Gratifying Results

But this relief and clearing up of simple goiter is only a part of the health benefits of the new balanced ration. In the course of the work in various neighborhoods, family histories naturally were widely discussed, children reported other cases of goiter occurring in other members of their families, and finally careful studies of the family history of the goitrous pupils were made exhaustively in certain selected neighborhoods, with the interesting finding that almost universally the percentage of goiter in the mothers of goitrous children was much higher than that in the rest of the community. And curiously enough, in the case of the boys who showed simple goiter the percentage of goiter among the mothers was very high, indeed—in some cases reaching 70 to 80 per cent. And to our delight, when some of the more intelligent and enterprising mothers of the community took, steadily, iodine in small doses through their period of expectancy, they not only had less disturbance and discomfort but their children were born more vigorous and without any trace of goiter, though, of course, it is as yet too early to say how many of them might develop it later in life.

So the situation seems to be that by the taking of three chocolate tablets containing a few grains of iodide daily for six weeks twice each year, the goiter present in both boys and girls can be cured in 90 per cent of all cases; and that by the administration of larger doses to mothers through the period of pregnancy, the development of goiter in their children can probably be prevented in advance.

But this, gratifying as it is, is only, of course, a partial solution of the problem. It reaches only one age group of the population, and not by any means all that, as, of course, the taking of the tablets is entirely voluntary on the part of the children. Thus other methods which will reach the whole community at all ages and will be more nearly automatic in their action have been eagerly sought for and worked at. One is the increasing in every possible and reasonable way of the eating of sea fish and sea foods of all sorts. This is in itself an admirable step in the promotion of the public health, but is obviously of a somewhat limited and local character, very largely confined to the larger cities. Another is the encouraging of the seaside habit and the back-to-the-beaches slogan. But this, though valuable in many other ways as well, is even more limited in its possible action. But a much more fundamental and far-reaching method is at our disposal.

When Salt Is Too Pure

One of the first questions which arose in our minds when we began to grasp the relation between iodine shortage and goiter was the natural one of why there appears to be, not only in America but in nearly all countries of the civilized world, such a surprising amount and apparent increase in the occurrence of simple, or mild, goiter. Part of the answer, of course, is that until the last ten or fifteen years we never looked for it on a large scale by examining large numbers of apparently healthy individuals for evidence of the disease. But the general feeling is that some other influence is at work and that the increase is real, and we are more and more steadily drifting to the view that the salt problem is the basic one of this new-found menace. In other words, that a very large part of the insistent craving for salt, which is one of our oldest instincts, was due to the iodine, which was left in the salt when it was evaporated out of the sea water; in short, that our modern methods of refining and purifying salt to snowy whiteness and crystalline purity are at the bottom of this world-wide increase of mild goiter.

This much is certain: Analysis of cheaper or inferior grades of salt today, such as are used for salting cattle, curing meat and preserving fish, shows that they contain good quantities of iodine; while on the other hand, scores of analyses show that our nice white, crystal-pure brands of table salt, which are so beautiful to the eye, are absolutely devoid of even a trace of iodine. This, of course, at once makes the practical suggestion, Why cannot we modify our methods of salt purifying, stopping short of leaching out all the iodine? Practically, this can readily be done without much additional expense; but there is a strong trade objection to it on the—from the dealers' point of view—quite reasonable ground that salt of this type does not look so well, will not keep so well in cellars or shakers and may be objected to at times on account of its slightly bitter taste. But these are only questions of the intelligence and education of the general public on these points.

This salt modification is one of the most rational ways and the most universally effective way of making good the iodine shortage. What we have taken out of our salt with one hand in order to make it look pretty and keep better we can restore to it with the other.

Several practical movements in this direction are already on foot. For instance, by order of the state board of health and agreement with the salt manufacturers, salt offered for sale in Michigan after the first of January, 1925, will contain a certain number of parts per thousand of iodide, leaving the manufacturer to produce that condition either by shortening his process of evaporation or by making his pure white salt and then adding to it afterward this trace of equally white sodium iodide.

Curiously enough, the latter method is believed to be the most practical, because by leaving enough residue from the sea water in our table salt to carry over a sufficient per thousandage of iodine, other non-attractive and ill-tasting elements are left with it, so that the salt is less attractive both in appearance and taste. It is probable that Michigan's lead will be followed by a number of other states in the near future.

All that is needed is to give to each growing child about five grains of iodine each year, or less than one-tenth of a teaspoonful, and this incredibly small amount may be sufficient to make all the difference between his growing up goitrous and retarded in his school work and with a 2 per cent risk of the serious exophthalmic form, and being strong, vigorous and healthy.

It is one of the striking instances of the prophetic power of true poetry that Browning, in one of his best-known lyrics, exclaimed, "Oh, the little more and how much it is, and the little less and what worlds away." Of course, he was only speaking of love or some other equally visionary influence; but if he had been up to date in modern chemistry, he might have said the same of iodine.

The most vivid illustration of the tiny, almost infinitesimal amount of iodine required to prevent goiter is given by the fact that in certain progressive cities health officers are now actually trying to solve the goiter problem by adding iodine salts to the drinking water. At first blush this would almost remind us of the old legendary dose consisting of one grain of quinine dissolved in the Atlantic Ocean, but it is perfectly rational and practical. The actual proportion of iodine required is only about ten parts per billion gallons; and the amount to be added to the drinking water of Rochester, New York—whose brilliant and progressive city health officer, Doctor Goler, is actually carrying out this method today—is only about sixteen pounds of sodium iodide per day for two weeks put into the main as the water passes into the final storage reservoir, and this is repeated twice a year. This process has now been in use for two years at the enormous and heartbreaking expense of one cent per capita per annum and the percentage of goiter among the pupils in the two upper grades and high schools of Rochester has already fallen 50 per cent. And the gain in weight and improvement in school standing noted in other regions where iodine has been given will doubtless follow suit. Even the grown-ups, especially the expectant mothers, will benefit from these vicarious two trips a year to the seashore. A similar treatment with iodine of the drinking water is being carried out at Saulte Ste. Marie, and other towns are getting ready to follow the example, and where America leads the world will follow.

Enriched Water Supplies

Of course, the objection is promptly raised that a great deal of the iodine is wasted; but as the total annual cost is only ten dollars per 1000 persons, that argument is of no great practical weight. The results of the method will be watched with the greatest interest. If this method of putting completely back the sea breeze into the drinking water clears up the goiter, it will be decidedly the best method yet devised for the millions of our people who are living in cities of ten thousand or more population; and as nearly 55 per cent of our citizens live in this city group, it will be a long step in advance to reach this number.

The only objection to it is some uneasiness as to the possibility of putting into the systems of those who drink it more iodine than they actually need. But as McClendon—whose beautiful studies of the relation between shortage of iodine and goiter all over the United States have been a most valuable contribution to our new knowledge—pointed out, the natural variations between iodine-rich and iodine-poor drinking water over the United States are something enormous—the richest waters, for instance, containing eighteen thousand times as much iodine as the poorest. And as hundreds of thousands of people are drinking these iodine-rich waters without the slightest disturbance of general health, and with an almost total absence of goiter, there appears to be very little reason to dread any injurious results from an artificial surplus of iodine in the water; especially as the parts per million which it is proposed to add are less than one-thousandth of the iodine contained in these richest natural waters.

For the 45 per cent of the population who live in the smaller towns and rural districts the iodization of salt by agreement between the state boards of health and the manufacturers appears to be the most effective and practical method. The addition costs only some four or five dollars a ton, which makes no appreciable difference in the price per pound.

Another illustration showing the actual practical benefit of living close to the sea and near to its storm-tossed bosom is furnished in a rather unexpected way by the experience of those firms which collect thyroid

(Continued on Page 71)

The new way to shade office building windows

If you were buying window shades for schools or hospitals you would feel that the right color was all-important. You would select colors that soften and tone daylight just as lamp shades soften and tone electric light. Certain colors have beneficial effects on nerves and minds which you would want patients and children to enjoy.

Today just as much care is being given to the selection of window shades of the proper color for business buildings. Business men realize that many window shade "crimes" have been committed in the past on the plea of "practical." But on many of the beautiful new buildings completed this year, they haven't allowed these mistakes to be made.

Whether your building is limestone, terra cotta or face brick of any kind, there is a wide variety of *Columbia* Tone-colors from which to select just the color to harmonize with the exterior.

And when it comes to window shades that stand the wear and tear of bell-hops, chambermaids and careless guests, the leading hotel men of the country will tell you something. The new Roosevelt in New York, the Drake Hotel, Chicago, the new Atlanta Biltmore, the Copley-Plaza, Boston—all are shaded in *Columbia* Tone-colors, mounted on *Columbia* Rollers. Take any installation of several thousand window shades and rollers you can think of, and find out whether they have been in use constantly for eight years without a single replacement. That's the record of the 22,000 *Columbia* shades in the Navy and War Building, Washington, D. C.

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City Centre Building	Philadelphia
Atlantic City High School	Atlantic City
Navy and War Building	Washington, D. C.
Duquesne High School	Duquesne, Pa.
Atlanta Biltmore	Atlanta, Ga.
Keith Theatre Building	Cleveland
Cleveland Discount Building	Cleveland
Alden Park Manor	Detroit, Mich.
Keith Theatre Building	Cincinnati
Drake Hotel	Chicago
Blackstone Hotel	Chicago
Mercy Hospital	Des Moines
High School	Mankato, Minn.
St. Theresa College	Winona, Minn.
Hibernia Bank Building	New Orleans
New Orleans Public Schools	New Orleans
Tulane University	New Orleans
State Capitol	Montgomery, Ala.
Mechanics & Farmers Bank	Fort Worth, Texas
Hawthorne School	East St. Louis, Ill.
The New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
Million Dollar High School	Wichita, Kans.
Junior High School	Leavenworth, Kans.
County Infirmary	Salt Lake City
Severn Hotel	Muskogee, Okla.
Hotel Astoria	Astoria, Ore.
Ambassador Apartments	Portland, Ore.
National City Bank	Los Angeles
Standard Oil Building	Los Angeles
St. Joseph College	Cupertino, Calif.
Colonial Hotel	Nassau, Bahama Islands
Peking Union Medical College	Peking, China
U. S. Veterans' Hospitals	(various cities)

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(Continued from Page 68)

glands of sheep and cattle in order to make extracts out of them for medical use. They have found by repeated tests that the largest per cent of both thyroxin and iodine is to be found in glands taken from cattle and sheep which have pastured within fifty miles of the sea. Not only so, but they have found by abundant practical experience that thyroids collected in late spring, summer and early autumn contain larger percentages of iodine than those which are obtained in the winter, the reason for this difference being that cattle and sheep are for the most part on pasture at this time of year and that grass, green leaves and fresh vegetables generally contain much larger percentages of iodine than grains, hay and other dry food.

This raises at once the question, Is there a similar seasonal variation in the amount of iodine in human thyroids? An investigation was set on foot at once in the post-mortem rooms of our large hospitals and it was quickly found that an almost equally striking summer rise in the percentage of iodine was present in the human thyroid, due to the same cause.

This brings us to the final problem: How far can we hope to make good this iodine shortage by a careful selection of our foods and adjustment of our rations? The first thing, of course, is to find out what is the actual iodine content of our foods and how widely do they differ. Careful analysis of a long list of foods from various parts of this country by McClendon, and in Switzerland by Fesselman, gave prompt and interesting response—interesting both because foods were found to differ enormously in their iodine content, some containing almost a hundred times as much as others, and because the group of iodine-rich foods is the very one with which we have become almost wearyingly familiar within the last five or ten years—the so-called vitamin group.

Fruits, vegetables, sea foods and butter, for instance, contain from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty parts per million of iodine, as against five to fifteen parts in wheat, corn, beef, potatoes and skimmed milk, the highest notch of all, one hundred and sixty-five parts, being scored by loganberries. Not only the visit to the seacoast but the clambake and the blueberry pie and the shore dinner generally are also abundantly justified from an iodine point of view. They are the grub that makes the goiter fly.

The Vitamins' Secret

This coincidence is extremely interesting from two points of view. In the first place it enables us to kill two birds with one stone, and do whatever can be done toward the prevention of goiter by food at the same time that we are keeping up an adequate supply of the priceless vitamins, so that in the language of the ring, we can't lose either way. Secondly, because it raises the fascinating speculation as to whether these potent and much studied vitamins, "A," "B," "C," "D," "E," and of late "X," may in themselves consist of or depend upon small amounts of some other of the sea-water elements, which we have long known to be present in our food but in such infinitesimally small amounts as to have been passed over as of no importance or even to have escaped recognition entirely. There are a dozen such "airy nothings" known in our make-up already—copper, manganese, arsenic, zinc, gold and radium, for instance.

Now that practically all the powerful influences upon growth and intelligence and remarkable curative effects of the thyroid gland have been found to be due to minute traces of iodine, why is it not possible that several of the other endocrine, or ductless, glands, may depend upon, say, arsenic or radium for their potent activities? And it is even more conceivable that the vitamins may depend for their beneficent influence over growth and health upon some tiny trace of some metal or salt hitherto disregarded.

Ever since their first discovery and naming by Funk we have beaten our heads against a stone wall in a fruitless endeavor to isolate vitamins and discover what kind of protein or life-tissue stuff they may be. Why not look for some suspicion of a metal or mineral as their life source? We know already, of course, that it is the iron in our blood which plays the largest part in keeping the body supplied with oxygen from the lungs, and also it is the iron in the green chlorophyll life essence of plants which enables them to enslave the sunlight and use it to build up their leaves, seeds and fruits. And what is still more significant, the latest findings point strongly to the fact that one or more of the vitamins at least act very much more vigorously and effectively in the presence of sunlight. Given sunlight, in fact, the body may even build its own vitamins upon a diet which is deficient in them. The vitamins may possibly be mineral sun-catchers, enabling us to eat the sunshine at first hand just like plants.

However this may be from a practical point of view, we are justified in urging the vital importance of good amounts and abundant variety of fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, eggs, butter and full milk in the diet. Even the rapturous affection of the chorus lady for the crimson crustacean, which has given the name "Lobsteria" to the white lights of Broadway, has good justification in terms of iodine. And the unspoiled enthusiasm of unregenerate humanity for blue points on the half shell, steamed clams, oyster stew, fish and clam chowders which grace the beginnings of our most momentous feasts, has been abundantly justified against the prosaic and calculating pessimists who regard all foods according to their fuel value in shovelfuls of coal and uphold as their ideal comestible that which contains the most calories for a cent.

Sitting Pretty

And again the finger of scorn is pointed at our most useful single food—white bread—because of all the listed foodstuffs examined it holds one of the smallest percentages of iodine, just as ten or fifteen years ago it used to be denounced because it contained less nitrogen than whole wheat flour, or even bran.

As a matter of fact, the scorn in both cases was utterly undeserved and unfounded and for the same reason, that though it was undoubtedly true that a considerable amount of nitrogen was lost in the process of bolting and screening and thrown away in the shape of bran, all that surplus of nitrogen and bran was utterly indigestible in the human stomach and might just as well have been sawdust or chopped straw as far as any food value is concerned.

The same is probably true of the iodine shortage in bread. Nearly half the iodine of the wheat grain goes into the bran; but it would have been lost just the same if it had gone into the human stomach, because it would never have been absorbed.

Furthermore, in both cases the amounts lost of both nitrogen and iodine from bread are so small that the one would be made good for a whole loaf of bread by a single teaspoonful of milk and the other by a single large lettuce leaf. So, unless anyone is fool enough to try to live on just bread and water, neither the nitrogen nor the iodine deficiency need worry him in the least. We are, in the language of the day, literally "sitting pretty" as far as both iodine and vitamins are concerned. Follow our own natural appetites and those of our children for fruits, green vegetables, butter, eggs and sea food and we will get all the benefit that is to be got by dieting for the prevention of goiter. It might also be well to choose the various forms of gelatin made from seaweed, such as agar or Irish moss, in making puddings, jellies and stews, as these seaweeds contain the largest percentage of iodine of any foods which come upon our tables.

But when all is said and done it would appear that diet at best is only able to play a second or third rôle in the increase of iodine and the prevention of goiter. The real heavy artillery of the campaign is the iodine treatment of salt and the iodine dosage of the drinking water.

Our whole study of iodine and goiter opens up a most fascinating and hopeful vista. If we are able to produce such widespread improvements in the health of a whole nation simply by the intelligent control of tiny amounts of one mineral element in our drinking water, our condiments and our foods, what other victories over human ills may not the future have in store for us?

And what an extraordinary and cheering light is cast upon the sound intelligence, good sense and judgment of unspoiled humanity, first, in insisting upon having at all hazards and expense a few pinches of a salt-tasting, otherwise unattractive, white mineral upon every dish of food that we eat, without knowing in the least why it is good for us; and in the second place, exalting into luxuries and most highly prized titbits of every menu, sea foods, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, pie and ice cream, which are both most difficult to secure and richest in this vitally necessary element.

To sum up very briefly, wherever man goes too far inland from his native sea beaches he pays the penalty in the form of goiter, unless he makes good the deficiency by means of salt. Salt has uses of its own in the economy with which we are not here concerned; but it seems almost certain that a very large share of the salt-craving which the human race has shown in all stages of its history and which is illustrated by such familiar phrases as "not worth his salt," "bread and salt," as the necessities of life, "salary," which is simply salt allowance, and so on, has been due to the traces of iodine present in all impure salts.

As our demands have become more fastidious and our standard of whiteness and snowy purity higher, we have lost this vital element; and this deficiency would appear to have been largely concerned with the widespread appearance of goiter in the inland regions of all civilized countries.

Fortunately we have discovered the situation in time, for the common types of enlargement of the thyroid known as simple goiter are hardly at all dangerous to life, although they may interfere with both comfort and efficiency. Indeed, they should hardly be regarded as a disease, but only as an unbalanced or abnormal condition; and if taken in time—that is, when the sufferer is under eighteen years of age—95 per cent of them can be cured completely by the administration of iodine. To put it very briefly, goiter of high degree in parents may result in birth goiter of the child, known as cretinism, in which case the unfortunate infant grows into a stunted, idiotic, club-featured, thick-tongued dwarf and remains so all the rest of his life. A similar cretinism is the cause of a high death rate among lambs, calves, colts and puppies in our American goiter belts. If the iodine deficiency is of lower degree it will manifest itself in the form of simple goiter and is promptly curable by iodine.

In a small percentage of the cases, these goiters, without causing any pain or disturbance of health, go on increasing steadily in size until they reach the size of a clenched fist or even that of a muskmelon. In these cases they begin finally to cause trouble by pressing upon the great veins and arteries and muscles of the neck. But this, happily, can be relieved completely by surgical removal.

The Wise Beast of Scripture

Another portion of the simple goiter cases, usually about 1 per cent, takes on another type of development, and while increasing in size begins to pour into the system a toxic secretion which has a very injurious effect upon the blood vessels, the heart and the sympathetic nervous system. The eyes protrude, the neck throbs and swells, the heartbeat becomes pounding and incredibly rapid, and if nothing is done to check the progress it may end in death, either by the breaking of the muscles of the overdriven heart or by hardening of the arteries.

But even this disastrous situation no longer daunts us. Taken at a reasonably early period, we have now found that the steady administration of large doses of iodine, described graphically as flooding the system with iodine, will bring about a striking improvement in a large percentage of cases. Should this relapse or lose its effect, then we can turn to the surgeon with full confidence of a cure in from 70 to 90 per cent of all cases taken at a reasonably early period. The operation simply consists of skillfully removing fractional amounts of the gland, taking care never to cut out more than about 40 per cent of the total. In some cases great improvement can be got by simply tying one or more of the arteries which supply the gland.

We have long jeered at the wild ass of Scripture for "snuffing up the east wind," and scores of sermons have been preached on the infinitesimal amounts of nutrition that he obtained by such procedure. In fact we have put it down as simply another illustration of the general stupidity of that extremely intelligent animal. This stupidity is simply due to his being far too intelligent to be either bullied or trained or coaxed like the noble horse into doing anything which is not for his own benefit. And in the instance cited in Scripture, he may have simply been making up his iodine shortage from the spray of the Caspian Sea or the Persian Gulf.

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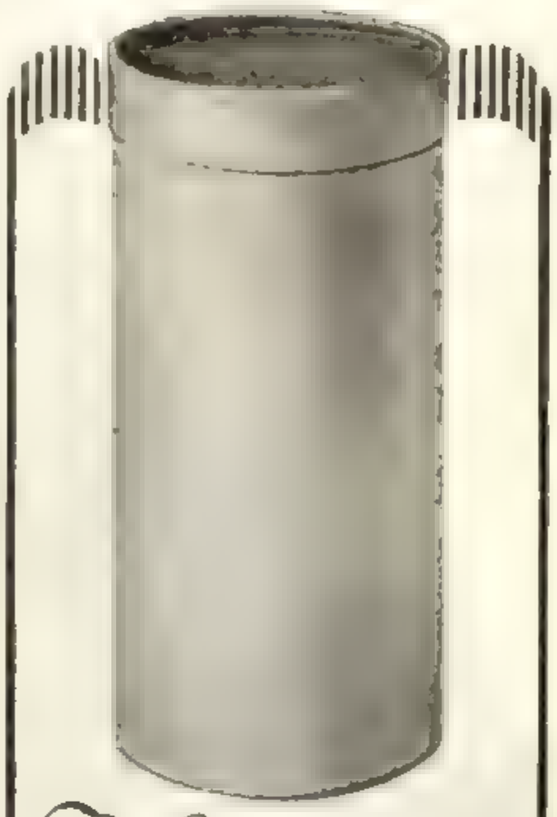

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ANDREW BRIDE, OF PARIS

(Continued from Page 5)

call it an accent; it was much too elusive for that. Yet certainly it did not savor of New York; it was not of the American scene at all.

After all, why not?

He considered that there was no good reason; and from that moment, no doubt, an initiative, a certain responsibility, passed to him. He could, conceivably, have handed up his match case, continuing to look amused while she tried to employ it, struggling against the wind; on the contrary, he called attention to the breeze, and to the discovery, now made, that he had but three matches. A suitable civil exchange or two, and the tall young æsthete, with no real reluctance in him, was mounting the companion stairs.

On the bit of top deck, scarcely more than a platform, in the wind and darkness, he offered, presently, a tiny flame secure in the cup of his hands. In the brief glow, he had a surprise, slight but pleasurable. It wasn't just that the face disclosed was a charming one; ladies who permit acquaintance at midnight are expected to have charming faces; they've got to have them, as one may say. But this face, besides being rather more charming than one had a right to demand, perhaps—delicately and sweetly cut, and yet strongly, too—was young, notably so. André had inferred by now a woman in the thirties; this girl looked not many years out of her teens. And still, in her youth there seemed something not quite young, something

"Thank you so much."

"But when did you come aboard?" smiled André, really forwardly for him.

Her shadowy face, contemplating him in the darkness, did not smile back. Her eyes, observed to be ornamental and long-lashed, seemed to touch him with a certain scrutiny.

"I've been here all along," she said indifferently.

If that had the effect of setting him down a little, and it did, she went on more conversationally, after the slightest pause:

"You've noticed how, on shipboard, strange people keep turning up till the very last moment? It's one of the phenomena of nautical life. But I've been in my room—all the way"

"That's odd. I've been in my room nearly all the way, too. But not for—I hope you haven't been ill?"

"Yes, I was for a day or two—quite. Tuesday was awfully rough, didn't you think? But after that—I'm afraid I was merely unsocial, even a little blue. I'm always childishly so when I see the Statue of Liberty dropping down the horizon behind me. But I suppose you don't feel that way at all?"

He smiled inwardly, still complimenting her on her "line." This to André Bride! He admitted that his sentiments were somewhat different, admitted it briefly with his literary air; and she opined that since he didn't resemble one fleeing from justice, he was presumably one of the Americans who prefer Europe. That, too, he didn't deny.

"You make it sound rather like an accusation," he smiled. "But you—you aren't an American at all—or are you?"

She answered, with a quick burlesque of native twang, "Oh, my goodness! I should zay so! Don't tell me you could ever take me for a foreigner!"

"I could, very easily," said André gallantly.

"Well, I'm not!" she replied, and, rather to his surprise, seemed inclined to amusement at his tribute. She had a pleasing laugh, short and pretty. "But no matter. The night is lovely, I was thinking—I'm glad I'm up in it. This air, though so dangerous for caps, invigorates one. Clean as the wind—I have always liked that saying."

"Yes. I hope it's blown the blues away?"

"Oh, but I'd got rid of mine—mostly; by an act of the will, I mean; by strength of character."

He leaned on the guard rail beside her; glanced, half sidewise, at the dim pale profile. Her speeches were in the note of vivacity, yet she hardly seemed vivacious, he thought; rather, this young face, clearly suggesting the mature power of repose, looked, actually, a little sad. He suddenly divined that this girl, truly, cared nothing for his reputation (or imagine, for a marvel, that she actually didn't know of it!) and that if he stood here seeking, at most, a little passing diversion, her own impulse, oddly, had been no less casual.

"Late this afternoon," she continued in lively tones, "I said to my companion, 'This must not continue further!' And upon the word, I rose and girt—no, I rose, and was tubbed and massaged, curled, brilliantined, pomaded, everything; and then I put on my prettiest dress and went to dinner—my debut! It wasn't a success, quite. Might a cocktail have assisted me? Perhaps, but I'm against that. Well, then, after dinner it was really no better. I sat resolutely in the lounge, reading this book, in the public eye"

"Du Côté de Chez Swann, isn't it? I thought I recognized the cover."

"Yes. You know it then? But it did little for me tonight. I know several young Frenchmen on this boat, and one of them, I must say, is extremely tiresome. So very soon I said that I was sleepy, and then by a detour I slipped away up here. I have liked this. You see that little bench there, by a winch—by a funnel? I've been sitting there two hours. Yes, it has helped my ill humors. Wind and blue dusk are sweet, I think. . . 'Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.'"

"Yet even here—by a winch, by a funnel—the young men present themselves"

"Why, so it appears."

"Tiresome young men, perpetually."

"Now, the adjective is your own, sir."

He laughed suddenly—a boyish, unnecessary laugh.

"I've an apology to make. Will you let me make it now? I'm sorry I thought that you dropped that case on purpose."

She smiled sweetly.

"It was a natural thought, no doubt. But no, I didn't."

Voices sounded vaguely, lost in the wind. A pair of lovers, appearing from nowhere, fluttered, laughing by. Along the boat deck, conversing earnestly, came the two very young critics from Chicago with their stealthy treads. They discerned Mr. Bride with starts of happiness; then, perceiving that he was engaged with a lady, they bowed hastily and stole on. In the few seconds of silence, the irregular acquaintance had become, it seemed, somehow regularized.

"And you? Have you not been lonesome at all, spending all your time in your stateroom?"

"Well, no—no. I've been awfully busy, as it happens."

"Oh, busy?"

"Yes, reading two books a day. And writing a little too."

"Oh-h! Do you write?" she exclaimed, with a charming, mocking air.

"I may call myself a dabbler with the pen," replied André, smiling slightly. A subtle gal, and no mistake.

"That, then, is why you're glad to be going to Europe—for your Art's sake?"

"Yes, indeed—and my life's."

"But don't you like to practice art and life in America?"

"It's impossible, you see. The atmosphere—well, rather stifles one, don't you think?"

The girl laughed oddly and pursued her catechism no further.

"Artists usually find a stay in Europe very helpful," she observed sententiously. "Of course, I understand that. I am interested in writers. Here is Marcel Proust, under my arm—do you know his work well?"

Instead of answering, "I wrote the first appreciation of him ever published in America," the great young man replied only, "Why, yes, pretty well." And then, for ten minutes at least, they talked of nothing but books, with the zest, but also the complete detachment, of two professionals. Only now André deliberately held back, suppressing his learning and authority.

In fact he was gradually being dislodged from the idea that this was just her line; secluded as she had kept herself, wasn't it probable enough that she really didn't know who he was? More and more, as they talked, he was convinced that it was; and the thought was by no means unwelcome to him. (After all, does not every man of us want to be liked for himself alone? then, too, think of the delightful surprise for her later on!) Guardedly, then André drew the young stranger out, with the result that he was first charmed and surprised, and then astonished, at the range of her knowledge of the literatures of Europe. Actually, she had read things—Spanish plays, for instance—that he, André Bride, had never heard of! And she could talk of them, too, critically and well. A strange girl to meet casually in the night season, beauty and manner and learning too! How if it were he, and not she—the thought somewhere occurred to him who was lucky in the chance of this meeting; how if the question here were not whether she could amuse him for a quarter of an hour, but whether he could please and convince and establish himself with her?

"Look here!" he exclaimed suddenly, full of interest and curiosity. "This is remarkable! I begin to believe 'you're a writer yourself'!"

"I? Oh, no. I haven't a talent—not one. But I have read a great deal at odd times, especially when I was growing up. And most of my times then were a little odd."

Gazing at her dim fine face, he was powerfully impelled to the personal.

"In America, was that?"

"No, in Europe."

"But you were born in America?"

"Oh, yes indeed! And belong there, too, for it's in my blood. But it happens I've lived most of my life abroad."

"Oh! Then you've just been to America for a visit?"

"Yes, my first visit home in more than five years. How I adored it!"

"But ——" said André, mystified, and stopped. "Well, a visit every five or ten years is nice, no doubt. But you wouldn't want to live there, that's certain."

"Oh, wouldn't I just!"

"Never! You, with your Continental upbringing and education, you'd not be able to stand ——"

"Try me!" she exclaimed Americanly.

"But," he protested, rather confused "but surely you—you like Europe!"

She laughed and was grave again.

"Oh! Why, I don't think of Europe, in quite that way, you see—not as a symbol—not as any unity at all. It's just a question of one's life, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course. But then, life in Europe offers so much that ——"

"Oh, you're quite right. If I haven't liked my own life there especially, I'm really not blaming Europe for that. No, that's due to personal circumstances—and just to a feeling, I suppose."

"A feeling?"

"Why, just of not belonging there, I think."

She was silent for a moment. But undoubtedly she sensed the sympathetic quality in him, despite his antipathetic views; and perhaps she was ready to explain herself a little—for his instruction, it might be? She dropped her ivory holder into her pocket, leaned back against the rail.

"We're Americans, you see. Rooted in the soil, bred in the bone—settlers, pioneers, woodsmen, farmers, villagers, townsmen—generation after generation. It's in my cells and tissues. But then when I was six years old my father died, and my mother took me to Europe—to be educated, it was said. Except for three or four short visits, we've never gone back. My mother also prefers Europe, you see. Her blood is as pure American as my father's was, as mine is, but in the spirit she is different—alien. It is strange—she was born to be a Parisienne. I really think she couldn't live in America now. The air would stifle her, as you said. She is a wonderful person, pleasure loving and giving, and beautiful and gay."

"And you make your home in Paris then?"

She shook her head slightly, looking past him.

"No, we haven't any home. That has been a drawback too. My mother is—well, a little restless, you see. She doesn't like fixity—ruts—roots. She's not what you'd call a home body. She likes change, excitement, things happening. We keep an apartment in Paris, not far from the Parc Monceau, but we're hardly ever there longer than a few weeks together. It wouldn't be easy to mention any place from Seville to St. Petersburg that we haven't called home at one time or another—any place, that is, where there is gayety and a good hotel.

"I grew up partly in schools in Switzerland and Dresden, but mostly in hotel sitting rooms all over Europe, in charge of noble

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72)

Italian governesses, French tutors, Polish couriers, and the like. Some of them proved to be deplorable characters, I regret to say. They would be engaged by telegraph on somebody's recommendation, as we flitted from spot to spot. Or sometimes I would be flitting alone and one of these strange persons would meet me at the railway station, say, at night in Rome, my mother having had a change of plans. Then after the period of schooling—the life of the international society—the merry whirl that never stops.

"All in all, an instructive life, though a little feverish perhaps. I know a side of Europe very well. Watering places, winter-sport places, casinos, gaming rooms, balls, races, château house parties, big dinners, luncheons for two—I've been educated in my way. Men, of course, while I still had my hair down. Flashy and raffish men—queer Russian princes and pashas and unwholesome sons of khedives and weedy British officers who'd first inquired about our bank account.

"But I wander!" she said, and laughed a little, to change the key. "You are surprised that I do not like Europe. The complete answer is simply this, that I don't belong there. Very nice to visit every five or ten years, especially for young artists. But to live there, for Americans—no! And now I conclude my autobiography—and incidentally must say good night."

"No!—no!" exclaimed André, rousing, at once humanly stirred by the glimpse of a somewhat strange life, and feeling all at once that there was an immense amount to say. "Please let me ——"

"Really, it is late. I was starting to go in ——"

"No, but—while I of course appreciate the—the unusual experience you have had, and how you'd naturally react to it, still it's hard to see how you can feel, really, that you don't belong in Europe. I'd say, rather, that was just where you did belong ——"

"Why should you say such a thing?"

"Because so evidently," he said in a rush, "you belong where civilization is. Even a stranger must be permitted to say that; and that place isn't America, as you'd quickly see if you lived there. Now all this happens to be a subject which I—in which I'm very much interested ——"

"I think I'd gathered that!"

"Well, but —— Come, let's take the other side of European life. Take the arts, culture, take everything that makes for ——"

"No, you take them!" the girl laughed, and threw out her arms in a charming gesture of presentation. "Take them for a few months. Take them for a year, or even two, if you will. But more than that won't be good."

"As a matter of ——"

"Meantime, long before your year is is up —— I'm going to bed!"

She turned to the companionway. He followed her unwillingly, stirred and unsatisfied.

There remained a sense of surprise in him, too, at the way in which control of the little situation, the superior position, in short, had somehow passed from him.

On the stairs, he said more formally, yet with a sort of eagerness too:

"Thank you for letting me talk to you. It's the best talk I've had since I left America! But I can't feel that it's finished, not by a long shot, as we say. I —— Won't you tell me your name?"

"Oh! Need we bother? Don't you remember Chesterton's saying that, of course, if you know people's names you never really know them? Don't think I'm making a silly mystery, but I'm a perfectly obscure person, and really my label doesn't matter."

He might have suspected her on that; on the contrary her air of unconsciousness supported his belief that his label actually wasn't known to her. And still, why ——

But she went straight on talking:

"This night has a thousand eyes. I hope you don't object to quotations particularly? Yes, and they watch you too. Do you know, if the unaccustomed air—and hour—weren't making me a leetle z-zleepy"—she said it almost like that, he thought—"I'd be sorry to go. I've liked the wind and the dark and the stillness; yes, and the company too. I do hope you are really hard-headed?"

They had come to a door which led into a little lighted corridor by the officers' cabins. She paused, stopped.

"Won't you forget that we've not been introduced," said André seriously, gazing down at her, "and let me see you tomorrow? Couldn't you lunch with me in the restaurant, so that ——"

"Oh! Lunch? Why, thank you; but no, really, I'm afraid I couldn't manage that."

"I want very much to see you again. I've a sort of argument to make, a long one; a sort of explanation, even."

"Oh, have you?" she said, smiling faintly, and faintly hesitated. "Then let's see. Why don't you join us for tea—say, at 4:30? We're B Deck—port side, I think. Good night."

He grasped instinctively the small hand she held out, while at the same time exclaiming, "No! I'm going down too."

"Please! In the light, I'm a little dishevel ed. I will confess, up there in the dark by myself, I shed a few tears. Three or four, perhaps, yet large and salty."

"I'm sorry, but what difference does that make? Why," said André, frowning a little in his scholarly way—"why, do you mean I'm not to see you then, in your prettiest dress?"

"Oh, really! You are nice!"

She trilled with unexpected laughter, girlish and sweet.

At the changed soft tones his heart seemed to stir within him. In that brief music a barrier lowered and he felt himself accepted, received.

"Well, then, you shall see it! Why, I'll don it again tomorrow. I'll wear it to dinner again—for you."

"Well, thank you for that! And—and—well, I'll look forward to seeing you at tea. I've really a lot to say."

He stood there staring, with his rumpled light hair, still looking a little perplexed, still unsatisfied. And when she saw that look she hesitated; and then she gave him a little more.

"Oh, another thing! I think it is my turn to make a little apology. I must confess, sir, that at the very outset of our conversation I told you, in effect, a small white fib."

"You did drop that on purpose? No! I don't believe it!"

She shook her head.

"Nevertheless—*regardez!*"

She fished something from a pocket of her enveloping cloak, held it up to his view.

It was a silver flap, full of matches. She, who had detained him to ask for a match ——

"Yes! But why?"

"Suddenly the wind blew monsieur's great bonnet away," said the girl, pulling open the door behind her. "And I found myself, in my mood of loneliness, liking monsieur's appearance z-so much."

"That's—that's awfully nice of you; indeed it is! But now—I mean now ——"

"Now I find myself liking monsieur himself—so much. *À demain! Au 'soir, monsieur!*"

"You dear! But look! *Mais il faut que je connaisse comment vous vous appelez!*" cried André hastily. "You must tell me your name!"

She turned her head over her cloaked shoulder, just pausing, just hesitating, by the opened door; and then she smiled suddenly straight up at him, and a charming smile it was too.

"It's Mary," she whispered, and was gone.

III

WELL, seeing him loitering there, exposed and unprotected in the afternoon sunshine, the two young critics of course hurried forward on their rubber soles.

They were so awfully glad to see Mr. Bride again! They'd caught just a glimpse of him last night, but—well, he had seemed pretty much occupied! Oh, yes, they'd been enjoying the voyage well enough. Still, they could hardly wait for it to be over. Paris—Chartres—Florence! The thing was, they had only a little more than two months to stay this time; that was all the money their fathers would allow them. Yes; but then just as soon as they were graduated and came into a little money that their aunts were going to give them, they were coming over again, and then ——

"Farewell, America!" cried the younger critic, who had a face like a pale sweet child. "Yes, really! We're going to do just what you ——"

"We've been reading over that *Vale* of yours in Dawn, Mr. Bride," interposed the older critic, who was eighteen and spectacled, with a manner of astonishing maturity. "My, what a smashing rebuke that is to the—well, to the whole American scene!"

Mr. Bride answered the lads' remarks kindly, while his eyes glanced up and down the deck—B Deck, it was the port side.

"Mr. Bride, seriously speaking, is there any chance that America'll ever produce a real literature, or will it always be sunk in commercialism and vulgarity?"

"Mr. Bride, what do you think of Katharine Mansfield and Chekhov?"

"Mr. Bride, in mapping out our study, would you advise ——"

"Hi there, Brother Bride! Well, well! How's every little thing?"

A new voice spoke, genial and red blooded, easily interposing itself into the critical chat. It proceeded from Mr. Schwarzkopf, boots and shoes, a thorough good fellow, if he did say so, and one of André's table mates on such occasions as he had come to table.

"Fine! How's every little thing with you?" responded Brother Bride, while the two young critics looked hastily away to conceal their half-nervous amusement.

"Want you to shake hands my friend here," continued hearty Mr. Schwarzkopf—"Mr. Miskow, lime, cement and building materials. This the famous Mr. *Andray* Bride."

Mr. Miskow, who was tall and saturnine, and looked striking in a splendid green sports suit, gripped André's hand in a vital clasp.

"Please to meet you. What line?"

"Line! Say, that's a good one!" shouted Mr. Schwarzkopf. "Why, Mr. Bride's a famous writer and cricket—critic, I mean to say. Line nothin'!"

"Oh, thas-so?" said Mr. Miskow, losing all interest.

"Why, he's going over to settle down in gay Paree and live there—on account o' the art they got there, to hear him tell it!"

"Thas-so?" said Mr. Miskow, recovering a slight interest, though rather unfavorable in quality.

"Claims he's going to locate there for good—yes, sir!" chuckled Mr. Schwarzkopf, slapping André's back, not without a certain tolerant liking. "This young fella claims he's going to locate right in gay Paree and spend the rest of his life studyin' the art they got—to listen to him! Ain't that right, Brother Bride? Single man, he is."

"Oh, thas-so?" said Mr. Miskow, more crisply, and eyed the tall cricket with distinct disapproval.

"But really there's nothing funny about it, you know," said the younger critic earnestly. "Paris is the one city in the world for an artist to live in. You see, there's everything there that's lacking in America. There's ——"

"What's lacking in America?" interrupted Mr. Miskow, having spat over the side. "Seems to me we got everything there that normal, regular men need."

"Yes, regular—for the lime and cement business!" said the older mature critic, his voice squeaking up with a sudden very youthful titter. "But we were speaking of art and artists, which is ——"

"Now I don't knock art. I'm not opposed to art—in its proper place," said Mr. Miskow, gripping his cigar more firmly between his teeth and beginning to darkle at the critics. "What I say is, with all the real big honest-to-goodness work that's waitin' to be done at home—go and spend your life in Paris! I'd as soon ——"

"You should worry, Mr. Miskow!" joked the more liberal Mr. Schwarzkopf. "Don't you know he'll never do it? Settle down to spend his life with the froggies—this typical, upstanding, young American fella!"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Schwarzkopf," said André, with his pleasant grave smile, and glanced again at his watch.

"But they aren't froggies—and he is going to do it!" cried the younger critic, regarding André with something like worship in his eyes. "And what's more, we're going to do the same thing when we're graduated. And hundreds of other young American artists—yes, thousands are ——"

"Now listen! Want to make my position perfectly clear," said Mr. Miskow, with self-control. "As I just stated to you gemmun, I got no prejudice against art. I understand art; yes, and I pat'onize it too. I got pictures in my home, genuine art pictures in my den, and if I said what the frames only cost me, you wouldn't believe it. Now what I ——"

The older critic giggled abruptly. But the younger, with a look of devotion on his fair childish face and his small hands clasped before him, cried out, "But, you see, art isn't frames—and pictures in a den! Art is the biggest, the most important thing in the whole world. Why, compared with art ——"

"Thas-so? Go and try to sell it then! Just you go and try and make a livin', and raise a family, and own a little home, sellin' art and I guess, kid, you'll find ——"

"Don't lettum get your goat, Mr. Miskow! Why, it's only an idea, don't you see? Say, tell you what, Brother Bride, bet you a dollar, one round iron man, here and now, you'll be back in New York inside o' six munce!"

"Let's make it a year, to be sporting," said André, bored, and prepared to extricate himself without more ado.

But Mr. Miskow, shaking his finger at the younger critic, had somehow contrived to surround the three of them.

"Listen! You two boys fum Chicago, I been told. My city. Well, I pussonally, nor any of the live young boys I know pussonally, wouldn't give old Chi for one gross, one full dozen dozen, of your gay Parees. They wouldn't spend their life in Paris if you was to give it to 'em. You been there? No? Well, 'at's what I kind of thought. Now listen," said Mr. Miskow, dropping his stern voice. "I been there. Been there five times. I been to Monmarter, I been to Folly Berjare, I been to Mou-lon Rouge, I been to 'em all. Sellin' art! Listen! If art is immawl women traipsin' around, if art is leg shows, if art is nooda ——"

"Mr. Bride?"

"Yes!" said André, starting and turning.

The deck steward stood at his elbow, his enormous tea tray in his arms, discreetly murmuring.

"Excuse me, sir. You were expecting a lady?"

"Yes, yes, I am," said André, and drew a little aside, while experiencing a falling sensation.

"There's a message just come for you, sir, by the maid, saying she would be unable to come."

"Unable ——"

"If art is being indecent, if art is decadence ——" said the rising voice of Mr. Miskow.

"But what else? Just what was the message?"

"That was all, I think, sir. The woman, a Frenchwoman she was, came up to me this very moment and asked me to find you and say that the lady you were to have tea with found herself unable to come. I don't think she said anything else."

What did that mean? What could have happened?

"Oh, all right. Thank you, steward."

"Tea, sir?"

"No, I believe I won't stop now."

He turned and nodded to the others, already engaged in clutching up tea cakes as the steward paused beside them. "Till our next meeting! I've some work to do."

"Hey, but what about that bet o' mine? Here's witnesses!" called Mr. Schwarzkopf noisily. "One round iron ——"

"Taken. Meet me in the Place Vendôme a year from today—and bring the iron man with you."

He walked away in a brown study, surprised at the dimensions of his inner disturbance, while the voice of Mr. Miskow sourly pursued him:

"Spend his life in Paris, is he? Why don't he say he's goin' spend it layin' on a Turkish divan, waited on by ——"

What could have happened? Was she ill? Blue again? No, he thought. Yet at least she might have written a note, explaining—reminding him that they were to meet —— She could send a note if she could send a message. Then she knew him! Yes, that astonishing girl had known perfectly well who he was all the time she was so adroitly talking—at him! Labels didn't matter—she must have smiled when she said that. Well, then something serious must have happened. . . . Or possibly she had decided, on second thought, to surprise him at dinner, wearing that ——

That explanation at least was not the correct one, for at dinner, again, she didn't appear. It was bewildering, hard to believe. She who had so sweetly promised to come, wearing her prettiest dress just for him, simply was not there.

He left no room for doubt. True, he didn't know where her seat was, and for obvious reasons couldn't inquire; but through the long table-d'hôte he kept one eye almost constantly on the door; when he wasn't doing that, he was looking about the room. Having arrived early at table,

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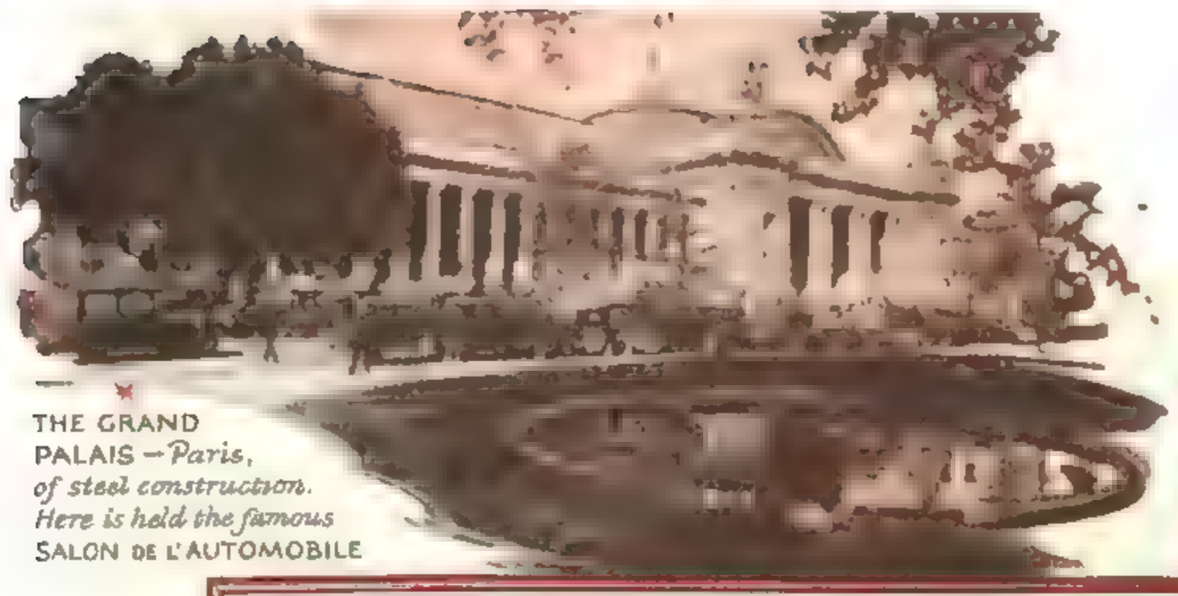

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(Continued from Page 74)

he lingered late, enduring the talk of his mates. It was no use. The girl—maddeningly known only to him as Mary—was not coming.

He pushed back his chair, convinced that something had happened to her, and resolved, with a certain sense of anxiety, to find out what. How to begin?

At the door of the saloon, as luck had it, he ran into the younger critic again, who rather had the air of one lying in wait. The lad greeted him with shy eagerness, saying, "That was a jolly row we had up there this afternoon, wasn't it? Oh, that Mr. Miskow! Mr. Bride, do you ——"

About to pass on after a word or two, André had a sudden thought and paused.

"Oh, by the way," he said presently, "do you happen to know that girl you saw me with last night—you remember?"

"Miss Jackson. Yes—yes, I do," said the boy, coloring a little. "I was introduced to her in the lounge last night, and, Mr. Bride, what do you think? She was reading that book of Marcel Proust's that you reviewed in ——"

"Yes, I know. You haven't happened to see her about this evening, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't. To tell the truth," laughed the younger critic, his fair flush deepening, "I—I was waiting here, hoping I might catch a glimpse of her and—and maybe have just a few words. She's wonderful, I think. . . . Mr. Bride, isn't it wonderful, Europe's being really her home?"

Mr. Bride encouraged the child's artless prattle. . . . Miss Marie Jackson; he had seen it on the passenger list. Her relatives were great lumber people in Michigan. Her mother had been called the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her grandmother had just died in Michigan—that was what had brought her to America. She was traveling with a chaperon named Miss Beauchamps, and it was pronounced *Beecham*.

Leaving the lad, André turned his steps toward his stateroom. His thought and his way had cleared; he desired writing materials. If disturbance had deepened within him, there remained no trace of the slight pique he had felt in the afternoon. He would send a note at once, expressing his concern and begging that she would see him, if only for a few minutes, some time during the evening.

He turned into a long corridor between staterooms, thinking intently, "Dear Miss Jackson, won't you let me say ——" And there she walked just ahead of him, not a dozen steps away. He would have known that carriage anywhere, and the rather proud pose of that head. He felt a leap and a thrill.

"Oh! . . . *Mary!*"

Her head turned quickly; she saw him, stopped at once and stood waiting for him to come up. She wore, he was instantly aware, a polo coat over a dark day dress; and her look was somehow in correspondence. He saw no start of glad surprise.

"What's the matter?" he said sympathetically, and eagerly too. "Where are you going? What's—has anything happened?"

The girl answered, with startling quiet: "No, nothing, I think. I've been on deck for a little while. I had my supper there, and now I'm going to my room."

"But—have you been ill then? Is—is anyone ill?"

"No, everyone's well, I think."

"But why—but ——"

His learned young face began to flush. Wounded feelings enhanced the utter confusion within him. There was a pause. In it, her look changed; and she said suddenly, in an altered voice and manner—indeed with a little rush, as if the surprise of it were still fresh in her:

"Why, I hadn't the faintest idea last night that you were André Bride—not the faintest!"

In the brilliantly lighted corridor, where people came and went, these two stood and stared at each other. Miss Marie Jackson had dark gray eyes with long lashes that curled; but there was strength in this mouth and chin. André, regarding her, felt his leaden bewilderment lift. Different, indeed, this, from the moment of pleasant revelation he had pictured earlier in the day. But to be André Bride was, after all, nothing to be ashamed of, whatever one's romantical ideas of "home" might be; and in fact, it was hardly just a question of ideas here.

He gave a laugh, confused, incredulous yet wholly resistant.

"Well, but do you mean to say that was why you didn't come to tea? And then ——"

"Yes, that was why."

"But—why again? Wasn't it you yourself who said that if you knew people's names, you never ——"

"That was an unlucky speech. Naturally, in this case just the reverse is true."

"I'm not so sure of that. . . . I'm to understand, then, that you strongly disapprove of my—my artistic views?"

"Yes, strongly. But it goes further than that, I think."

"In fact it goes further than there's any reason for, that's evident. . . . Come on deck with me a little while, won't you? I believe I can show you I'm not such a ——"

She shook her head slightly, saying, "I'm sorry. No."

"Well! I must keep asking you why, it seems. I've been disapproved of many times—violently. But this seems rather different. I think I'm entitled to know ——"

Regarding him fixedly from under those sweet curling lashes, the girl replied, "Mr. Bride, I do not like you."

André leaned a hand against a stateroom door and felt the blood drawing from his face. Yet still incredulity reigned in him; literally this was unthinkable, preposterous.

"But you do like me," he said, with some effort. "I've not changed an iota since last night, when ——"

"Last night," she answered quietly, "I thought you were—well, a nice, gifted American boy, who had the usual glamorous young ideas about Europe and the usual young habit of—of belittling everything at home. It was something harmless, I thought, soon outgrown. Tonight, I know you're a mature personage who really mean all those wrong-headed things—yes, and have taught lots of foolish people to believe them too."

The famous young man emitted a laugh. It rather resembled a bewildered bark.

"Without arguing those adjectives for the moment, still, aren't you taking my artistic views a little too—too personally? After all, we don't like or dislike people ——"

"But your views are you, aren't they? I'd supposed they were the biggest part of you, and that you were demonstrating that by what you're doing now. I'm sorry to seem rude, but I've known you a long time, Mr. Bride."

Timbers creaked and groaned about them; there was a tireless throb of the engines, driving the great ship about her business. Fellow passengers, flushed and ofttimes a little gross, from dinner, brushed by them in the narrow passage. And Miss Jackson, of Michigan and Paris, compressing herself against the white wall, looked up at the esthete a little sorrowfully, from under those charming lashes.

"Last night we talked of European literature, because that interested you. For myself, I am more interested in what is being said and done at home. All my life I've devoured American books, newspapers, reviews—everything I could buy or borrow. They made my closest tie with home. So I've known of you for many years. And I can't tell you how—how often I've resented you; yes, how indignant you've made me. When I was a little girl, you made me cry often with rage. When I grew older, though I no longer wept, the sense of resentment remained. Only the other day, the very day before we sailed, I read that farewell of yours, in your paper, and I —— Always to ignore what is big and fine, and to pounce so eagerly, so triumphantly, on the faults and shortcomings—inevitable in a young country; to teach young people to despise ——"

"Miss Jackson, won't you listen to me for a minute?" said André earnestly.

The inflections of her voice had reminded him, given him a cue. Here was one in whom unwilling transplantation had produced a genuine patriotism complex; this was an obsession, a monomania, irrational but most real. Every allowance must be made.

"Won't you remember that, after all, I've lived my whole life in America, and therefore know the conditions, and what sort of attack is needed to correct them, better than you could possibly know in three or four visits? Won't you remember too that you, on the other hand, have had a most unusual life, bound to give you unusual views—I must frankly say, prejudices? You've had no country, and so, naturally, there's grown up in you an exaggerated country love ——"

"I've got more country than you have," she interrupted, with a kind of pride, "and I confess I prefer my prejudices to yours."

"Well, then, what are my prejudices? What are these wrong-headed views of mine that make me personally so—so objectionable? Why, Miss Jackson, all I've ever said or written boils down to just this: America doesn't offer a background suited to art and artists—Europe does. Is there anything so dreadful in that? Come, won't you even admit that it is true?"

"But it's not just a question of your views now, is it? I learned this morning, when I—I made some necessary inquiries, that you've told various people on this boat that you are shaking the dust of America off your feet forever. Are you?"

"If I am," said André, with passionate sincerity, "I believe with all my being that it's the best thing I've ever done in my life. I'm "

"You astonish me! What—to become one of those hopeless men without a country, drifting aimlessly forever up and down Eu ——"

"No, to be true to myself!—to develop whatever ability I've got as fully and fruitfully as I can! It seems to me you should even approve of that, Miss Jackson. For if I'm to be of any real use to my country—and I—I'd like to be, if it interests you to know—I can only do it by making the most of myself."

"I don't happen to believe, you see, that you make the most of yourself this way. And even if you were ——"

"You'd still feel bound to dislike me anyway, I infer?"

That checked her. She hesitated, became somehow more gentle.

"I shouldn't have used that word. In fact I do like you, even though I don't want to. But the trouble seems deeper. I'm afraid, Mr. Bride, I distrust you."

"Oh, you distrust me?"

Looking down, curling and uncurling a paper-backed novel in her slim fingers, the young expatriate said:

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, even if I could, though you've hurt mine many times. But it seems to me that a man couldn't express the sort of views that you've expressed so violently for years, and then want to express them with himself, with his life, unless there was something in him—well, unsound, un ——"

"Unsound?" said André, and the blood rushed back into his face.

"I'm sorry, but that seems to be how I feel. So that one couldn't depend on such a man. One wouldn't know how he'd feel and act about other things one might think important."

A stewardess passed, carrying tea and toast. Three youths in dinner jackets, all agreeably tight, jostled by, staring.

"Will you come on deck and talk to me?"

"I—I'd really rather not."

"Will you meet me tomorrow morning, then, since all this is rather important to me?"

In his pride, in his dignity, he was terribly hurt; yes, and he was angry too. She saw that, and it may be that she liked it; it was a power in him, a power in her that had called it out. Her eyes grew larger and more liquid; her young breast rose and fell.

"Mr. Bride, I am s-so sorry. I had not thought that anything I said would seem important to you. But really—it wouldn't do any good."

"You're saying that you don't wish ever to see or speak to me again?"

"N-no, I do not say that. Perhaps some day we shall meet again, under different conditions. Who can say? At least, if it is important for us to meet again, we shall meet, I am certain. But ——"

"I suppose you know you're being frightfully unfair to me," said André, in a still voice.

He swung on his heel, without another word or look, and walked rapidly away down the corridor. Miss Jackson leaned against the enameled wall, gazing after that tall receding back. One of her hands touched her breast, the other lifted ever so little. Miss Jackson stood that way, motionless, for perhaps ten seconds—a long time in certain circumstances, as everyone knows.

A long time, too, as I mentioned in the beginning, did the memory of her and of that conversation remain in the young man's mind.

IV

IF ANDRÉ felt that this girl had wronged him, unjustly condemning him through a childish complex, time tended to support him in all his positions.

In those first eighteen months, during which he journeyed pretty well all over Europe, he had continuously a sense of fulfilment, like happy things coming true, beyond anything he had known or anticipated. In old cities rich only in beauty, by ancient lakes and ruined temples, in galleries, operas and cathedrals, in crowded crooked streets, in cafés, boulevards and beer gardens, beside the silver Arno or in the gracious sunny spaces of the Champs-Élysées—everywhere he found within himself a wonderful new liberated sense, stirring and fertile. His spirit, like a pale plant receiving at last the light for which it languishes, pulsed and colored with new life. No, he had made no mistake in coming here. This was a faith that would be justified in works.

We turn away from notes of travel. In Paris—André's home and work place from the beginning—we pass over local color and resist vignettes. Quaint, charming characters employing quaint, charming idioms; all the brave aftermaths of the war; the great love of Jean, the legless vender of post cards, for Marthe, the witty charwoman; Father Gourin, with his military medal and the sad sweet smile which made even Apaches hang their heads; the American colony, the American tourist who "knows Paris," the inevitable "practically unknown" restaurant where one gets—at a good stiff price—the best dinner in all France: all these things are set down in the books in their proper places. The secret passions of André Bride were growth and attainment in work; and the old capital of civilization rewarded him, too, bountifully, according to his desire.

In October he took rooms in the Rue St.-Germain, not far from the Cluny, and settled down. Four hours each day he spent at his desk; sometimes five or six. He was doing, for money, a weekly European letter for Dawn; often he wrote a special article—about a new Basque author or a spring exhibition—for Cosmos, that almost immorally high-paying journal of the arts. For the rest, his working time went to his own book, Notes for an American Aesthetic, which began to unfold faster than he would have thought possible. In midafternoon, by rule, he locked away his papers and fared forth upon his leisure; to stroll about the pleasant streets, mount a bus that took him half over this endlessly interesting Paris; to drop in at this gallery or chapel or studio, or stand and gaze at that little square, spattered with the heroic blood of centuries; to visit friends, dine with Marcel Villiers or the Georges Dumonts or his dear Tonine; or just to sit in his favorite café, watching these wonderful French stream by.

The physical beauty all about him was a constant satisfaction; but the human phases, the people, were a greater delight. The courtesy and grace and charming finished manners of even the humblest; the endearing "*Merci bien, m'sieu—au 'voir, m'sieu*," for the purchase of a shoe string, say; the sprightly intelligence, the gayety and sympathy and sensitiveness and ease; the universal interest in things of the mind and spirit—such things contrasted sweetly with the rude dumb vulgarity of the subway herds of New York. The fact that opera was front-page news and a new book a shop and street-corner topic; that Raoul, the waiter at the Racine, was a sophisticated critic of the drama; that his barber spent his Sunday afternoons in the Luxembourg or the Louvre, and the old night clerk at the little hotel down the street could discuss French literature, from the Song of Roland to Anatole France, with the suavest discrimination—how his spirit quickened and was nourished by the thousand evidences of civilized life all about him!

Of course, he was not dependent upon chance contacts. Valuable friends had awaited him from the beginning—Villiers, the novelist, who had lectured in America; Cotteret and De l'Isle and Edouard Benet, editors and journalists, whom he had met here six years earlier, on his one brief holiday trip; the powerful Tourneur, who had written an article about him in the Mercure de France. Paul Vavasour, celebrated no more for his erotic verses than for his malicious wit; many more. He had brought letters, too, to personages not of the arts: Monsieur Reval, the banker, for example; and Georges Dumont, of the Ministry of the Interior—the ugly, lively and most fascinating Georges, who cared literally for nothing but flying and women. Doors opened to the distinguished young American who had repudiated America for France. André dined out, went to evening

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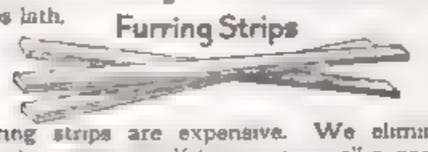

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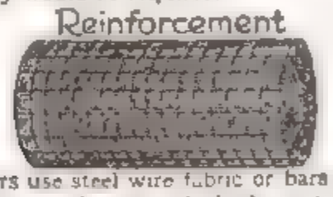

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parties and balls, visited in ancient châteaux; in several homes, he was, at last, on familiar terms; and Simone Reval, who was seventeen and as closely guarded as an Eastern princess, unmistakably took a fancy to him.

Pleasant and instructive as all this was, his constant free association with the French men of talent remained the best thing in his new life. At the Café Neapolitain on the Boulevard des Italiens, the Café de France on the Rue St. Honoré, and the little Café Racine, scarcely a stone's throw from where he lived—here and in sundry places he fraternized with the most brilliant men in Paris. How the talk charmed and stimulated him; and how, walking home in the still starry evenings, he felt within him ripening understandings and an expanding power.

Time sped, and his work with it.

In America, his case continued to be discussed. Newspapers in Texas and Rhode Island still derided him as the true antithesis of the clean-limbed, two-fisted young American; he had become his country's favorite horrible example. Such things he learned, from his correspondence, which was still large; from the occasional fat envelopes from the clipping bureau; and from visiting Americans, who often enough descended upon him and dragged him off to lunch or dinner. The visitors brought him not only news from old country, as he now satirically called it, but praise and comfort besides. They envied him his possession of this jeweled city of Paris, and almost tearfully they assured him that he had struck a blow for the liberation of art which would one day be heard round the world.

He cared little more for the assurance than for the derision. In fact, by principle, he was losing touch with the small currents of home. He avoided the promiscuous company of his countrymen; the purlieus of the American Express Company knew him not. In the midst of French culture, his desire was to lead, simply and naturally, a French life. The language he spoke and heard from morning to night was French; the books and papers he read, the friends he loved to be with, the very winds he breathed, were French; inevitably he inclined to adopt French habits and points of view. The native clothes and shoes André did, indeed, resist. But he wore a large black felt hat that was markedly Continental; and in the end, he grew a beard.

Did he think at all, the while, of Miss Marie Jackson? To be sure he did; at first much, and intensely.

That last morning on the boat he had made no effort to see her; such a move, if made at all, must proceed from her. Finding, however, that their unhappy conversation was often in his thoughts—something unsatisfied, something left undone—he gradually became ready to meet her halfway, at the least. In those early months, his afternoon rambles had turned often to the neighborhood of that most charming of bijou parks, the Parc Monceau, "not far" from which Miss Jackson lived, when in Paris. But the clew was a vague one, and something in the young man resisted the admission of an open and systematic search.

Then one day in late summer a little incident befell. As he strolled down a pleasant shaded street near the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, a lady—in young middle-age, richly dressed and fair to look upon—emerged from a tall white apartment-hotel just ahead of him. She vanished into a waiting coupé and was whirled away; but not before something vaguely reminiscent in her carriage and the pose of her head had arrested André's eye.

Stepping on impulse in to the concierge's window, he said in a casual manner, "That lady who just went out, and of whom I got but a glimpse, was it possibly my compatriot, Madame Jacque-son?"

Being informed that it was, André gave the fellow five francs and walked rapidly away. In a week, having overcome his resistance, or been overcome by a stronger prompting, he returned to the hotel and asked for Mademoiselle Jackson. Regretfully, the concierge informed him that Madame and Mademoiselle Jackson had left Paris on the preceding evening for an indefinite stay abroad.

André prowled about the Parc Monceau no more.

Winter slipped by on light bright feet. It was spring; it was summer again. Now his book, first fruit of his new life was finished; now the proofs were here. He knew that this book was good, the best thing he had done. Here, indeed, was his perfect justification. He was awfully happy.

In the long summer afternoons and the sweet summer evenings, he sat on the *terrasse* of his beloved Café Racine and talked of high matters in French that might almost have passed for a Frenchman's. Great men came to this little café. Artists whose names were known over France and beyond sat often in these hard iron chairs. And he was welcome to their company, a brother artist, well liked, and with his own unique flavor.

In the shifting circle about the reserved round table in the corner, André met abler men than he. If his own talk was good, there came here unknown men, obscure young men with pockets full of unsold manuscript, whose talk, he recognized at once, was richer and more venturesome than his own. Yet he remained the "American" who abused America, and as such contributed a special note to the symposia. The younger confreres in particular listened with lively interest to his tales of American life and ways, often shouting with glee at the oddness of it all; asking a thousand questions, too, many of them very funny in their ignorance. In time, of course, as his principal content was possessed by them, this interest was less fresh; inevitably, too, his friends came to rag him a little on his 'obbee, as dear Marcel Villiers called it: "Well, my dear André, and what is the state of American art this afternoon?"

Yet the interest in America, as he had soon discovered, with surprise, was both real and widespread.

Not all of this interest was admiring, to be sure; none of it, of course, was artistic. The French, as he knew, had their practical side. Even his more brilliant associates sometimes spoke of the land of the dollar with a sort of wistfulness. Among the rank and file, the material longings were much more marked. One by one, all the Dunoyers, with whom he lived—from Papa Dunoyer, an unwashed fish dealer, to charming Tonine, who was so wonderfully superior to her people—privately consulted him as to the desirability of emigrating. Openings, rents, salaries, profits—everywhere he was acutely questioned. Nor did it have the slightest effect when André explained, often in considerable detail, that art was in a very bad way in America. No doubt, sir, the waiter or shop girl or museum attendant would reply earnestly, but the ease and plenty, the incredible prosperity! Only the other day had come a letter from the neighbor's daughter, the little Fanchon, who had emigrated to New York just prior to the war. Now the little Fanchon had her own dry-cleaning establishment, on the celebrated street, Third Avenue, with her own auto for delivering. Yes, very possibly; but who would wish to live without art? Invariably, they for their part seemed ready to risk it.

Then a funny thing happened. Henri D'Azy, a fashionable young painter not of the Café Racine group, whom André had met at an anniversary dinner at the Revals' and instantly liked, announced that he was going to New York to live and paint.

André, dropping into D'Azy's studio to ask him to lunch, heard the news with astonishment.

"Why, Henri, you'll never be able to paint in New York! Why, that atmosphere'll kill you—literally!"

Henri replied gayly that he made a point of escorting his atmosphere with him.

Squinting at a pale lovely canvas on the easel before him, tilting his head backward like a bright bird, the charming young man exclaimed:

"If New York lacks what you call the atmosphere, my dear André, it possesses what you also call the needful. In this desolated country of France, who can pay to have the portrait painted? A few wives of profiteers, perhaps, with faces to make the blood run cold. But from New York, where money sprouts on each bush, they say, already begin to come my most interesting commissions. Is not this a point that you too much ignore, my friend, in those diatribes of yours which so interest and instruct us all? In music and the opera, in literature, in the theater, as well as in the arts graphic and plastic, more and more your country emerges as the munificent patron of the art of the world, making it possible for the artist to live and art everywhere to maintain itself. God bless the America, I say!"

Having indignantly corrected this misapprehension of his country, André exclaimed: "Henri, you are selling out, that's all! You're going to commercialize yourself for the root of all evil."

"What a fancy! With me, it is art for the sake of art ever." D'Azy turned, laughing, and clapped the American on the shoulder. "My old one, just remember that two things always have come before art, and will always so come to the day of judgment. Those two are the bread and the meat. *À propos*, I will *déjeuner* with you with pleasure."

He reported D'Azy's cynical intentions and materialistic quibbles to Marcel Villiers, now his best friend in Paris. However, it hardly surprised him when Marcel, whose only fault was tolerance, and who accordingly would argue anything, supported the painter's apologia.

"Consider, my dear Breed," said Marcel, with many gestures of his single arm, as they strolled in the sunshine by the bookstalls along the Seine, "is not the first duty of a country, as of an individual, to organize its own living, for itself and others? Life—and the gift of life—that is first, is it not so? Figure to yourself the individual who suffers his wife and children to starve, and himself uses the sponge upon his friends, while he sits about the cafés enunciating sublime sentiments ——"

"Any clodhopper can raise a family!" cried André. "Getting more and more bread and meat is the vulgarest thing in the world. If a man can say anything important about beauty, he ought to be supported by the state, while what happens to his worthless wife and children ——"

"Who shall say that this man is worthy or those children worthless?" expostulated Marcel; and signifying by a gesticulation that his remarks were to continue, he soon reverted to his customary central thesis, conduct, *la patrie*, and the like.

"It is difficult to weigh imponderable values on the scale of pure reason, is it not so? During the war, France, as you well know, lost many artists whose genius she could ill afford to spare. Now, not a few of these were men like myself, no longer young, whom the authorities would willingly have set to guarding the bridges and the like, remote from danger, that their talents might be preserved for France—if, indeed, there was to be a France thereafter. Did these men then argue with themselves, 'In truth my art is the best thing I have to give to *la patrie*, therefore I will remain here under the bridge where the *obus* are never heard?' No, no," said Marcel, and winced a little. "They must each and all insist on introducing themselves into the trenches, as if they so avowed that when the choice was between France's life and their own, it was a question one could not conceive to argue. In the same ——"

"Now, Marcel, isn't that rather dragging in the war?" said André gently. "After all, what I'm saying ——"

"Enough, enough!" said Marcel, catching himself with a small laugh, a little forced. "You never like the war talk, no? But I contend only that life—the supreme gift of the good God—must ever come first. And your great country, in attending first to the development of the immense resources of the magnificent new terrain, providing the means of life not for your own nationals alone, but for countless millions of the surplus population of the globe—my friend, in that primitive stark preoccupation, so indispensable and beneficent, there is also a kind of beauty, if you will. But for the rest, the *beaux-arts* that you long for—all these will follow in due season. A little patience, my ——"

"We've been settled three hundred years, Marcel; plenty of time to grow a fine art if we had the seeds in us."

"Art is a plant that flowers in leisure," responded Marcel, thoughtfully stroking his prodigious beard; "sometimes, it is sad to say, in decadence. Patience, my dear Breed. Always the patience."

Dear Marcel! Strange lovable mixture of wisdom and prejudice, of shrewd practicality and incorrigible sentimentalism! His novels, immensely popular though they were, would never be half so interesting and important as he was. Marcel himself was now scheming out another tour in America, greedily delighted with the monetary success—and the publicity—achieved in his first venture. On the other hand, like all the French, he was steeped and drenched in a purely emotional love of country.

In America, of course, the brilliant young men disparaged and despised patriotism. Most of his own friends had kept out of the

(Continued on Page 82)

George Washington *and the* Series 80

UPON George Washington's estate was a mill in which the wheat from his farm land was ground into flour of fine quality. The flour was placed in sacks upon which the name "George Washington" was stamped. And wherever this flour was offered for sale, housewives accepted it *without question*—without inspection. They knew that George Washington's good name would never be placed on anything but the finest flour—that each sack would contain full measure and honest weight.

Last August a new car was announced by The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company—a more moderate-sized and more moderate-priced companion to the large Pierce-Arrow.

And just as the good housewives of long ago accepted George Washington's flour without doubt or question, so men have accepted this newest Pierce-Arrow product—the *Series 80*.

They *know* that The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company would not allow *its* good name to be placed upon any car that did not fully meet the long-established standards of the company.

That is why several hundred men placed orders for the *Series 80* before the first cars were made—without even seeing the car or knowing its price.

That is why many others ordered the *Series 80* immediately following the first public announcement—after seeing *only a picture* of the car and reading its description and price.

That is why—though only six months old—the *Series 80* is today serving several thousand owners.

At the national Automobile Shows you may see this latest Pierce-Arrow car—the *Series 80*. Both closed and open models—the finest product of Pierce-Arrow coach workers—are being shown in new and distinctive color combinations.

But to fully appreciate what Pierce-Arrow building offers you in this more moderate-sized car—what it means in comfort and in road performance—only a trip through city streets and over country highways will suffice.

This trip may easily be arranged, either at the Automobile Show or through our representative in your city. He will gladly place a car at your disposal for the purpose.

7-Pass. Touring Car, $2,895 4-Pass. Coupé, $3,695
7-Pass. Enclosed Drive Limousine, $4,045
5-Pass. Sedan 7-Pass. Sedan 4-Pass. Touring Runabout
at Buffalo; Government Tax Additional

Series 80 Wheelbase . . . . . 130 inches
Series 80 Engine . . . . . 6 cylinders
Standard Equipment . . . . . Balloon Tires
and Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes

Pierce-Arrow Products include passenger cars of two types: The Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six and the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* in seven body styles . . . . Pierce-Arrow Motor Busses . . . . Pierce-Arrow Heavy Duty Motor Trucks.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

PIERCE-ARROW

Series 80 7-passenger touring $2895 at Buffalo

Financing arrangements are offered by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation, a banking institution

The world forgives him now, but—

Only yesterday, it seems, that strapping youngster of yours was clambering about his crib. How you dreamed of his coming manhood! And today you see your vision closer—the goodness, the manliness in him. Today you, and the world too, make allowances and forgive his little disobediences—his childish bursts of temper—even a detected falsehood.

But when he becomes a man the world will stop forgiving. It will judge him solely by what he shows it. And between the ages of ten and twenty he is forming the character the world will see.

THE AMERICAN BOY can help you in making a man of him. By fiction tales of breath-taking interest, fashioned with infinite care by the world's foremost writers for boys, it stimulates his finer instincts. He ardently admires the real men, fine boys, who work, play and *live* with him in these stories. Unconsciously he accepts their standards of life, and emulates their fineness of character—their loyalty and courage, their honor, self-control, initiative, industry and self-reliance. He learns to know and trust and depend on himself—to do right, think right, live right—to accept responsibility for errors, and to profit by them. With unperceived hands—with unfelt power—THE AMERICAN BOY leads him to manhood.

Let THE AMERICAN BOY guide your son through the crucial, character-forming stage of his life. Send us the coupon below—you need not enclose any money—and we will mail your boy the current issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. A bill for two dollars, covering a year's subscription, will be sent you later, unless you notify us to the contrary within ten days.

$2.00 a year by mail. 20c a copy at news-stands.

The American Boy

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO
No. 300 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Please enter a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY and send a copy of the current issue to the following address. Unless I notify you to the contrary within ten days of the receipt of it, I will remit $2.00 on receipt of your bill.

Boy's Name _____

Address _____

Your Name _____

Address _____

If you prefer, remit $2.00 with order. Canada, $2.25; foreign, $2.50

(Continued from Page 80)

war, as far as they safely could; a few a little farther. Here everyone had been in the war, including the halt and the blind; and nearly everyone looked at him a little askance when he straightforwardly declared his position. An *embusqué* they called all such, regardless—a slacker. As for Marcel, he would never get over the inglorious part he had played in the defense of the glory of France. Two years they had kept him one of those guarders of bridges, four kilometers from Dunkirk—he had grown very shortsighted after he passed forty, and more than a little deaf—and then when his arm was blown off, after all, through a momentary carelessness at an ammunition dump (delightful to keep explaining that through all the rest of one's life!) he had carried slops for two years more as a first-class orderly at a base hospital. Nowadays the poor fellow could never hear a band play without looking sad or gaze at the tricolor without emotion. And on July fourteenth, when they had the great parade of the national holiday, and column after column of youthful veterans filed under the Arch of Triumph, saluting with many ceremonies the grave of the Unknown Soldier, Marcel's quick tears rained down his cheeks; he sobbed without control into his handkerchief.

André sympathized—up to a point. If you have a country like France to be proud of, it is different; if your unknown soldier is France's unknown soldier, that makes everything a great deal better, of course. Nevertheless, as he hated war, he didn't like to see it sentimentalized over. And often enough he found the pervasive militaristic patriotism, so full of unquestioning, sometimes slightly naïve, satisfaction with France and her *gloire*, a little trying.

One day he set down in his notebook:

"In America they suppose that the great word in the French language is '*l'amour*.' Actually, it is '*la patrie*.' . . . And sometimes, perhaps, '*l'argent!*'"

You, of course, understand that André, being no fool, had never conceived the French as a nation of pure idealists, all forty million of them thinking exclusively of beauty and art. Hence the more material traits of the modern Athenians had not entirely surprised him. Considering the general poverty, it was natural enough that people should be rather humorlessly in earnest in respect to money; that the sharp, homely, efficient women who ran the neighborhood shops should be tireless traders, and that rich business men were admired as well as Rodin, Debussy or Monet. What did surprise him a little was to find that there was plenty of ugliness in this lovely city; yes, and evidences of downright bad taste too. Really, those dreadful flower beds that one sometimes saw in public places, those tin wreaths in Père Lachaise cemetery! The over emphasis on sex, he was prepared for; the plain human vulgarity sometimes took him a little aback. Taking them by and large, Papa and Maman Dunoyer were among the vulgarest people he had ever met; so was Celestin Dunoyer, and unpleasantly flirtatious besides; and he came to know sundry of these French who were by no means conspicuous for an instinctive aestheticism. Through Monsieur Étienne Dubois—a silk merchant at whose house he had dined, himself by no means a pure devotee of beauty—André attended a commercial dinner at Marseilles in September, for observation, for the fun of the thing. He reflected with amusement that the affair might almost have been a boosters' banquet in some thriving young city in America; the trend of the speeches, even some of the phrases, were so American that he laughed to himself. As for Marseilles itself—really one would almost rather live in Columbus!

"But necessarily," replied Marcel, to whom he repeated these thoughts a few days later, "the life of business both presupposes and produces the business ways, tastes, point of view, ideals—the same the world over. Commercial, vulgar, let us agree. Yet without such ways and tastes, my dear Breed, there would be no business, and poof would go the life of the world!"

The two friends had been lunching with a famous British novelist—made wealthy by the constant appreciation of America—and his wife, at Voisin's. Having lingered long at table, they were strolling homeward, down the serene Rue de la Paix. The afternoon was beautiful. The high white aged city was full of hazy sunshine. It was sweet to live.

"*Enfin*, my friend, if for the moment your country evinces the commercial traits predominantly, it is because your country has the predominant duty of supporting ——"

"Oh, hang my country! *Ce doux pays de France* is country enough for me!"

André meant it with all his being. His comments upon the little human foibles were mere negligible footnotes upon the vast body of his contentment. And today he was extraordinarily happy. Notes for an American Aesthetic had just been published in America. An exciting package of advance copies had arrived some days since; this morning the first reviews had come, and they were, without exception, really enthusiastic. Better still, the ablest reviewers—Harold Derek in Cosmos and Carl Weinstock in the Index—were the most enthusiastic; but all alike agreed that the Notes revealed a marked growth in his power and art. Was not this, indeed, his justification?

"My dear fellow, it does not do to hang one's country," old Marcel was saying. "Must I again inculcate the virtues of patriotism?"

And suiting the action to the word as they swung along, the delightful chap argued with great vigor that the common man needed sanctions to live by, conceptions to ennoble and dignify his life, and that he found such a conception supremely in exalted love of his *patrie*.

"Let us not strip him of that ennobling incentive," said Marcel earnestly, while his coat tails flapped in the light breeze, "until we are positive we have something better to give him, for the poetry of his life and the enrichment of all life. Admit if you like that the patriotic emotion leads sometimes to wars, and the rest. Yet let us not deny that this same patriotism has also produced sentiments and deeds the most noble conceivable—great deeds demonstrating imperishably the divine quality of this poor little human animal, and standing forever as the inspiration of mankind. Such treasures are worth a little blood spilled, my friend. After all, when it is a question of beauty, what is so beautiful as the beauty of conduct?"

"Lots of things. That lovely column there, for instance."

Marcel's teeth gleamed from the forest of his whiskers.

"Ha! But you assist my point! That shaft, commemorating the great campaigns of 1805, and made from the bronze of Russian and Austrian cannon, is itself both an emblem and a pure product of patriotism. The example is too —— Ah!"

"*Bongjour*, Brother Bride! . . . Well, honor bright now! Do you get it—or do I get yours?"

At the sound of the strange voice just beside him, André stopped, half turning, to find himself confronted by a couple of Americans—a stout, middle-aged, extremely friendly man and woman, whom he could not remember having seen before. Yet the pair were laughing with expectancy; they were a little breathless as if they had run after him; and very singularly, the man was holding up a round silver dollar.

"How do you?" said André, puzzled. "Why, I hope I get it. But really ——"

Their simple faces fell a little.

"Why, say, don't tell me you've forgotten me and Mr. Miskow—on the boat—a year ago last spring! And me bettin' you one round ——"

It all came back. "You're Mr. Schwarzkopf," said André pleasantly, "and I get it."

And reaching out a hand he plucked the iron man from the salesman's fingers and dropped it, smiling, into his pocket.

"Well, say, you've earned it, brother!" came back Mr. Schwarzkopf, with a loud laugh. "Say, I never would 'a' believed ——"

"'Twas me reco'nized you, from over there!" cried Mrs. Schwarzkopf, a little excited. "You've grown a beard and all since the Majestic, but I knew you right off."

"And it's the Place Vendôme, too, just as Mr. Schwarzkopf and I agreed," said André. "That is a coincidence."

He presented Marcel, who happened to be elaborately dressed for the luncheon party—in the French fashion. They contemplated him with the greatest interest, and Mrs. Schwarzkopf looked ready to laugh right out loud. What a froggy! My Lord!

There was conversation. He asked Mrs. Schwarzkopf how she liked Paris and she made exactly the reply that you would have expected, concluding with the thought that she'd gladly give a dozen Grand Hotels for the one old Statler in Buffalo, and running ice water in every room. When he asked Mr. Schwarzkopf how business was on this trip, the comical fellow threw up his hands in a gesture of exaggerated dismay.

"Why, there ain't no such animule, in gay Paree! I tell you, you got to get up early in the morning to sell anything to these fr—Franchmen, I mean to say—you got to give it to 'em! Yes, moonseer—I didn't catch the name—your merchants you got here are certainly some bargain hunters. You got to hand it to 'em for that."

The Schwarzkopfs would have been glad to chat away the afternoon, but André had other views.

"Drop in and see us some day soon, Mr. Bride," said Mrs. Schwarzkopf, reluctantly parting. "It kind of cheers us up to see a face from home every now and so often."

"Thank you, Mrs. Schwarzkopf. Remember me to Mr. Miskow, if you see him."

He walked on, smiling to himself.

"There are two true patriots for you, Marcel. But I don't see them producing art, exactly."

"On the other hand," said Marcel, nodding down the Place, "behold another compatriot of yours, who does indeed produce art."

They were approaching the door of the National City Bank, out of which had just emerged a tall, foppishly dressed man, gallantly escorting a lady. It was Bertholet, the American painter, who kept a studio in Paris as well as New York, and spent half his time here. André didn't like him much.

"If you call it art!"

"But who is that with him?" demanded Marcel, adjusting his glass, for he had ever an appreciative eye for the sex.

André's glance shifted and stopped. And then André himself stopped; for a fraction of a second he halted dead upon the sidewalk. For the girl coming toward him at handsome Bertholet's side was Marie Jackson from Michigan, who had told him one night that they would meet no more unless it were important for them to meet.

If André had thought that he had pretty much forgotten this girl, the sight of her now revealed his mistake to him. He was taken aback by the shock and thrill of feeling which shook through him. His heart, having stood perfectly still for a space, seemed ready to bound from his bosom.

She, advancing, talking with her escort, glanced first at Marcel, then casually at him. She glanced at him, she looked at him, she stared at him, while her eyes grew bigger and bigger—and then she smiled suddenly and beautifully.

So it was all right then; so she thought, too, that this was important.

"But she is charming," murmured Marcel, beginning to twirl his mustaches.

And an instant later, the remembered voice of Marie Jackson was saying, before how-do-you-do or anything, "I always knew I should z-see you again."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Watch the birdie!"

REMEMBER the day your "graduation picture" was taken? The high collar, the shining face, the trim new graduation suit? That day you were "watching the birdie"—and you took pains to be looking your best.

But isn't looking your best just as important now as it was then? You're "watching the birdie" every day: employers, friends, competitors—all judge you by the picture you present to the eye. In the world of business, as in the world of school and college, good appearance and success are always associated.

And because Valeteria, the new and improved pressing service, makes good appearance better, it has won instant popularity among well-groomed, successful men. Valeteria does more than take wrinkles out of suits—it restores *shape* and *fit*. With Valeteria, your clothes receive again the pressing that gave them their original "store window" look—which means they are pressed and *shaped* with a whole battery of specialized presses.

As in fine tailoring establishments, each part of each garment is pressed and *shaped* on a special press. Collar on a Hoff-Man collar press; shoulders on a Hoff-Man shoulder press; coat fronts on Hoff-Man chest and forming presses; trousers on a Hoff-Man trousers press; and overcoats on a Hoff-Man overcoat press. And now this same equipment, formerly used only by famous clothing makers, is at your service in the nearest Valeteria shop.

"A press for every part"—that is why Valeteria re-shapes your suit, bringing back the fit and "hang" you admired in the clothier's window. And, too, Valeteria sterilizes with hot, dry steam which raises the nap, and cleanses and freshens the fabric.

Look up the Valeteria shop in your neighborhood, with the name "Valeteria" on the window. Or phone a modern dry-cleaner and have him press your suit the Valeteria way. A tag—"pressed by the Valeteria Method"—is your assurance of genuine Valeteria service. The United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Only shops of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You can have your clothes pressed by the Valeteria Method

① The collar is pressed and *shaped* on a collar press.
② The left coat front is pressed and *shaped* on a left front forming press.
③ The right coat front is pressed and *shaped* on a right front forming press.
④ The trousers are pressed and *shaped* on a trousers press.
⑤ The shoulders of the coat are pressed and *shaped* on a shoulder press.
⑥ Skirts are pressed and *shaped* on a skirt press.

A "*Fountain of Youth*" for your clothing . . .

Frequent visits to the dry-cleaner are truly "fountains of youth" for your clothing. Particles of dust and dirt get into the fabric, and weaken its strength. Dry-cleaning not only improves the appearance of a garment, but sends it back to you weeks younger, ready to give you months more of satisfactory service. The extra wear of the suit that is often dry-cleaned fully offsets the moderate cost of dry-cleaning. Have your dry-cleaner call today.

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THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT *SHAPES* YOUR CLOTHES . . .
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AVOID COLDS

Then winter will build you up — not drag you down

YOU'LL feel *so much better*—and you know how colds run through the whole family when Johnny brings one home from school, or Dad picks up a germ in the city.

You *can* avoid colds. Many people do. And it isn't a matter of luck, or an iron constitution either. It is a matter of removing the cause—and the cause of colds is *germs*. If there weren't any germs, there wouldn't be any colds.

Germs enter your system by way of your nose or mouth, *usually from your hands*. If your resistance is lowered by exposure or fatigue then these germs multiply and you "have a cold."

How to remove the cause

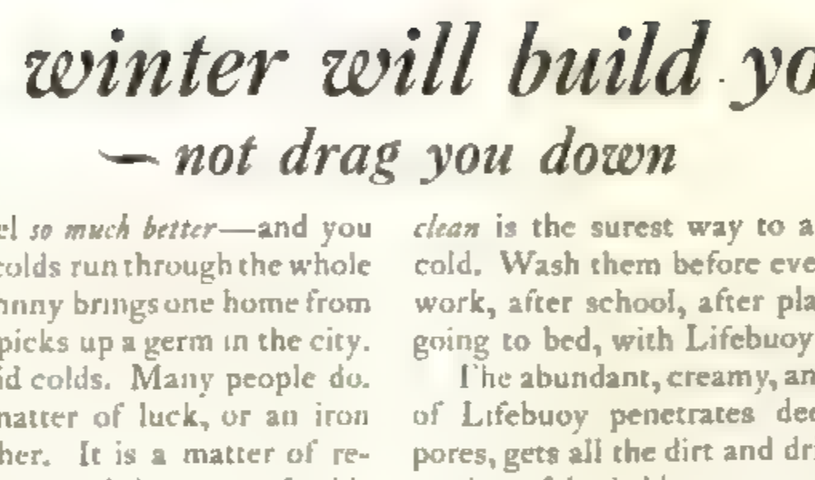
Keeping the hands and face *antiseptically clean* is the surest way to avoid catching cold. Wash them before every meal, after work, after school, after play, and before going to bed, with Lifebuoy Health Soap.

The abundant, creamy, antiseptic lather of Lifebuoy penetrates deeply into the pores, gets all the dirt and drives off whole armies of invisible germ enemies which get on the skin from almost everything you touch.

The Lifebuoy habit is a very great protection to school children who are brought in such close contact every day.

Before your resistance to germs is lowered by the hard winter, try Lifebuoy. Get through without a cold.

The Health Doctor



Orange-red Lifebuoy is the color of pure palm fruit oil. Most will like the quickly vanishing health odor of Lifebuoy because you like cleanness

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Smooth, soft skin all winter

HARSH or chapped skin is caused by the natural oils of the skin being removed by dry winter air, over-heated houses, and by soap that is impure or *strong*.

Millions have learned that regular use of Lifebuoy keeps their skin soft and smooth all winter.

The pure, bland oils of palm fruit and cocoanut in Lifebuoy cleanse the skin without removing the natural oils so necessary to skin health and beauty.

If your skin is so delicate that it suffers in cold weather, you will also value Lifebuoy for its wonderfully soothing, health-giving mildness and purity.

AND ALL THINGS ELSE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Didn't you know I went to Washington, Bill?"

"Ah, indeed. Government position?"

"I'm in the House, Bill!"

"You don't say. What are you doing there—law work?"

"Why, Bill, you know what the position is."

"I confess I don't, Gentry, to be perfectly frank," said Bill, wiping his glasses to improve somehow the time he was losing. "Government position, at any rate, I understand. Huh. No future in that, Gentry. Small pay, too, I suppose. Still, I should advise you to stick to it. It's safe, Gentry. It's better than nothing. Stick to it, Gentry."

He restored his glasses to his nose and looked over them.

"If I may speak as a friend, Gentry, your trouble has been a tendency to chop and change about. That doesn't pay, Gentry. The way for a young man to get ahead is to attach himself to some rising man and go up with him. That's how I got ahead. When' anything goes wrong Mr. Russell sends for me at once. I try to be reliable. If you are employed in Congress you must be acquainted with several representatives; why can't you attach yourself to one of them? Show him that you're reliable. Oh, yes, stick to that job of yours by all means."

"I can't, Bill; honestly. I'm here to see Mr. Russell."

"Have you a paper for him; or a message? I'll take it."

"My dear old friend Bill," said Tom, laying his hand on the managing clerk's bony shoulder, "can't you get it through your head that I'm not running around with papers and messages nowadays?"

"Ah, you've quit the law, have you? What then do you wish to see Mr. Russell about?"

"I want him to take me into the firm as a partner, Bill. Now you know."

"Light-minded as usual, Gentry," said Bill with a tired smile. "Not that I don't perceive the humor in the way you said it, as if you meant it seriously, you know. Haw, haw! But does it pay, Gentry? Ask yourself that, as I do."

A buzzer was uttering its rasping cry peremptorily in the hall; someone behind one of the closed doors was becoming feverishly impatient. "Hey, mister, Mr. Russell is being kept waiting," said the boy to whom Tom had given his name.

Mr. Russell's bright brown eyes had been fastened piercingly on the door, and now they seized on Tom and reproved him mutely for his dilatoriness; Mr. Russell was an important man and was aware of it. More, he was an important lawyer, and that, to Mr. Russell's legal mind, was to grade above humanity. Mr. Russell would have fastened the same monitive gaze upon a judge who kept him waiting at the bar, upon any public official hedged about with anterooms and uniformed attendants; he depersonalized people and was impatient when they obtruded their irrelevant and incomprehensible selves upon him. Perhaps only a greatly zealous surgeon, looking on man with a sole eye to his fleshly garment, stripping from him his accidents of place and birth and possessions, and indifferently glad so long as he had somebody under his knife, could have returned upon Mr. Russell that rapt and fanatical look. And yet it may be that even such a surgeon would have welcomed Mr. Russell to his table with a difference, with a warmer regard; Mr. Russell would have been a subject worthy of his steel. Mr. Russell had not one chin but three, his trunk was as containing as a tar barrel, and now, in rising to greet Tom Gentry, he bent over until he was looking full at the floor before his center of gravity shifted outside his base and went down to his highly polished shoes.

He stood in place, projected a short right arm, and waited until Tom Gentry crossed the room and took hold of the tendered hand. He gave his visitor's hand one quick shake, compressed his lips by way of smiling, jerked his head and sat down again. He sat immobile and looked at Tom with close attention.

"You are thinking of taking in a junior partner, Mr. Russell," said Tom.

"Have I an appointment with you, Mr. Gentry?"

"I recognized the telephone number and came right around, Mr. Russell. I guess I should know the number of Russell & Barker."

"Ah, yes. You have had some matters with us?"

"Nobody's had more, Mr. Russell. Nobody outside the office is more familiar with your practice than I am."

"Then I shall be saved some explaining. I take it that you are in independent practice and are a member of the Bar Association? What important litigation have you been connected with as attorney?"

"I was attorney for one of the heirs in the litigation over the Enos will involving an estate of ten million dollars; I was also attorney for the receiver of the Metropolis Surety Company." He saw no need of telling Mr. Russell that the guardianship of one of the minor Enos children had been conferred upon him in indirect requital for political services, and that the receiver of the bankrupt surety company was a state committeeman to whom had been intrusted the partition of a juicy plum.

"Evidently your experience will make you a valuable acquisition to the firm, Mr. Gentry, and we will pass it for the present. You will, however, be good enough to outline it to our Mr. Teackle so that we may consider it. You will tell him also what you care to about yourself, your clubs, connections, antecedents. I should have sent you at once to our Mr. Teackle for the first interview, Mr. Gentry, but your appearance impressed me favorably and I thought we had better dispatch the matter."

"I saw Mr. Teackle just now, Mr. Russell. He knows all about me."

"He sent you to me?"

"I told him I was coming, and he seemed to be greatly pleased."

"So. I trust that you will be equally pleased with us. We do not expect, Mr. Gentry, that the man we select will come to us with any vast reputation; we should prefer, in fact, that he be not fully matured, that he be adaptable. We shall look more to the man's personality, his instinct for the law, and his social connections. When I say social connections ——"

"I understand entirely, Mr. Russell. You mean that he hasn't got to be a social light, but that he must be a gentleman. He hasn't got to know an awful lot, but he has to know enough to keep his mouth shut and make silence go a long ways. He's to jolly important clients and keep in touch with them after hours and lead them away from your door when you don't want to see them. He's to keep his bag packed, ready to jump anywhere over the country to represent the firm. He is to sit beside title-company attorneys at closings and look as if he was closing the titles himself. He is to make after-dinner speeches, draw codicils for cranky old ladies, and serve on public committees to welcome distinguished foreigners. He is to interview politicians on matters of legislation; he is to keep at all times between the clients and the firm's admitted clerks, so that the clerks can't steal the business and set up for themselves. And he is not to forget to ask Mr. Teackle."

"You seem to have a grasp of our requirements, Mr. Gentry."

"I was very well acquainted with Mr. Clayton, your former partner."

"Were you indeed?" Mr. Russell frowned. "Then you know a few things that we will not tolerate in a member of this firm, Mr. Gentry; regrettable things that obliged us to come to an understanding with Mr. Clayton. I dare say that I break no confidences when I tell you that Mr. Clayton had an unfortunate liking for night life and for low company. A taste for wine suppers and for the society of show girls is not compatible with the dignity of a member of the firm of Russell & Barker. Not that we presume to be inquisitorial, Mr. Gentry, but we do insist upon the maintenance of dignity. You agree with me, I am sure?"

"Oh, absolutely, Mr. Russell. No show girls and wine suppers for me. I have no money to waste like that."

"Speaking of money," said Mr. Russell graciously, "there is the matter of the financial adjustment; we have not come to it yet, but I would suggest that we shall expect our man to buy a small interest in the firm. Five or ten per cent would be adequate; we will leave the percentage to our new partner; not everyone is in a position to find fifty thousand dollars in cash on short notice."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Tom Gentry. And he opened his mouth and rounded his eyes at his prospective partner.

"Exactly," said Mr. Russell.

"But, surely, Mr. Russell, you know I couldn't think of putting up a sum like that! In fact, I hadn't contemplated putting up any money whatever."

"You mean that you can bring business to compensate, Mr. Gentry?"

"Not that exactly, either, Mr. Russell. You must remember that I have been out of practice for two years. But surely the fact that I am already familiar with your methods and practice —— Mr. Russell, you remember me, don't you? I used to be employed here."

"Oh, yes, indeed; certainly," said Mr. Russell with a caressing tone in his voice. The sweetness of his manner was caused by the fact that he did not remember Tom Gentry at all and that he was casting back among the hundred admitted clerks who had been employed by the firm during the last several years. "So you are a graduate of this office, are you, Mr. Gentry? Yes, yes, I do recollect you quite well."

Tom said to himself, "So the old fellow didn't fire me that time, after all." This gave him courage to recall the circumstances of their parting to Mr. Russell for the sake of a laugh over old times, but before he could speak to refresh Mr. Russell's memory the desk telephone rang.

"It is for you, Mr. Gentry," said Mr. Russell, handing over the instrument. Tom took it and communed with it.

"Who's this?" he said. . . . "Pete Schwepperman? . . . Hello, Pete. . . . Fine. How are you? . . . You're in jail? . . . Too bad, Pete. . . . No, I can't do it. . . . What's that? . . . I tell you I'm in bad myself, up at the club. . . . Yes, Pete, I'm down and out. Got to look for a job, Pete. . . . Oh, I'll get in somewhere. Call Jack Frazer, Pete, and maybe he can spring you somehow. . . . Sorry, Pete. Good-by."

"Whom were you speaking to?" asked Mr. Russell sharply.

"No one of any importance," said Tom, shrugging his shoulders. "A Harlem bootlegger. He wanted me to get him out of jail, but he'll serve his term if he depends on me. But, as I was saying, Mr. Russell—I was with this firm some years ago, and I could work right in again. You know, Mr. Russell, I've puzzled since over your attitude at the time I left you then; you suggested that I should go out for myself and do so the following Saturday noon—that was the sum of what you said—but it seemed to me that you were a bit curt about it. I'm not reproaching you, you know, only—eh?"

Tom was smiling evocatively, and Mr. Russell was compelled to return the smile in common courtesy, since he had as yet remembered nothing giving reason to rebuke it; he had dismissed the episode of the bootlegger for the moment. "Ah, yes, I dare say I was a bit brusque. Rather amusing, wasn't it?"

"I can still see your face, Mr. Russell," chuckled Tom, delighted to find how much of Mr. Russell's acid had been turned to sugar by the five intervening summers. "You opened the door unexpectedly, you remember, and there I was doing a hand stand on a chair out there to show young Jerry Hall how, and you called me right into your office. Just a prank, you know; I suppose you've had many a good laugh over it since, eh, Mr. Russell?"

Mr. Russell seemed to have a sour taste in his mouth; the corners of his lips sank and he made a savoring noise with his tongue, but there was the light of recognition in his eyes now. He had remembered Tom Gentry.

An office boy opened the door and looked in timidly. "Excuse me, Mr. Russell, but there's a man out here says he got to see Mr. Gentry right away."

"Is he in there?" said someone outside. "Gangway, kid."

The tramp who had accosted Tom in the basement of the Eskimo Club pushed the lad aside and threw out a greeting hand at Mr. Russell.

"Excuse me, boss—I got to talk to my friend Tom here. Hey, Tom, didn't I tell you I got to land that job today? They're taking on men down at the barn, and if I don't land today I'll be out of luck. So just take up that telephone and call up the

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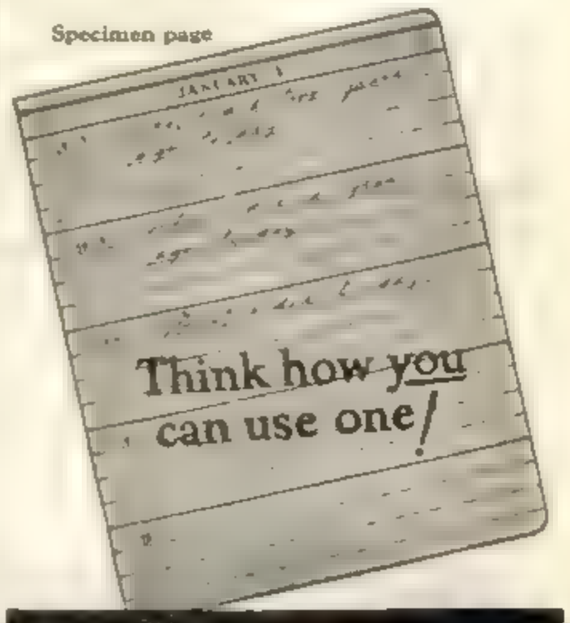

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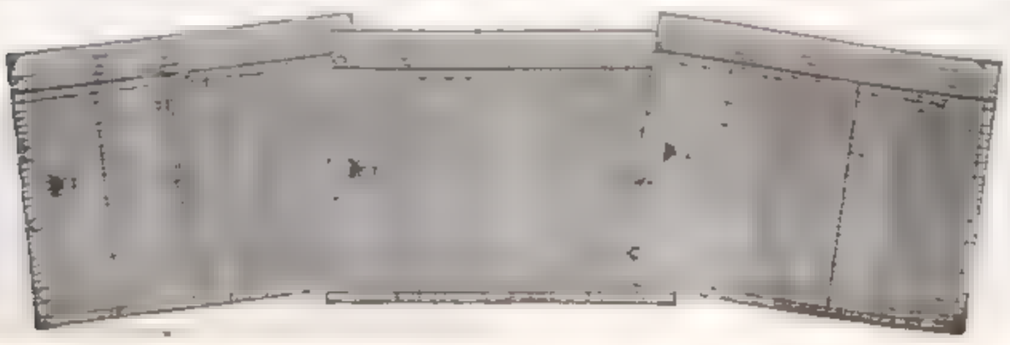

super and tell him I'm an old friend of yourn, will you?"

"I'll see you outside, Fred," said Tom.

The fellow was capable of making a scene. Fred threw up an arm as if to ward off a missile, and vanished from the door as a loud thump sounded from the desk.

Mr. Russell had just put down his desk book with a bang. Obviously he had not planned to throw it at Fred, for he was looking at Tom Gentry. He was looking at Tom very earnestly, as if he could not believe his eyes, aggrievedly; there was a babyish tremble to his lips. He had been engaged in fitting this young man into his own neat and tight plan, had anticipated extending his own personality into him, and here the creature had reverted to a rude state and had exhibited an antic humanity and had proved himself quite impossible.

"Mr. Teackle," he called in a thin and penetrating squeak.

Bill came in a hurry.

"Who are these persons, Mr. Teackle?" asked Mr. Russell, still holding Tom at bay with his eyes. "I shall speak to you later about this, Mr. Teackle."

"Perhaps I'd better go, Mr. Russell," said Tom, seeing that his affair had gone awry. "Perhaps I'd better write you a letter. You know, Mr. Russell, I'm in politics, or have been, and a politician cannot pick and choose his company. I should have explained some things to you, but I flattered myself that I was known to you. I cannot come in here in any event until I have served my term."

"Your term!" repeated Mr. Russell. "Good heavens, Teackle, what is this? It cannot be possible. Yes, yes, young man, I know all about you and I can do nothing for you. You were wrong to come here. Good day, good day."

Bill held the outer door open. "You shouldn't have come here, Gentry," he said. "Of course we're sorry for you, and all that, but you shouldn't have annoyed Mr. Russell."

"Who asked you to be sorry for me, you thundering old bookworm?" exclaimed Tom disgustedly. "You don't know what's going on outside your own treadmill, and you don't care. Of all the self-centered self-satisfied, cocksure and opinionated old stick-in-the-muds, commend me ——"

"Now, Gentry, abuse will do you no good," said Bill crisply. "Go quietly now. Good day!"

Tom was laughing angrily as he descended in the elevator, but his laughter was short-lived. A few brief lines on the House stationery should place him in a fair light before Mr. Russell but could not qualify him for the junior partnership. And he knew only too well the starvation basis upon which young lawyers must painfully build an independent practice. He had trodden that hard road and had abandoned it for the easier way through political favor. And now he had come abruptly to the end of the smoothed path. He knew that it would be idle, a pastime for a rich man, to try to make headway in political life without machine support.

He walked along crowded Broadway toward his office. His name was called from the doorway of an office building and he stepped aside and shook hands with the man who had hailed him. The man was about sixty years of age, tall, of distinguished appearance, with tossed gray hair and lean and bony face. It was ex-Governor Bolger, a man who had been a Tammany politician for thirty years, and who had broken with the machine after it had made him a national figure by placing him in the chair that had been occupied by Cleveland and by Roosevelt.

"I suppose you've heard I was turned down, governor?" said Tom with an effort at casualness.

"You did what you had to do, Gentry," said Bolger, looking him in the face. "What any honest and self-respecting official must do unless he'll take dictation from the gang. It's the best thing ever happened to you, Gentry, believe me. No man is good enough to be your master."

"Yes," said Tom. After a pause, "How's everything, governor?"

"Fine!" said Bolger, straightening, and pulling at the lapels of his ill-fitting suit. "Perfectly wonderful, Gentry. Why? Don't mind the stories you hear. Something big is brewing, Gentry. I could use you if you have nothing in mind. I'm waiting here right now to see one of the most important men in New York. I'm speaking in confidence, Gentry."

A portly and well-dressed man with a large cigar hanging loosely from his pouting lips emerged from the office building and walked down the steps. "Good morning to you, Mr. Sauerwein," said Bolger, bowing and extending his hand with courtliness.

"Now, now, Bolger," murmured Mr. Sauerwein; and he passed without breaking his stride.

"Doesn't care to talk in public," said Bolger. He bent this way and that way, questing among the crowd. "Ah, there's the vice president of the Rye Exchange! Bowed to me, didn't he, Gentry? Excuse me." He darted out onto the thronged sidewalk.

Tom Gentry resumed his walk. Now, as ever when he was under the stress of strong emotion, when he was greatly exalted or depressed, his thoughts flew to Peggy McShane. He had nothing to do in the office; he would call on Peggy. He descended into the Subway and rode up to Harlem.

Mr. McShane, Peggy's father, was a contractor who had grown wealthy on city work; it was common report that Charley Murray, the leader of Tammany Hall, was an undisclosed partner in Mr. McShane's extensive enterprises. Mr. McShane's connections were at least political; he was a member of the general committee of Tammany, had served as chairman of the finance committee, and was at all times a pillar of the Eskimo Club and a valued adviser of Jimmy Clahan. He was a good churchman, kept his word and met his notes, and never permitted his heart to run away with his head. He had unquestionably favored the suit of the rising Thomas Jefferson Gentry for the hand of his daughter Peggy. "He'll master her, ma'am," he said to his wife, masking his thoughts as usual under a show of simplicity. "I can't, God knows, and you won't. He's big enough."

"Robert," his wife had said, looking at him down her nose, "how can you speak so dreadfully plebeian?"

She was watching the world now through the window curtains of the handsome brick-and-limestone English-basement home of the McShanes when she saw Tom approach the wrought-iron entrance door below her. She went quickly to the stairs and called "Peg-gy!" in a singing voice. Contented that her daughter was not within earshot of the doorbell, she mounted pantingly to her chamber and looked carefully at her nose and looked as carefully as she could at the back of her dress. Her back turned away from her as fast as she turned toward it—she was thickset and tightly laced—so she resolved to keep her face to the foe. She had a maternal duty to perform and she would perform it, handicapped soever as she might be by a maid who was always lallygagging in the servants' room when she was wanted. She was sorry for Tom Gentry, and the thought of her daughter inclined her to panic. She went downstairs and gave Tom Gentry a high hand.

"Hello, mother," he said. "How've you been?"

"It's Mr. Gentry, isn't it?" she said, smiling cordially. "I didn't recall you to recollection for a moment. Finely, thank you. Won't you sit down?"

"Is Peggy at home?" he asked.

"My daughter? But, oh, yes, of course. Do you know, Mr. Gentry, you using that name startled me for just a moment. But I know that you two are old friends. Oh, surely! No, Peggy is gone out. She was here a few minutes ago. Too bad she didn't know you were to call; she had nothing whatever to take her out, and I feel quite certain she would have stayed in to meet you."

"She certainly would," he said disappointedly. "What took her out, mo—Mrs. McShane?"

"You mean, who took her out," she amended archly. "It was a Mr. De Rochay, if I caught the name. A stunning fellow, Mr. Gentry. An aviator in the war, and quite dreadfully wounded on the limb, but it doesn't detract in the least from his appearance. It naturally wouldn't, you know. He is tremendously attentive, and I do really believe that Peggy has met someone at last whom she can really like."

She looked into Tom's astonished face and said in her most musical tones and with an affectation of a wink, "I think it will be a match! I think it will be a match! Ha, ha, oh, dear me!"

"You are joking," he said almost roughly.

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 56)

Her gaze became inquiring. "I really do believe you are jealous, Mr. Gentry. You are too! Don't deny it! But, jesting aside, I have really thought at times that I detected some attachment in you for Peggy. Perhaps it was only a mother's eye, Mr. Gentry; every mother thinks every man must be in love with her daughter, don't you think so? It was nothing you said; and I'm certain it was nothing Peggy said. Oh, dear me, no! Peggy never observed about you in that vein, but still it has occurred to me since that it is very fortunate you were not more precipitous. If, that is, there was anything there, and not that I say there was. You understand me, don't you, Mr. Gentry?"

"No, I don't understand you at all," he said, rising in much agitation. "Is Mr. McShane at home? I'd like to speak to him."

"But you seem ill," she said anxiously. "Is it anything?"

Tom saw a shadow on the figured glass of the folding doors that separated the two living rooms. The shadow retreated into nothingness as Tom advanced on it, and when he thrust back a door he saw Mr. McShane rubbing his eyes in an easy-chair.

"Ho, hum!" yawned Mr. McShane. "Hello, Tom. When did you get in? Sit down."

"Mr. McShane," said Tom tremulously, "what is this that Mrs. McShane is saying about Peggy and me? Are we engaged or are we not?"

"Robert," said a low, sweet voice from the hall.

"You are not," said Mr. McShane. "If I have to answer under the gun." He was a long and thin man with a shiningly bald head and gray eyes deep-set under hanging black brows. His manner was ordinarily blandishing, but he could lay that aside and show a steely front.

"But—but what has happened, Mr. McShane? What have I done? What have you against me?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. McShane bluntly. "I'll not have my girl marrying a man who don't know whether he'll have a roast for Sunday dinner until he comes to Saturday night. We'll not have her marry a man that's got no standing. Now, my boy, you've got nobody to blame but yourself; you had everything in your hands and you threw it away like—well, I'm not criticizing you, and every man knows his own business best, but what are you now—or will be in another six months? A man about town looking for a job. We're reasonable. We've talked it over, her mother and I."

"But—but suppose I get on my feet again?"

"You're young, but I'm taking nothing for granted. I'll suppose nothing. You're free and the girl's free, and if that don't suit you I'll forbid you the house. Now, Tom, I'm not quarreling with you and don't want to; I'm talking common sense and you'll come to see it. You've heard from her mother and you've heard from me, and there's nobody else to hear from. You can starve a wife as well as the next, we know, but we've other ideas for Peggy. And let that settle it."

He rose, nodded, and made as if to offer his hand and conclude a bargain. Tom stared at him blankly for a space and turned away and walked toward the stairs on his way out.

"And if you could come it over the girl," shouted Mr. McShane for good measure and to cover all points, "not a blessed cent of my money will either of you see, not to save you from the gutter!"

Tom walked down the street, walking ahead blindly, going nowhere. Plunging ahead aimlessly, so he should have walked in circles, and he approximated that by walking in rectangular quadrilaterals, turning corners as fast as he came to them. For some time his face was void of expression except for its whiteness and pinchedness, but a look of sublime abnegation came into it at last and he said aloud, "They're right." And thereupon he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and walked more slowly, looking at the pavement. He looked up when somebody put an arresting hand on his arm, and he saw that he had been halted by a red-faced man in a blue uniform with yellow facings.

"—— ride on a camel," said the man, ending a sentence. He pointed to a poster showing men in uniforms like his leading a carefree life in the Orient.

"Who?" asked Tom.

"Learn a trade and save your pay," admonished the man. "Join the Marines."

Tom uttered an inarticulate ejaculation and walked on, but he did not mend the dejected gait that had caused the eagle eye of the recruiting sergeant to seize upon him. He said to himself that he would give Peggy up for her own good; he hugged this thought and it gave him a strange happiness, the austere happiness of self-immolation.

"Oh, Tom!" cried someone, bursting upon him like a whirlwind. "We've been looking for you all over. Mr. De Rochay wishes ——"

"Peggy!" said Tom, seizing her by both arms.

He looked down into the limpid blue eyes under the narrow black brows. He would tell her at once. She would have to be strong; they would both have to be strong—strong and wise.

He said to her, "Peggy, Jimmy Clahan turned me down. I'm through in politics; when I leave Congress next March I'll never go back. That means the end for me, Peggy. I haven't got a dollar outside my salary; I haven't got a friend, and I don't know where to turn. I'll have to start in again all over, and it will be years before I can get on my feet. Your people are set against our getting married, and your father says we'll never see a cent of his money, and you know he's a hard man when his mind is made up. It's simply foolishness for us to think about each other any more, so, Peggy—Peggy—will you marry me right now, today, straight off, and let them all go to thunder?"

"Yes, Tom," she said, turning pale.

"Then let's go do it!" cried Tom.

And he took her arm and hugged it to his side and walked at a great rate, talking without coherence, until his head cleared and he remembered where he could find an obliging justice of the peace in Hoboken. They caught a cab and rode to the Thirty-third Street tunnel, and they were man and wife by half past three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, wedded with the old-fashioned signet ring which Tom had had from his father.

"But this isn't for real," said the bride, disengaging herself from her husband's embrace. "We're going to have a real wedding and everything, aren't we, Tom? And now we're going straight home and tell mother."

"And father too," said Tom with pleasurable anticipation. "Father too! Not a word to him, Peggy. I want to tell him all by myself."

"I wonder if people can tell we're just married," she said in the tube train, snuggling close to Tom and watching the other passengers for symptoms of alarm.

"Of course not," said Tom, drawing down his eyebrows and lips for a moment. "How could they?"

"But, Tom dear," Peggy said, partly to make conversation and to look like everybody else, "why did you say such queer things when I found you there on the street? I was really afraid of you, you looked so strange and wild. You said you had no money and no friends and no place to go; I suppose you don't remember a word of it now. I should never have thought of doing such a mad thing as this if I didn't think you needed someone to take care of you."

"But I did mean it, Peggy. We're going to be awfully poor."

"We will live in the Bronx in a three-room flat, and I will cook and wash, and we will have to save up to pay the rent," she said excitedly. And then her face clouded momentarily. "But I suppose you are just saying those things to jolly me along and make believe I can help you. Oh, Tom, wouldn't it have been fun! But they will probably make you the ambassador to England or France, like they make most senators and congressmen who don't get re-elected. Well, that will be fun too. We won't take the first thing they offer us, Tom; a man with such a wonderful record as yours can be particular. Just imagine being in Congress and knowing the President and everybody, at your age. Why, Tom, you are a genius!"

"Oh, pshaw, I didn't do anything so wonderful. Well, I guess not every man could make such a record. Grant didn't, and Lincoln didn't; even the President didn't, for that matter. Not," he added modestly, "that I'm claiming to be a greater man than Grant or even the President."

"How do you know?" she said. "Wait till you are their age and we will see. You should hear the way Mr. De Rochay speaks about you. He is a wonderful admirer of yours, Tom."

"Who is he? Your mother spoke about him."

"He is some kind of a publisher. I met him only last week at an affair, and we sat and talked about you for hours. He said it was a burning shame the way Tammany Hall was going to treat you, and if you didn't resent it he did. He said you ought to write a series of articles about politics and about the coming campaign and instruct the public and inspire it as a great political leader and statesman. He said he would pay you thousands of dollars—a thousand dollars, anyway—and he was sure you could do it. Oh, Tom, won't it be fine if you turn out to be a great author! He wants to meet you right away and I wrote to you in Washington and we've been looking all over for you today. That reminds me, we ought to go right down to his office; I have his telephone number in my other purse."

"That will be something to go ahead on, if he really means it," said Tom. "But we will go and see your people first and have that fight over with."

"And we are going to Washington on our honeymoon, just like mother and daddy did," she reminded him. "Isn't everything working out perfectly dandy?"

Tom found a cab, and it was the fastest cab they had ever ridden in. Tom said to the driver, "Harlem, 1250 Manhattan Avenue"—an address that was nearly five miles away, and they distinctly heard the door slam and felt the cab start. And yet the very next thing they were aware of was the same driver holding open the door and saying, "Getting out here, sir?"

"Of course not," said Tom; "Harlem, 1250 Manhattan Avenue!" He moved away from Peggy and looked like a man who was not to be imposed on.

"But this is 1250," said the driver.

And so it was. There was Peggy's house.

Mrs. McShane was at her post behind the curtains, ruining her eyes but saving appearances. She pushed the curtain aside now and looked out without shame, and then she vanished, to appear again at the house door.

"Oh, mother!" cried Peggy. "We're married, and ——"

"Who'll tell your father?" breathed Mrs. McShane, catching her daughter's hands and kissing her.

"I'll do that," said Tom.

"I'll have to," said Mrs. McShane, preceding them upstairs. She went directly to the folding doors and pushed them back and said, "Robert! Don't look at me like that, Robert. It's only what I told you, and they did absolutely right, and it's nobody's fault but yours. They're married, Robert."

"Married!" said Mr. McShane, pushing his chair and table apart and getting up as though his legs had gone asleep.

"You had no right to try and stop them, Robert," said Mrs. McShane weepingly. "I always told you so, Robert, and I'd say so if I was to die for it. They love each other, Robert, and it was a sin for you to be so pig-headed."

"I!" said Mr. McShane, clapping his hands to his breast and looking at her with the greatest surprise and indignation. "So it was I that was the cause of it, was it, woman? Well, I swear!"

He strode forward and caught Tom's hand. "It's what you can expect, and I'm giving you fair warning," he said. "Pay no attention to them. So you're married, are you? Hard and fast, neck and heels? Tom, my son, you're a man of spirit."

"And we're going to have a real wedding and everything, mother," said Peggy.

"Must we?" said Tom.

"Oh, of course," said the two women in a breath, and they drew together defensively. "A wedding like that is nothing." They fell to talking and became so engrossed that they forgot all about the men and went off upstairs.

"Let them go, Tom," said Mr. McShane, opening Shakspere, Complete, and drawing from it a black bottle. "Never run after a woman. Sit down there. Will you have ginger ale? Now what will you do, that you've got yourself in such a fix? Oh, by the bye, call up Jimmy Clahan. He's rung up twice and wants you to call."

"I've nothing to say to him," said Tom.

"Tell him so."

There was a telephone in a niche among Mr. McShane's private stock of great authors and Tom called up the Eskimo Club and asked for the leader.

"Why, hello there, Tom," said Jimmy Clahan with astonishing geniality. "Say, Tom, come over to the club tonight, will you? I want to talk to you."

"About what, Clahan?"

"About a proposition I want to put up to you. I can't talk on the wire. Come over to the club."

"I don't see that it would do any good, Clahan. Good-by."

"Hello—hello, hello, there! What's the matter with you, Tom? Not sore about anything, are you? Listen, what are you going to do now? Thinking of going back to the law?"

"I may, if you wish to know. I have something else in immediate prospect."

"Having to do with the campaign, Tom?"

"Yes, if you're curious. I've been asked to write some political articles. You needn't worry about me, Clahan. I'll get along first-rate. Thanks just the same. Is that all?"

"Hello, hello! Keep your clothes on, Tom, will you? We don't have to be bad friends, do we? Listen, Tom; don't do anything like that."

"Like what?"

"Like going to work for the Republicans. Oh, I know all about it, so you don't need to be so mysterious. You're going to work for De Rochay, that's handling the publicity for the other side. What's that going to get you? You can hurt us and make a lot of trouble, but you won't be any further ahead. Those people have not got any use for you, Tom. You can hammer Tammany and me, and lose us some votes, but the wise people are going to put you down for a sorehead."

"Nonsense, Jimmy. I wouldn't do a thing like that."

"I'm not blaming you, am I? I'd do the same thing myself if I was mad enough. Now listen, Tom. You keep your head shut and train along with me and you'll come through right. Say, you didn't think I was going to drop you cold, did you? Wait till you hear what I got for you. Did you know Judge Van Gilder is going to be made surrogate?"

"What about it?"

"His fourteen-year term ends this year, and that's why he's taking the surrogate and leaving a vacancy for the governor to fill on the supreme-court bench. Well, even if it is only for a couple of months, it is a very nice thing for a lawyer to have been a supreme-court judge. Some class, hey, Tom? Now what's the matter with me trying to ring you in in place of Van? Do you get me? Let me see what I can do with the governor. You can step out of Congress into Van's old job and then you are somebody in the law business. Well, that will take us over the campaign and then we will see what we can do. Right, Tom?"

"Why, Jimmy, that would certainly be an awful nice thing for me, and I want to say I thank you for thinking of me, and ——"

"Thinking of you, wasn't I? What's the matter with you, Tom? What's the matter with you? Good-by, Tom, old-timer!"

Tom put down the receiver and looked at the contents of Shakspere, Complete. "I think I will," he said. "I'm feeling shaky. But wait until I run upstairs and tell Peggy what Jimmy Clahan just said to me!"

"I need hardly assure you, Judge," said Mr. Russell, inclining his rotund body in his office chair in the direction of ex-Justice Gentry, of the New York Supreme Court, "that I did not offer you an intentional discourtesy at our meeting last summer. Now that you are about to join us, I would not have any shadow on our relations. As I told you in my answer to your letter, there was a misconception on that day. It was due to—it was due to ——"

"To Mr. Teackle," suggested Judge Gentry soberly.

"To Mr. Teackle," said Mr. Russell, bowing. "To Mr. Teackle, of course. He is truly an invaluable man in his way, and is well worth the forty dollars per week that we pay him—you must remember that he has been with us for twenty-two years—but he is at times just a wee bit ——"

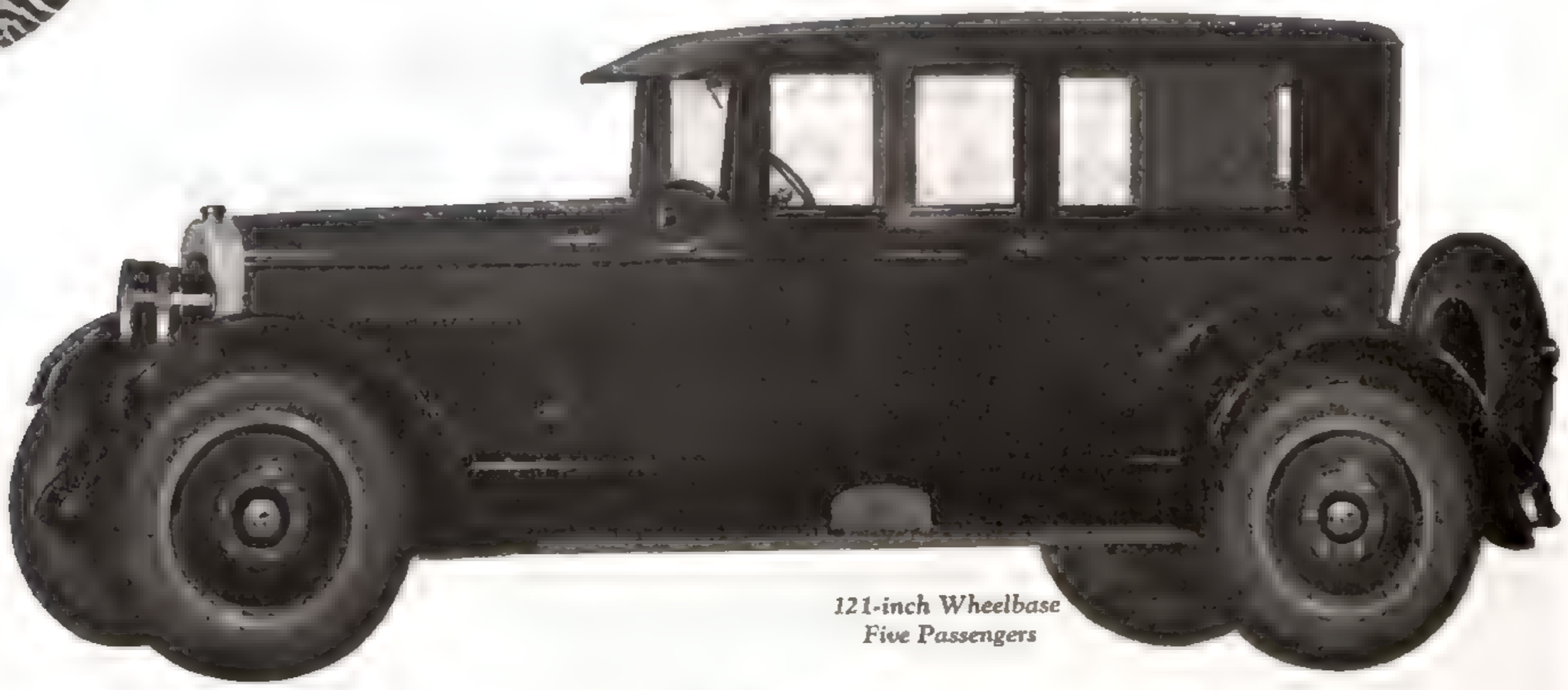
"Unreliable, Mr. Russell."

"Unreliable, exactly, Judge. Did you tell me that you are already acquainted with our Mr. Teackle?"

"I should like to meet him, Mr. Russell. Let's have him in for a minute and you can introduce me."

Mr. Russell pressed a button to release Bill, the managing clerk, from his servitude at a desk in the adjoining room. Judge Gentry assumed an expression of judicial calm and watched the door. He had looked forward to this moment.

NASH
ANNOUNCES



121-inch Wheelbase
Five Passengers

A New Advanced Six
SEDAN at $1485

Here's the newest Nash enclosed car conception—large and roomy, swung low on the 121-inch Advanced Six chassis and powered with the big Nash Six motor.

Here is quality of custom-built character; here is beauty that captures your instant admiration; and here is a price that buys you more sheer value than the industry has ever offered in this type of car.

Doors are extra wide; the upholstery is of choice mohair, and there are Nash design four-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, five Budd disc wheels, special Nash easy-steering mechanism and an array of further important attractions.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

Never Before Such An Eight At Such A Price*

Here at last is an Eight with all the sound qualities of endurance and reliability which have made Hupmobile famous the world over—

Plus superiorities of its own, over and above the super-abilities of the eight-cylinder principle, which unquestionably single it out as a new leader among American eights.

Only Hupmobile itself could build such an eight, at a price which for the first time brings eight-cylinder motoring to the door of the average American family.

For Hupmobile now incorporates in its Eight a degree of economy and performing stability never before associated with the eight as a type.

In many respects the Hupmobile Eight far outdistances anything hitherto accomplished in eight-cylinder engineering in America.

1 It has the shortest, most compact eight-in-line engine ever built.

2 It produces more power per cubic inch of piston displacement than anything which has preceded it, the combustion chamber being particularly designed to produce the highest degree of power, which can be combined with utmost smoothness.

3 Its performance is so smooth and symmetrical that there is not even a murmur of "roughness" anywhere in the engine's entire power and speed range.

4 More than any other fine car, it combines compactness for handling and parking with roominess for riding comfort.

5 It has a finer and better balanced combination of speed, lugging power and rapid acceleration than the eight type has ever before presented.

6 It records an average gasoline economy heretofore unequalled among eights—both in continuous high-speed operation and at a steady 20-mile-an-hour pace.

7 It has beauty of design, finish and equipment not excelled within $1,000 of its price; and its own price is less than that of many sixes.

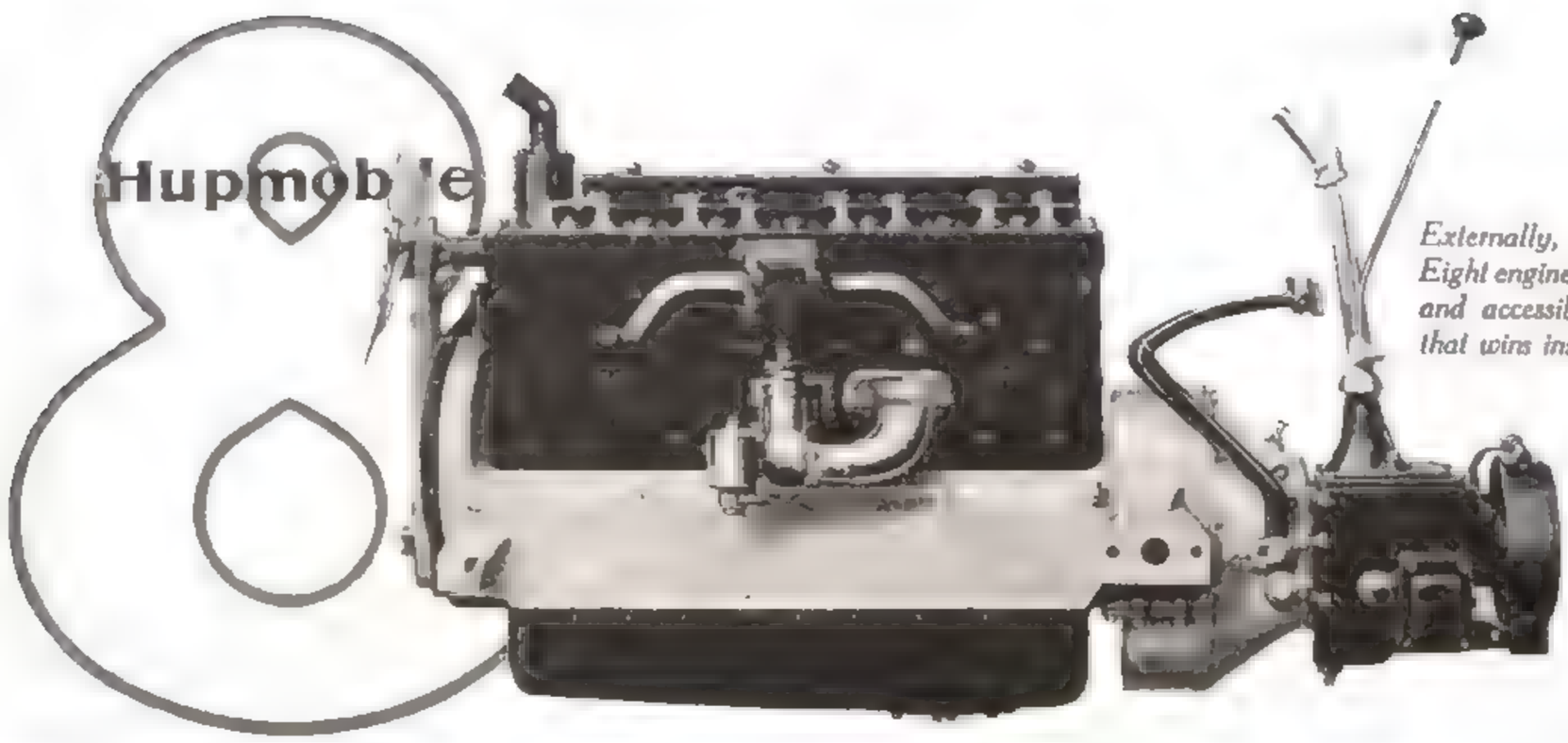
8 In unison with speeds far beyond your requirements, pick-up that almost takes your breath away, and the certainty of four-wheel hydraulic brake control, it offers unprecedented eight-cylinder gasoline economy, surpassing beauty of design, and all the old-time Hupmobile reliability.

9 In brief, the Hupmobile Eight at last strikes that fine balance between price and efficiency toward which the motor car industry has been working for 20 years.

If your experience has included eight-cylinder cars—and if you have thought you already know the very finest in motoring—drive the Hupmobile Eight.

We venture to predict that the men and women who drive the Hupmobile Eight, in their own way and at their own pace, will never again be satisfied with any car that falls short of its amazing abilities.

HUPMOBILE EIGHT



Externally, the Hupmobile Eight engine is clean, simple, and accessible to a degree that wins instant admiration

Built As Only Hupmobile Would Build An Eight

Nearly two years of preparatory and development work have preceded this announcement of the Hupmobile Eight.

Not only was the highest type of selective and scientific engineering ability called forth.

Hupmobile manufacturing and quality standards of 16 years were to be maintained; and improved upon where possible.

So the Eight is being produced in a new and specially designed plant of its own, dedicated to new processes and manufacturing finer in many ways than even Hupmobile formerly employed.

Built in its Own New Plant

On a pound-for-pound basis, the Hupmobile Eight is being built and priced more economically than any comparable car.

The great compactness of the engine is possible because Hupmobile is using a crankshaft of new design; and because at great cost Hupmobile has developed a new valve mechanism, based on aëronautic practice.

The crank shaft weighs 99½ pounds—probably the heaviest in an engine of comparable size—and its weight and stiffness account for much of the super-smoothness of this engine.

Its thick, heavy cheeks, and its dynamic and static balance, forestall possibility of whip and distortion.

This inherent smoothness is accentuated by the use of specially designed light iron pistons, with extremely light and strong connecting rods of drop-forged duralumin.

Factors that Spell "No Vibration"

Short, balanced crank-shaft—heavy and stiff; light, rigid connecting rods; light pistons—these in themselves spell "no vibration".

But Hupmobile goes even farther and accurately machines the entire inside of every combustion chamber.

This means uniform-sized combustion chambers—the same gas charges in all—the added smoothness of explosions of the same power in all cylinders.

The rocker-tappet type of valve mechanism in the Eight is even more quiet than the quiet mushroom type, is more compact, requires adjustment far less frequently, and is positively lubricated by force feed through a hollow pivot-shaft—a unique and valuable departure from common practice.

Quiet, Compact Valve Mechanism

This exclusive design makes valve wear and valve-seat pounding virtually impossible. It permits the valves to be placed at an angle, which reduces the wall area of the combustion chambers and gives a compact, quick-burning charge of gas—which means higher power efficiency and the very minimum of carbon.

The cooling system is not only efficient in cooling, but equally efficient in assisting the engine to warm up quickly and in preventing excessive use of the choke and the resultant dilution.

Uniform temperature is maintained in all cylinders, and a thermostatic valve does not permit the water in the cylinder block to circulate until its temperature reaches 130 degrees.

Quality of the high Hupmobile standard extends to the equipment items.

The electric generator and starting motor, for instance, are specially built for this car. The latter produces a torque of 34 pounds-feet surpassing in this respect the most powerful starting motors on the highest-priced cars and—in conjunction with the 17 plate, 155 ampere hour battery—making a certainty of starting, regardless of winter temperatures.

Accessories Built to Match the Car

Six-ply balloon tires are specially built for Hupmobile. Four-wheel brakes are Lockheed hydraulic, with brake drums machined and polished to insure perfect, smooth roundness, and a new type of specially woven, double-compressed brake lining. Snubbers are oversize.

The truth is that in engineering ingenuity and in performance-results, the Hupmobile Eight goes far beyond previous developments.

**The New Hupmobile Eight is being exhibited at the New York, Chicago and other automobile shows, and at 600 Hupmobile showrooms throughout the country*

**The price of the New Hupmobile Eight is undoubtedly the most attractive ever placed on such a car. The nearest Hupmobile dealer is now ready to give out complete price information.*

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

THREE THOUSAND FATHOMS DEEP

(Continued from Page 13)

as the great hook meets no obstruction. But once the hook bites on to the cable the dynamometer—the scale of which is just like a vertical yardstick measured in hundredweights instead of inches—naturally shows an increase in pressure as the red pointer slides up its scale. Instantly the ship is stopped, the Brobdingnagian fishline is fastened to the ship's winches, and the grapnel is slowly heaved in over the bow. Four times out of five the fault is quickly spotted, the bad section lopped off and a new section spliced in.

The proceeding is not always so easy and pleasant an affair, of course. In the old days the task of locating cable breaks was far more difficult, consequent recovery infinitely more intricate. The pioneers in one of the several daring enterprises that attempted to link England to America—the expedition of 1865—thought their efforts lost for a year when the transatlantic cable snapped in mid-ocean and could not be recovered. And even today a cable ship, pitched about on stormy seas, foiled by unknown currents or perplexed by the grapnels jerking over a rocky bottom, may angle emptily for five or six months before the great black snake of a cable is ultimately heaved to the surface.

Fortunately, however, for the continuity of cable communication, scarcely any of the breaks, comparatively speaking, occur in very deep water. A cable may snap in the laying, as was the case when the famous Great Eastern lost her cable in 1865. By fatal ill-hap a sinking ship, plunging downward to its grave, may smash the line beneath it. Most often in the past the cable has failed through the operations of a strange aquatic worm called the teredo, or borer, which, not content with boring into the wood of water-front piers and pilings, has also attacked the cable, and appears particularly to relish the gutta-percha with which the conductor wires are insulated. These worms used to be found only in comparatively shallow waters; but, becoming acclimated, they now penetrate to depths of many hundred fathoms.

Early Submarine Cables

Generally the serious breaks occur in the shallower water near the shore, where the cable is subjected not only to chafing against rocks and reefs by the ebb and flow of the tide and the whipping of the wind, but to countless other accidents as diverse as they are interesting. One of the lines running to Alaska was found useless. Examination after successful grappling revealed, hopelessly snarled in the snakelike coils, the decomposed carcass of a whale. Another cable, in tropic waters this time, was found useless, with several shark teeth embedded in it—strange diet for that sea hunter. Icebergs in the north are also a constant menace; for, tough as the cable is, it cannot long withstand the grinding and crushing of a vast floating mountain of ice, as, melting, it settles down on the shoals.

Less picturesque but more commonly disastrous are the anchors of fishing vessels; the careless hooks of drifting rum runners lying at their legal—or illegal—limit; the iron-shod beams of the trawlers which conduct their wholesale fishing operations in the shallow seas about the British Isles. In all rivers and harbors the cable landings are conspicuously designated, "Cable Crossing; Do Not Anchor!" We have all seen the big signs. But not all navigators are as considerate of other people's property as they might be; in emergency there may be no help for action that causes damage, as in the case of a steamship which had suddenly to drop anchor in the East River to avoid collision with a passenger craft; incidentally pulling up most of the telegraph and telephone cables between Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Most ludicrous of all, though, is the story of the first accident that ever happened to a cable; the first accident, for it was the first cable.

On August 23, 1850, the first submarine cable line was laid between Dover, England, and Cape Gris Nez, France. Twenty-five miles of line had been prepared—no remarkable feat compared to the present thirty-five-hundred-mile Pacific stretch. And by five o'clock in the evening of that day signals were transmitted from shore to shore. The international excitement was intense. Punch celebrated the event by a touching illustration entitled, Peace and Good Will Between England and France; or, The Effect of the Submarine Cable, in which were depicted two lightly swathed and patently amphibious angels, with olive-branch firmly clasped between them, tripping blithely along the bottom of the sea; their bare toes touching the recumbent cable, their raised heels spurning the débris of skulls and skeletons, mattocks and maces, swords and pistols, pikes and partisans, halberds and bayonets and helms which appeared at that period to carpet the Channel.

Alas, for the vanity of human hopes! Only a few days afterward an ambitious French fisherman hooked up an extraordinary object, which he must have imagined either petrified eel or fossilized seaweed, and into which he promptly chopped with his knife. Upon discovering the bright copper core his surmise that it must be

gold so inspired him that he hacked off all he could carry and sailed home in triumph to Boulogne.

Despite this sorry fate of the first cable, the principle of submarine telegraphy had been demonstrated as successful; and since 1850 considerably more than four hundred thousand miles of cable—enough, if spliced together, to circle the world seventeen times—has been laid along the ocean's floor.

Nor with the development of radio telegraphy has there come any falling off in the activities of cable operation. Just as the linotype stimulated the circulation of the written word, so the radio has stimulated the circulation of the telegraphed word. The countries of the world, constantly growing closer together, are in constant communication to an extent which would have been generally doubted if predicted even a decade ago. The cable still maintains its supremacy as a medium of secret and secure correspondence; its messages may not be intercepted and decoded; its continuity and availability are not interrupted by electric storms or obscure caprices of static. In speed the two media have been substantially the same; though the improvement in cable efficiency by the new loading process recently put into operation is heralded as an advance which may put the cable ahead of the radio in rapidity of transmission.

To this challenge the wireless experts may doubtless reply with still more marvelous improvements in their own field. But, meanwhile, the healthy competition has its pleasing effect in the eyes of the general public, since rates for the transmission of both wireless and cable messages are naturally reduced. As matters stand today the two services feed each other, wireless messages from ships being often relayed by cable, and cable messages which might have to wait days for delivery being forwarded by air from their land station of receipt. The advantage of accuracy, as evidenced by the sending of all stock quotations, still belongs to the cable; but in ship-to-shore communication, or from ship to ship, the wireless is invaluable.

Long dreamed of by scientists, submarine telegraphy never became practical until the discovery and utilization of gutta-percha. And gutta-percha, considered ideal as an insulator in 1850, remains the perfect insulator today, seventy-five years later.

A gum product of trees which grow in the Straits Settlements, the raw material is drawn from the trunks in very much the same manner as our maple sirup. Unlike the sugar maple, however, the gutta-percha tree yields sap throughout the year. The gum, hardening rapidly upon exposure to air, is made up into bricks by the Malays and shipped to England.

The value and permanency of gutta-percha as an insulator have again and again been demonstrated; for, as near as any material can be, gutta-percha is indestructible. Cables which have lain at the bottom of the ocean for more than fifty years have been dredged up and found still capable of electric transmission. Gutta-percha is indeed the one indispensable material in the manufacture of cables, since for all the other materials which go to make up the completed cable substitutes might be found. In other manufactures, too, gutta-percha is widely used, for besides furnishing material for the enormous number of golf balls now manufactured, gutta-percha is also used occasionally for automobile tires; and among its more extraordinary employments is its use in the making of eating utensils, picture frames for lunatic asylums, where it serves—for obvious reasons—as a substitute for glass and steel; and in one country, at least, to the humanitarian if sinister end that the noose may slip smoothly and swiftly, the hangman's rope is compounded of hemp and gutta-percha.

To visualize the make-up of the common type of deep-sea cable, the illustration of an ordinary office lead pencil wrapped in string will give a roughly accurate model. Corresponding to the lead in the pencil is the copper conductor, composed of one heavy strand of copper with its six threads of fine copper wire wound round about it. The gutta-percha which covers the copper conductor corresponds to the wood of the pencil; and the strip of brass which covers the gutta-percha—used only as a protection against the teredo, or borer worm resembles the varnish with which the lead pencil is enameled. Then outside this brass tape of the cable come the armoring wires, which are laid over brass tape and gutta-percha in long, wavy curves, to strengthen the cable and guard the insulation against pressure and strain of laying, and against the relatively slight friction that may be experienced along the practically motionless water of the bottom of the sea. The whole length of deep-sea cable, so compounded of copper conductor, gutta-percha insulation, brass tape, and strong armoring wires laid over jute yarn and steeped in tar to preserve it, is the type of cable called D, a strand not more than an inch thick.

Toward land, on the other hand, the cable will lie in much shallower water, and must consequently be far more heavily armored, to the size, indeed, of a large python—which for all the world it suggests as the land end lies coiled, slimy and mottled black and white, in the deep cable tanks of the ship.

Speeding Up the Signals

The land end, too, must carry a double core, two conductor wires separately insulated; one core continued as a component part of the main cable which is to stretch across the ocean; the other core, which ends in the insulation itself, being a mere dead end—or blind alley—down which the electric impulses of the land caused by street-car lines, electric railways, power plants and such similar land disturbances, are carried and dumped. The greater the land disturbances the longer this dead-end core, the latest cable having a dead end of 104 miles from the New York beach, while but two miles of dead end was required at the little town of Horta, in the lonely Azores.

The general type of cable described has remained practically unchanged since Cyrus Field's ambitious if disastrous experiment of 1858. But for many years the electrical experts have been seeking some device by which the speed of transmitting messages may be increased. This device now discovered and satisfactorily put into operation is known as loading.

By loading is meant the increasing of the electrical inductance of the copper conductor by wrapping the central wire throughout its length with a thin, narrow tape of a new metallic compound called permalloy, a simple enough substance, consisting of four parts nickel to one part iron, but depending for its efficacy rather upon its treatment in the formation of the alloy than upon the mere combination of the metals in the given proportions. The question of inductance has always been a bothersome one in cable operations; and more than fifty years ago the famous Thomas A. Edison journeyed all the way to England with a high-speed telegraph instrument with which he was sure he could improve the transmission of cable signals. To his dismay and disgust he found that his invention was of no use; and with his usual summary decision he turned about and came home to study further this secret of confounded induction.

Just how this permalloy tape—which has already multiplied by three the number of decipherable signals which can be sent through the conductor in a given time—operates is a mystery which even the electrical experts find difficulty in explaining. The simplest illustration by analogy, though, is to picture the cable conductor as a hollow tube instead of a solid wire, and the electrical waves as drops of water projected through the tube in rapid succession. It is apparent that a drop of water would lose its original shape in going through a tube and would come out the other end of the tube as a trickling stream. And the more vigorous the impulse which dispatched successive drops the more likely would they be to pile up and become merged with each other.

Something like that is what happens to electrical waves on their way through long cable conductors.

(Continued on Page 94)

The Car for the Millions

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The Million Dollar Motor

Without Fail, at the National Automobile Shows,

See the

NEW STAR MOTOR

More than a million dollars has been invested in special machinery, tools and equipment devoted exclusively to the production of this motor, which, although built exclusively for the low-priced Star Car, is of the highest standard of quality and includes various features usually found only in motors of high-priced cars.

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(Continued from Page 92)

The Pupin coil—long used in land telegraphy as a booster, which when placed at intervals of a few miles picks up and reforms the wave impulses so that they arrive at the other end of the line in the same form in which they started is not feasible for any depth of water on account of the great weight of the coil itself, which, upon accident, makes the damaged portion of the cable or the very valuable coil impossible to retrieve. But the permalloy loading, of negligible weight, has the effect—to continue the parallel of water through a tube of keeping each drop in the shape of a drop throughout the whole length of the conductor, so that there is no intermingling of successive impulses at the receiving end.

All this question of inductance, so long the bugaboo of cable operation, was humorously enough forecast seventy-five years ago upon the sending of the very first cable messages between England and France. For upon that occasion the operator at Cape Gris Nez, receiving only a jumbled mass of unintelligible letters, bitterly accused the Dover operator of having imbibed too much of the flowing champagne with which the great event of the opening of cable communication was celebrated The worthy and abstemious French operator must, therefore, have been distinctly stunned when a party of Englishmen arrived on the following day to berate the Frenchman for getting into such a tipsy condition that only maudlin signals were received at Dover. It took both operators some time to clear their respective reputations so smirched by inductance, rather than by intoxication.

It goes without saying that the six or seven thousand tons of a transatlantic cable is too great a load for any ordinary cargo boat. And when one considers this immense weight in connection with the necessity of getting the cable into the ocean so smoothly and regularly that no possible hitch or kink can imperil the line's continuity, it is easy to see that the cable ship must be specially constructed as well as of very considerable tonnage, and fit to voyage anywhere from the icebergs of the White Sea to the equatorial heat of the Indian Ocean.

A Dangerous Post

The largest of these world-wandering vessels, a ship built expressly for the laying of the great Pacific cable, which runs 3454 miles from Vancouver to Fanning Island, is the cable ship Colonia, upon which the writer recently traveled during the laying of the New York-Azores cable. Larger than some liners, the Colonia measures 500 feet in length, 56 feet in beam, has a draft of 39 feet, and a gross tonnage of a trifle more than 8000. Her tanks, two forward and two aft, can carry nearly 4000 miles of cable—the nautical mile of 6082 feet being the measure always referred to in speaking of submarine-telegraph distance.

Into the deep tanks, much like the hold of a cargo boat save for the fact that they are perfectly circular, the completed cable is carefully coiled, so that its length may run out smoothly and easily through the eye at the top of the tank, whence it is carried out over rollers laid in a wooden trough along the deck. Along these rollers the cable runs, sleek and slimy, to the great brake that regulates the speed of paying out; and from there under the dynamometer to the stern of the ship, where over a big wheel or sheave—the cable strains, dragged by its own weight out into the ocean.

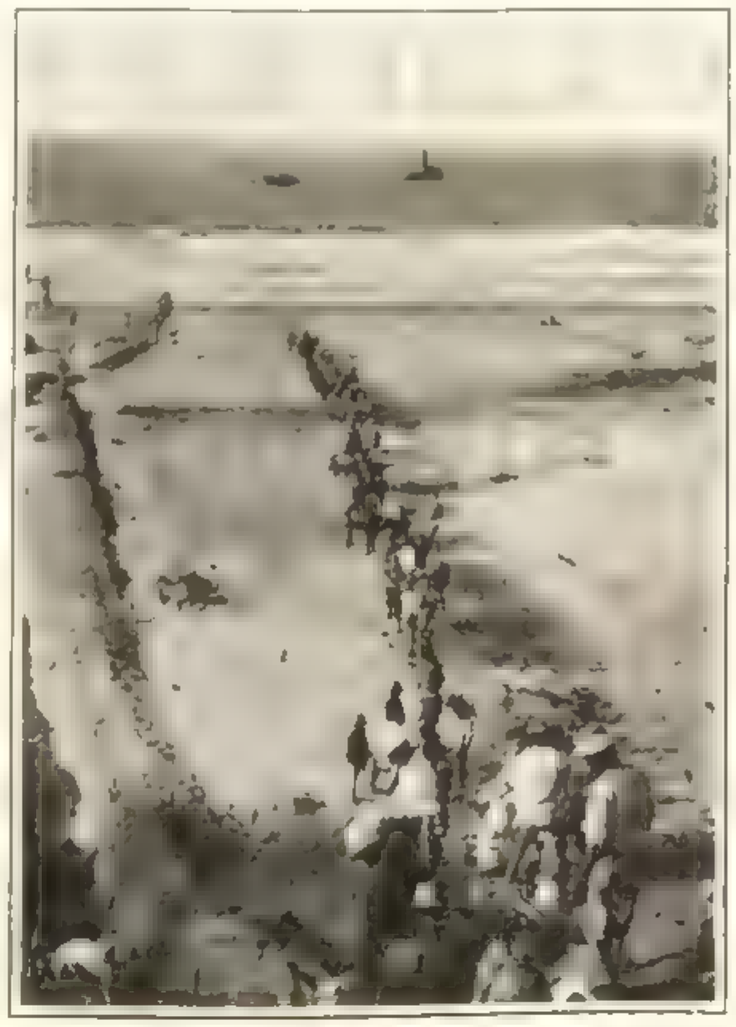
The whole process of paying out, from the time the cable begins to drop into deep water until the far haven is reached, is a most interesting and often exciting sequence. Granted that the coils have been properly and faithfully laid, curled neatly round and round the central spool, each layer—or flake—carefully separated from the flake below by laths, there remains now the delicate, seemingly interminable task of getting these coils out without a single hitch or delay. Once the cable has started to run through deep water, the weight on the line is often three or four tons; and, with this ponderous weight moving at a speed of about eight and a half knots, if anything should catch in the tanks the result would be not only the breaking and loss of the cable in perhaps three thousand fathoms of water, but very probable injury and death to the men working far down in the dim-lit cable tanks. Whirling round and round as it pays out, the cable may be making a complete circuit of the tank every three or four seconds; and the man working at the flake must skip the curling coil each time it whips around, or put himself in deadly danger.

Many a time, for a moment drowsy or forgetful of his peril, a man is felled by the fast-circling coil, and then thumped fearfully again and again before he can be pulled out of danger, with only his arms and legs broken—if he is lucky. Many a time some careless cable hand has been actually caught in the whirling python and fatally injured.

It has happened that several coils of the cable have actually been caught together—the broken armor wire of one coil may have stuck out and snagged itself into several adjacent coils—and the whole mass has been drawn up to the top of the tank and out across the deck, ripping and smashing everything in its way. Any man who gets wedged into that unstoppable mass—well, there's little of him left!

On one notable occasion when such an accident occurred one of the cable men saw the coils rising all in a tangled mass, and, realizing that it meant the certain breaking of the cable, as well as the ruin of all the machinery, he leaped heroically at the bight as it ascended, rode up with it, and by desperate efforts succeeded in unsnarling the fast-moving cable, only himself to be dropped back with a sickening thump upon the floor of the tank. The man was seriously crippled, but he had saved the cable

During every moment of paying out, members of the electrical and engineering staffs are on duty in testing room and drum room—in the testing room to watch the continuity of the current, in the drum room to regulate the speed of laying



A Shore-End Landing in Uruguay

Among the interesting instruments in the testing room most important, perhaps, is the mirror galvanometer. Constant connection is maintained with the shore, the current passing from the cable station on land through the cable which already lies in the sea, and, continuously, through all that length of cable which still remains coiled in the tanks. It is this constant connection which the mirror galvanometer records, a spot of light thrown on a graduated scale indicating the fact that the cable is still sound. This tiny spot, shifting slowly to right and left, is only slightly affected by the ship's rolling; but at the end of every half hour the spot leaps suddenly sideways, runs clear off the scale and darts across the wall of the room. This is the notice of a signal from the shore; and occurs at a previously determined instant, an instant anticipated by the operator on the ship, since his clock and the clock in the cable hut on land have been synchronized precisely. Should this sudden leap of the light occur at any save the prearranged moment, however, the ship's operator would be warned that something was radically wrong

In the darkened testing room it is indeed almost a weird experience to watch this tiny thumb print of light, oscillating ever so gently, but shining on, day long and night through, to tell the sailor that wherever he may be on the rolling plane of the vast ocean he is still in instant communication with his friends on shore. The magician's crystal globe, the alchemist's translucent retort, the glass of the Lady of Shalott—all have their practical peer in this magic mirror of the scientist.

In the Drum Room

In the drum room no attention is paid to the continuity of the current. That is the testing room's job. The drum room is concerned with the continuity of the cable itself. Always in the drum room the engineer in charge has his eye on the red figures of the scale of the dynamometer just outside his window a scale which runs upward much like this: 30—35—40 -45—50 -60 -70 - all these measurements being in hundredweights of strain. From 35 to 45 is the normal and ideal pressure. But when the red finger begins slowly to mount, to pass 60, 70, 80—even 90—then there is a stir aboard ship and all hands tumble out. And in the recent case on the Colonia, when the red finger rose to 120, and even for a moment to 130 hundredweight, it seemed inevitable that, despite all the slack the cable crew could release, the strain on the line must surely prove too great, the whole cable be lost—and this in three thousand five hundred fathoms of water known to be swept by swirling currents. What chance in such great depth as that, with the lost cable end drifted far away, with grapnels uncontrollable, would there have been for picking up that lost line? There, indeed, for twenty-four hours the new Atlantic cable was in momentary peril.

For despite much contention to the contrary, the cable does sink to the bottom of the sea. Since water is inelastic for all practical purposes—we can very readily demonstrate that for ourselves by trying to push a cork into a bottle that has been filled to the neck—the density of the water at the bottom of the sea is substantially the same as at the surface, in spite of the enormous pressure. Anything that is heavier than water at the surface is heavy enough, therefore, to sink to the bottom. Many people have a vague idea that the great Titanic, for example, is floating somewhere far down in the depths, suspended, as it were, in the water. This idea is without foundation in

(Continued on Page 99)

Native Labor Dragging in the Shore End of the Cable Off Seychelles, Indian Ocean

Aërial Photograph Showing the Cable Ship Colonia, Loading the Western Union Telegraph Company's Cables

NEGLECT . . . IS OFTEN JUST ANOTHER WAY OF SPELLING INFECTION

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

More than half the accidents happen at home. Not in office or factory, in traffic or travel. But in the playroom, the kitchen, the attic, the garage, the vacant lot next door . . . It is a grave matter to neglect these accidents, however trivial. Neglect is the father of infection. And infection, so statistics show, is more dangerous than the average accident itself . . . In public interest, Bauer & Black have prepared a handy chart of illustrated First Aids, to hang in the bathroom cabinet. Every home should have this chart. Sent free for the asking . . . And Bauer & Black have placed surgically safe dressings and allied products within reach of every home at small cost through 45,000 drug stores. Sterile Absorbent Cotton, Sterile Gauze, Sterile Bandages, Adhesive Plaster and Iodine Swabs. These products are made in fulfillment of the most sacred of all obligations—ministry to the injured. Not only sterilized in the making, but again in the final package, reaching you utterly sterile.

Address Bauer & Black, Chicago, for new First Aid Chart for bathroom cabinet. In Canada, Bauer & Black, Ltd., Toronto

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Wheels of Steel

STEEL! Strength! Resiliency! Stability!

Steel buildings, steel ships, steel bridges, steel railway-cars, steel automobile bodies—everywhere steel gives strength, resiliency, stability.

WHEELS of steel! Moving the world.

On fine motor cars. Budd-Michelin wheels. Wheels of steel, wrought with scientific exactness and balance. Running smoothly, precisely. Unwavering. Proof against impacts, stresses, strains. Yet lighter than wood.

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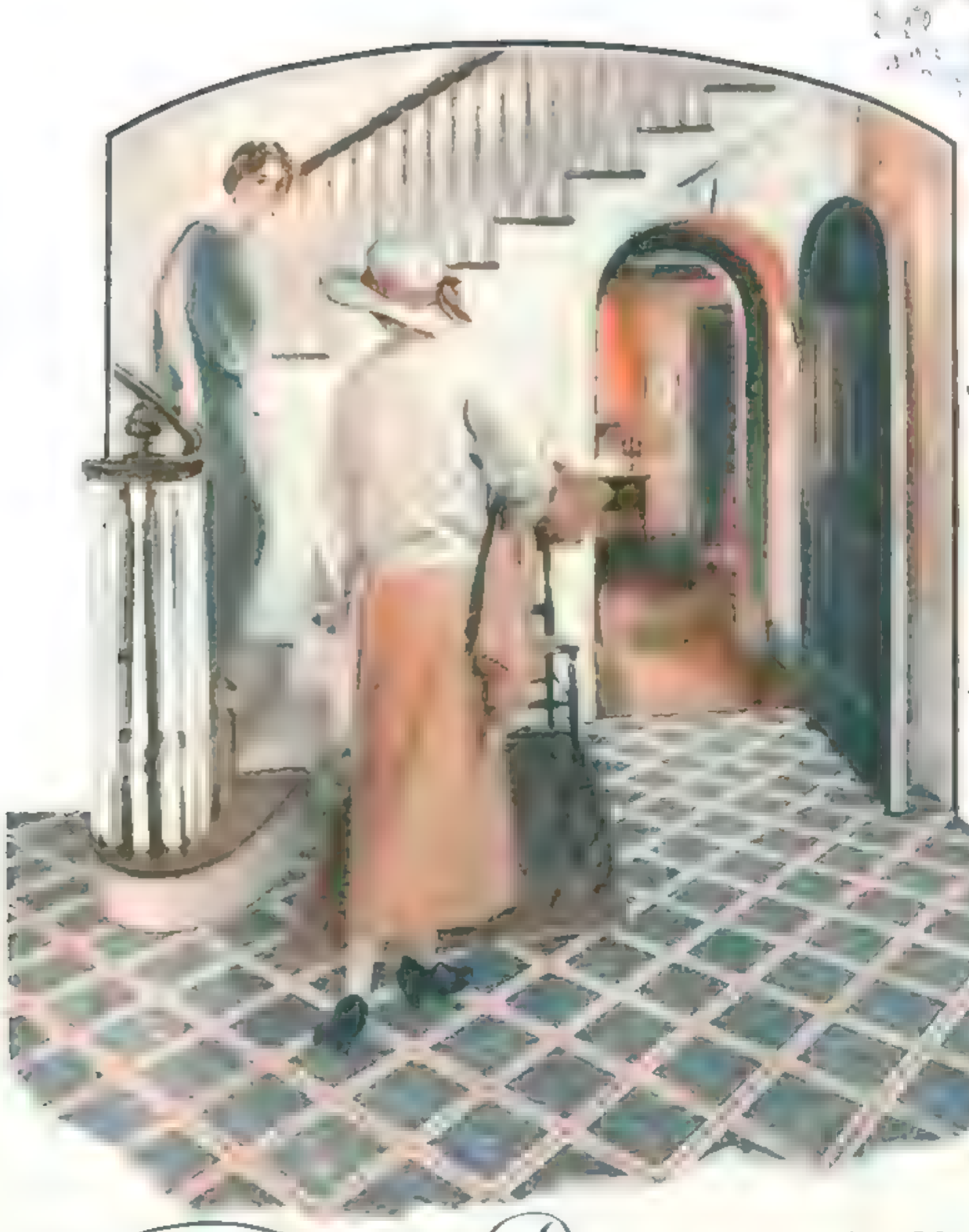
NAIRN Linoleum



Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 71492

Does your hall say "Welcome" or "Goodbye"?

IN the simplest home, you frequently sense, in the hall, an indefinable atmosphere of cordiality even before your hostess greets you. You wonder why your hall hasn't the same charm and personality.

You can't put your finger on the difference —and all the time you are standing on it. It's the floor! *Her* floor is cheerful, it glows with color. Her Belflor Inlaid Linoleum has become the very foundation of the entire color scheme. This newest of Nairn floors can help you, too, create that favorable, that enviable impression of hospitality.

When properly laid, as your dealer will lay it for you, Belflor improves in appearance day by day and year by year. It never needs refinishing. Occasional waxing mellows the beautiful colors. And the inlaid tiles are permanent—the colors go clear through to the burlap back. A quick rub with a damp mop keeps Belflor clean.

Belflor Color Reproductions, Free

If you are interested in getting the right foundation for the decorative scheme of *your* entrance hall —or any other interior—write for Belflor folder showing unusually attractive patterns in colors. Also free booklet which tells about Nairn Linoleum—its many varieties, its laying and care.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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This Trade Mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights

Sculptured Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns

Duplex Translucent Inlaid—the [illegible] to produce softened outlines

Marble Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all over effect

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The edge shows you *that the inlaid patterns are permanent, the colors go through to the burlap back.*

Battleship Linoleum—heavy weight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors

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Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough glossy surface.

Lenoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs

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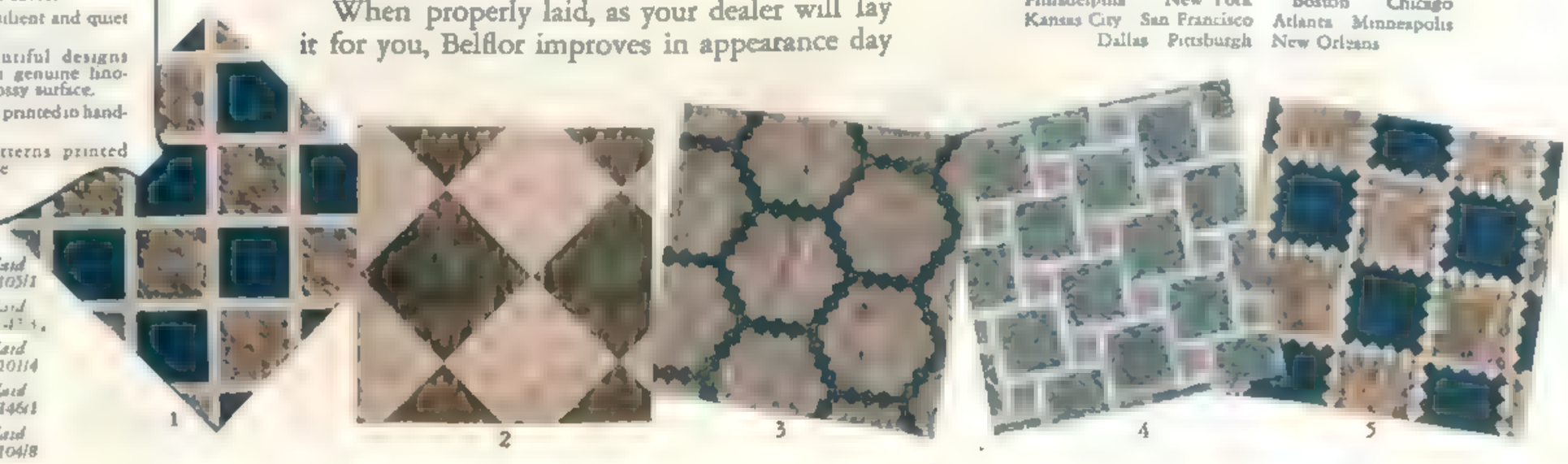

1—*Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 21051*
2—*Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. [illegible]*
3—*Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 71011*
4—*Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 71461*
5—*Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 71048*

(Continued from Page 94)

fact, the probability being that as the ill-fated ship sank she gradually acquired ever-increasing momentum so that her final crash at the bottom must have shivered her plates into splinters.

So the long cable, dragged out from the ship, sinks steadily to the ocean's bed. And it is, by the way, extremely fortunate for human communication that the cable does sink; for if great loops of it had a tendency to hang from hill to hill of the ocean's bottom the chafing and strain would soon destroy the insulation and rupture the copper conductor itself.

Under the prevailing system of allowing a certain amount of carefully calculated slack to be paid out, an allowance of about one hundred and twenty yards extra in every mile, this contingency is provided for and obviates most of the danger of putting too great a strain on the cable itself; though in certain parts of the ocean the bottom may be described as truly mountainous, as rough and jagged and uneven as the Adirondacks, the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina; or, in the Pacific, as precipitous as the Rockies or the Andes. Great peaks rise from the depths almost to the surface of the sea, and between these peaks are no lows that resemble our deepest cañons or valleys. This is bad submarine country to lay cables over, and extraordinary holes and towering submarine peaks are usually avoided. The Colonia on her recent trip, for instance, found that her course lay directly over the summit of a great hump which soundings had proved to rise seven thousand feet from the level of the sea about it. No one wants to trail a cable over a mountain a mile and a half high; so the Colonia discreetly edged around that obstacle, even though the obstacle itself was a good mile beneath the Colonia's keel.

Submarine Mountains

It is to avoid such undesirable contours that the practice has long obtained of making a very reliable chart of the bottom of the sea over which the cable is to be laid; and this survey is one of the most interesting features of cable work, for not only do these deep-sea soundings supply the measurement of depths, but they also dredge up specimens of the soil at the bottom and record temperature at various levels.

Both this examination of the soil and the recording of the temperature are most important preliminaries to the laying of a deep-sea cable. As has been noted, there are several points in the ocean where very great depths make it impracticable to lay a cable, for the very good reason that a cable once laid in depths of more than three thousand fathoms is extremely difficult to recover in the event of a fault occurring in its span. Grappling has been brought to a high degree of effectiveness; but even with the modern grapnel, which cuts the cable as soon as it gets a firm grip on it, and then seizes one end so that it may not be necessary to heave up the enormous weight of the whole bight, the task of raising many miles of cable through the vast pressure of a great depth is too uncertain to be attempted with any expectation of success. Off the island of Guam a depth has been found of more than five sea miles—a point which is farther below the surface of the water than the as yet unconquered pinnacle of Mount Everest rises above sea level. And it is not at all certain that the greatest depths have yet been discovered, since no man's eye may see even an inch of the ocean's floor. Many sudden peaks even more abrupt than that passed by the Colonia in mid-ocean jut up from the lowest levels; and these, in all cable-laying operations, must be identified and avoided.

Occasionally, too, some mineral deposit might affect the cable, or submarine volcanic action be revealed by the soundings. Around the Azores, for example, where a dozen important cables land, stretching from North and South America to Europe and Africa, there are numerous indications of submerged mountain peaks which have just failed to raise their tips from the water. In depths of more than a thousand fathoms one discovers a single rock standing all alone within a hundred feet of the surface; another, near by, hardly lower. That is earthquake country too; and who can tell when a sudden crag may rise overnight to imperil shipping; or, as has been often the case, when an earthquake tremor may crumble a reef or island, sliding it sharply to the ocean's bed?

For deep-sea soundings, naturally, the simple device of a bit of lead at the end of a string decorated by knots of different colored rags such as is used in shallow waters, will not serve at all. No sailor leaning over the rail to heave his lead and shout as the depth shoals, "Even nine! Half eight! Deep eight!" can operate in several thousand fathoms. And the invention of a special sounding apparatus for great deeps was but another of the many scientific triumphs of the late Lord Kelvin.

The devices for obtaining samples of the bottom vary in character, but one of the most practical forms is made in the shape of two cups, hinged together at one point of their rims, but held apart by a strong lever so that the cups sink to the bottom open; only, upon hitting bottom, to have the lever jarred upwards, thus allowing the cups to snap together and imprison a small amount of the ooze of the bottom. To these miniature dredges thermometers are generally attached; for it was early discovered that a very low temperature was most favorable to the operation of the cable, at the same time increasing the conductivity of the copper wire and improving the insulation of the gutta-percha. A length of cable coiled dry on the land will carry an electric current very tardily; a length of cable if coiled in the tank of a ship will, if thoroughly wetted and cooled, carry a feeble message; a great length of cable, half of it in the ship's tank and half of it in the bottom of the ocean, will work a good deal better. For two days, for example, the Colonia was signaling clear through the whole twenty-four hundred miles of cable, though half of that total length was yet coiled in the ship's tanks

Again, since the success of any deep-sea cable depends upon the cable experts' ability quickly and surely to find and remedy any trouble in the line, and since, as has been brought out earlier in this article, knowledge of the cable's resistance per mile is the first step in locating any fault, the temperature of the water where the cable lies must be known with the greatest degree of accuracy. For the cable's resistance per mile varies very greatly according to the temperature of the water; and a test which would be true for a cable in water of forty-two degrees would be quite useless and misleading for a cable in water of thirty-six degrees.

Deep-Sea Conditions

Nor is such a temperature as thirty-six degrees at all unusual, even in the hottest summer weather. The light and heat of sunshine can penetrate but a very little way through the water's depths. Divers at even thirty fathoms report only the dusk-iest illumination; and a depth of four hundred fathoms is said to be the extreme limit of any light. That there is nothing but abysmal blackness at any considerable depth is further demonstrated by the character of certain deep-sea fish, along the sides of whose bodies run phosphorescent dots, so that they must resemble—seen at a depth—the little ships with shining portholes which pass in the night. Other such phosphorescent lighting there may be also; so that certain chasms of the deepest sea may be clearly illuminated—a marvelous, ghostly vision indeed. But for the most part the floor of the ocean is dead dark.

Under these circumstances, with water getting colder and colder constantly as one descends, it might be imagined that there must be perpetual ice on the bottom, since temperatures of from thirty-two degrees down to twenty-seven degrees have been found in three thousand fathoms. Sea water, however, on account of its heavy salt content, does not freeze above twenty-five degrees, and even then the great pressure of the depths prevents it from freezing down there at all, so that there is actually no case of ice having been found at the bottom. Indeed in some instances the great pressure has been enough not only to render the temperature readings entirely inaccurate but even to smash the instrument itself. An interesting experiment consisting of lowering a tightly corked bottle of red wine into only fairly deep water resulted in the driving inwards of cork, tinfoil and wrapping wire, expulsion of every drop of wine, and the filling of the bottle with sea water.

Of the other conditions that prevail at great ocean depths naturally very little can be known. At moderate depths, say of five hundred fathoms, there is certainly some life; for fish have been caught at very considerable distances below the surface. These fish, such as sharks and cod, however, always come to the surface unable to swim upright, with bellies painfully distended and bloated, their air bladders having burst when relieved from the tremendous pressure of the lower deeps. Most of these fish are dead, indeed, before they reach the surface; but even the very tiny ones, which seem somewhat more hardy, and so live for a time and can be studied, never are able to maintain their equilibrium, but swim in their aquarium at every angle save the normal one—upside down, slanting, or on their sides; and, despite efforts to preserve them, all die in a day or two.

Shore-End Cable Laying

This phenomenon is of interest in practical cable laying only so far as it tends to show that once the cable gets down into its greater depths there is absolutely no animal life to attack it; a fact that is further verified by examination of lengths of cable recovered from a mile or two deep, which, though incrusted by the years, show no sign of living animal matter on their surfaces. Once down, then, the cable is not likely to show damage or fault.

It is in the shore-end sections, those parts of the cable which extend out from the cable huts across beaches, through jagged barriers of coral, among great bowlders, that almost all the trouble occurs. And it is in the laying of the shore end of the cable that the truly exciting and picturesque episodes develop.

It is rare, indeed, that the cable ship can approach nearer than a mile to the low-water mark of the beach where the line is to be landed. And to land the cable itself demands an initiative and ingenuity that can cope with constantly changing conditions. To get the end of the cable from the ship, through the shallow water and actually into the cable hut from which the line will be operated, is the task that confronts the chief cable engineer. That frequently is no mean undertaking, for the water near the shore is generally rough, and a mile of shore-end cable may weigh from fifteen to twenty tons.

In civilized communities, where every provision has previously been made for the cable's reception, the process is usually simple enough. In the case of the new cable which had to be landed last September at Rockaway Beach there was an auxiliary vessel, the Robert C. Clowry, which, being of light draft, could load on the three-mile length of shore end from the Colonia and stand in fairly close. When as near as possible the Clowry anchored, about a quarter of a mile from the beach. Here she put off a boat which would carry a rope in to the land. This rowboat, well manned, rowed in to the very edge of the surf, paying out the rope, which was still attached to the coil of cable aboard the Clowry. At the edge of the surf another change had to be made; and here the rope was passed to two men on a life-saving raft—one of the catamaran types which can bob so merrily over any breakers.

Holding fast to the rope, the men on the raft were whirled in to the dry sand; and a direct connection between shore and ship was established. The rest of the landing was simple enough. A motortruck with a winch was ready; the rope from the ship was attached; the winch started. Slowly the big bight of the cable, buoyed up by the barrels which had been fastened every thirty feet along its length, came bobbing in through the shallow water, splashed through the surf, and was pulled into the trench across the beach which ran to the cable hut.

In this instance there had been no serious emergency to meet, save the ever-present emergency which demands clever seamanship in the roughest weather. Every detail had been methodically mapped out and carried through, as was quite to be expected in the laying of a transatlantic line which was costing four million dollars to put into operation. But not always is a cable landed in New York City.

Too often the nearest point to land a cable lies in some barren island in the Pacific or South Atlantic, some deadly swamp on the edge of an African jungle. Here are no auxiliary cable ships, no motortrucks, rafts, catamarans, or even an adequate battalion of human labor to be drafted into service as aids of the cable engineers.

It is in such cases that the initiative of the cable engineer decides whether the job goes through promptly and safely or whether there will be days and even weeks of costly delay—and a large cable ship costs three thousand dollars a day to charter. Somehow, in some way, the cable engineer must get that precious line safely ashore; and must, moreover, lay it in such a path that it will not be hung over sunken wrecks, looped across rough reefs or trailed along a rock-ridden bottom.

All these obstacles were, by the way, encountered in the laying of the latest transatlantic cable in Pim Bay, Fayal. The narrow entrance of the little bay was blocked in the center by a reef, the openings to east and west were choked by the skeleton ribs of two wrecks, and the whole western shore was lined with such bowlders as rampart the coast of Maine. Nevertheless, carefully guiding the line, the cable came in clear of all obstructions and was neatly slipped into the short trench leading to the cable hut.

Work Among Savages

At Fayal, too, there was plenty of manual labor to be hired. But in many savager surroundings, among the waste places of the world, any old agency has to be used; from a rocket which will loop a hand line over the boiling surf, to a casual yoke of oxen goaded in to their dripping haunches. In one penal colony woolly-headed murderers and forcibly reformed cannibals were drafted to tug in the bight.

As recently as 1907 the chief cable engineer of the Colonia was murdered and his entrails eaten by religious fanatics, close to the populous town of Mombasa, in East Africa. A few pieces of silver, his clothes and some bleached bones were all that was ever discovered. Eventually the true story came out and six natives paid the penalty on the gibbet. Even today the cable men are in constant danger whenever some new, uncivilized quarter of the globe must be penetrated—to say nothing of the roughness of the life at sea, year after year; now in the icy waters off Archangel or the Falkland Islands; now in the tropics of equatorial African coast or Australasian coral reef. For today practically all points in the civilized world are connected by cable. And, what is more significant in the adventures of the cable men, many points in very uncivilized parts of the world must be used as way stations for the deep-sea cable.

Fresh Waterfalls Tumbling Into the Salt Waters of the Pacific

Wears out rubbers like human feet

In this remarkable machine sections from the sole and heel of "U S." Rubbers are given the same kind of treatment they get in scuffing over pavements or through mud. The results of this wear are then measured to the finest fraction of an inch

Compressing months into days

Mere exposure to ordinary atmosphere causes rubber to deteriorate In the cabinet shown above strips cut from "U. S." Rubbers are kept day and night under certain temperature conditions which in a few days have the same effect as months of ordinary exposure.

Every step you take—

duplicated by machines that measure the wear of "U.S." Rubbers

TESTED on machines that duplicate exactly every effect of the hardest wear rubbers can get—

No wonder "U. S." brand Rubbers and Arctics wear longer and give better service!

Before they leave the factory their wear has been measured to the finest fraction of an inch.

At the left are shown two of the many machines used in these tests. Such tests make possible the constant high quality which has made "U. S." Rubbers the recognized standard of value today.

The construction of "U. S." Rubbers is the result of 75 years of experience—from the making of the first successful rubbers ever turned out down to the master brand that bears the "U. S." Trade-mark today.

"U. S." Rubbers and Arctics are carefully designed for style. Made on a wide variety of lasts they follow the modeling of every type of shoe—closely, snugly, line for line.

Whether you want rubbers or arctics—for men, women or children—you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U. S." line.

They cost no more and wear longer. It will pay you to look for the "U. S." Trade-mark.

United States Rubber Company

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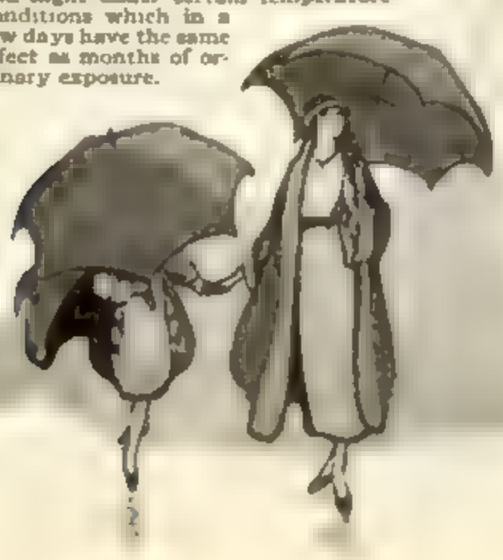


"U.S." Rubbers

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

(Continued from Page 19)

"The object in question, so far as I was able to ascertain, is an allegorical figure. (I cannot be sure whether a statue or a medal is meant.) It concerns the unfortunate Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. I offer you these suggestions in the greatest haste, in case they might interest you. Shall expect you at eleven o'clock Saturday next, December fifteenth. Otherwise, please wire. "VON PFYFFER."

As the above signature indicates, the Queen had parted with her German secretary, Muther, who had served her for more than thirty years. The ostensible cause for his resignation was that he felt, so he put it, he could no longer serve Her Majesty in the manner he desired. There was, however, I have reason to suspect, a little rivalry, if not jealousy, between himself and the Indian moonshee.

Upon the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, the Queen instituted a new decoration, called the Royal Victorian Order. This she conferred in recognition of services other than political or military. The order had five classes, the first of which was assigned to her own family and immediate entourage. When Muther discovered that he and the Indian moonshee received an order of the same class, he concluded that no distinction was made between a servant and himself. That wounded his sensibilities. The Queen accepted his resignation in a most touching autograph letter, considered the highest honor she could pay anyone. He returned to his Bavarian mountains, but, knowing him as I did, I feel sure that his thoughts frequently turned to the scene of his former activities across the Channel and that he often wished he were still there.

Practice in Figure Drawing

Beginning with my early days at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin, I had been in the habit of spending all my free evenings in drawing from the figure. The more progress I made the more I appreciated the necessity of it. It is much like the daily exercises which the performing musician has to do in order to keep his fingers supple. For an artist there is always plenty of opportunity for the practice of figure drawing. In Berlin there was an evening class at the academy which the various teachers took turns in visiting and criticizing. In Rome we students had the Circolo Artistico Italiano in the Via Margutta. This was a social club in some respects, but primarily it was formed to further the study of the figure for those who either could not afford a model or did not wish to waste valuable daylight for studies that could just as well be done at night.

What made the class in Rome both important and instructive, was the fact that Mancini—the great Antonio Mancini—came there almost nightly, surrounded by a throng of admirers who watched with the keenest interest every stroke he made upon his paper. Sargent has justly said that Mancini is the unrivaled living colorist. And how sincere Sargent was in this statement is proved by the number of Mancini's studies which he possesses and by the admirable sketch he himself has made of the peerless Italian. To see Mancini work was not only instructive but amusing aswell. He had a wooden frame fixed before him with squares of thread through which he looked at the model. His drawing paper was likewise covered with proportionate squares, and thus he was able to do his drawing easily and correctly in the masses. The only objection to this plan was that the slightest movement of the model interfered with the picture and was greeted with a shower of Mancini's oaths and invectives, in which the Italian language is perhaps the richest and most copious of all tongues.

After settling in London I sought out a similar class, and it proved to be quite near my studio. It was the Langham Artists' Society for the study of the figure and costume, at Langham Chambers, off Portland Place. Many of the forty immortals who constitute the Royal Academy have at one time or another belonged to that society, which can boast over a century of existence.

There, in my time, I met a number of well-known artists. Perhaps the most gifted among them, and the most highly thought of, was William A. Brakespeare, a painter of great delicacy. His early education was obtained under Lefebvre, in Paris. He was an excellent colorist, and had he not been exceptionally shy and modest he could have easily found his way into the Royal Academy. To my surprise he always worked at the Langham in color. This was new to me. I had not known that with sources of light so different as the sun and the gas jet, results equally happy might be obtained. Brakespeare, however, explained to me that so long as the light upon the canvas and the model was the same, with a careful handling of the warm colors, and especially the yellow, one could paint as well by artificial light as by daylight.

This fascinated me greatly, and brought me a new point of view as well as a new incentive. Since my stay in Rome I had looked forward to the day when I might perfect myself in color work. Here was my chance, and with an excellent teacher. I began to work night after night, but soon I felt the desire of experimenting by daylight too. I even gave up my Sundays to it. I realized that not only did this practice help me in sculpture, tending to make me see objects in a manner more soft and mellow, but that it was in itself an occupation full of charm and thrills. My knowledge of drawing enabled me to devote all my attention to the subject of color.

ADMIT

Miss Fitch's

Marlborough House Gardens,

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.

To witness the ROYAL PROCESSION

D. M. PROBYN.

It became doubly interesting to me to watch Laszlo, who was then painting in one of my studios. But what I saw him doing was so at variance with what I was accustomed to see in the work of those whose talent I admired, that one day I took my courage in both hands, went to see Sargent and asked him timidly if he would allow me to make a few studies at his studio and under his eye. It must have been only the kindness of his great heart that made him acquiesce. For I myself realized the inconvenience which my presence was bound to cause him. He was just then painting the first of the mural decorations for the Boston Public Library—the one with the magnificent group of the Trinity in the center standing out so forcefully in bas-relief. This alone shows what a sculptor he would have made. I suggested that if I began at, say, 5:30, I should be leaving at about ten, which would give him the least possible inconvenience. Several times he came around at a very early hour to see how I progressed.

He never said much, but what he did say, one might do well to engrave upon the tablets of one's mind. One of the great man's teachings was the dominant importance of values over color.

"Color," he said, "is an inborn gift, but appreciation of value is merely a training of the eye, which everyone ought to be able to acquire."

Value in art, as everyone knows, simply means the distribution of light and shade. Sargent referred to this idea over and over, and it occurred to me that perhaps he meant value not in pictures alone but fundamentally in all the realms of life. His work demonstrates his ingrained belief in this. I can think of nobody who can see and render values with such delicate distinction as does Sargent.

His palette was to me a marvel. His enormous wealth of color he produces with a few simple hues, mostly earth colors—white, yellow ocher, light red or vermilion, burnt sienna, cobalt blue, emerald green and black. His is a rare skill in using and combining them. Some mornings he would come in and, without saying much, would help me in painting a difficult passage from the model. Though the direct way of painting appealed to him, he fully appreciated the more subtle methods, especially that of grisailles and glazing, by which many masters obtain their effects of brilliancy. This method, perhaps I should add, consists in painting first in black and white, and then laying on a thin film of transparent color.

Sargent's veneration for the work of the old masters was profound. But Velasquez and Frans Hals were the gods of his Pantheon. He copied both freely. Of Velasquez he had in his studio a facsimile of the dwarf Don Antonio el Ingles, and of Frans Hals several groups from his large pictures at Haarlem, copied by himself. If my recollections of our discussions about artists are correct, Vandyke seemed to appeal to him the least.

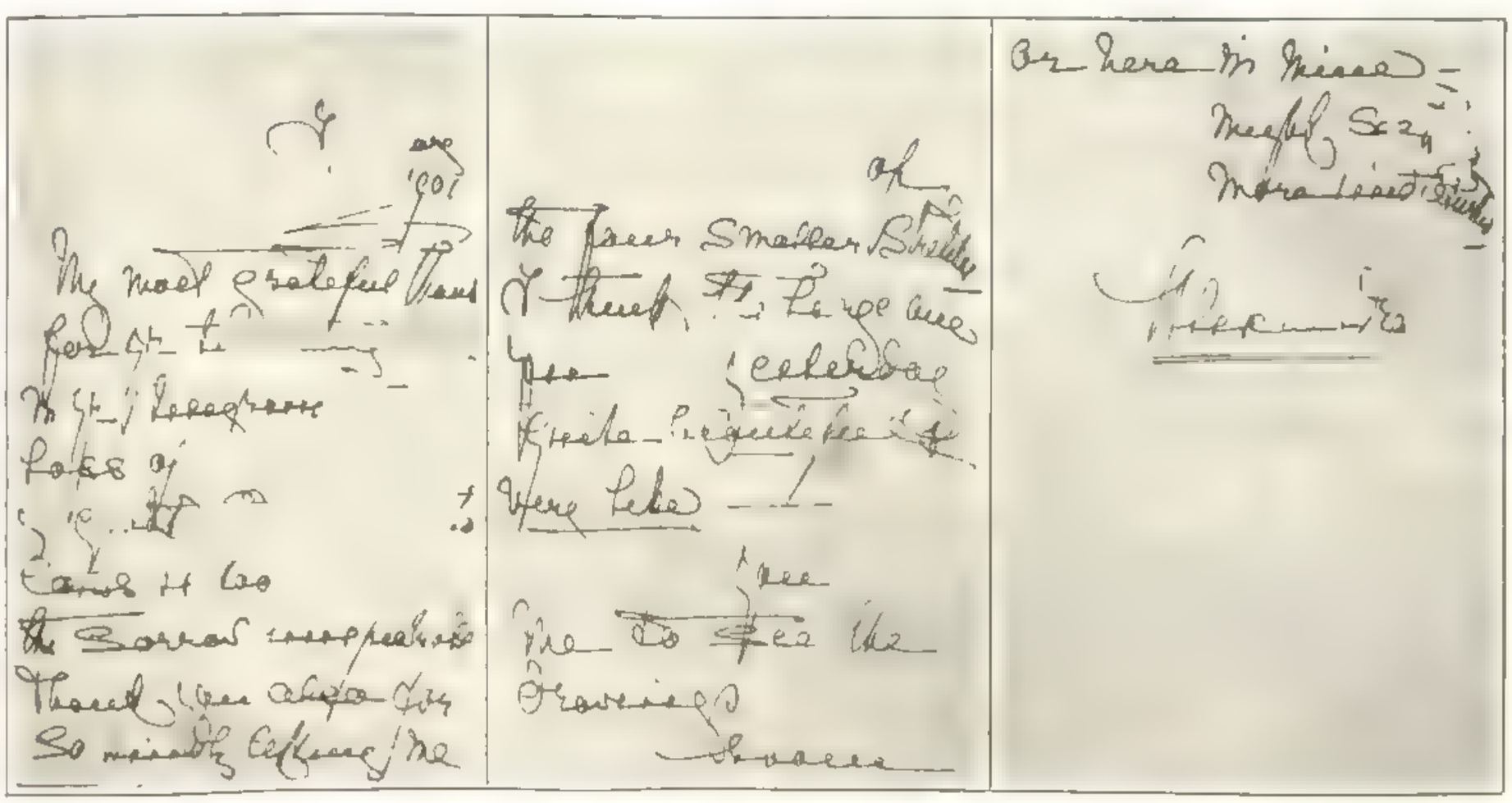
About technic it was always difficult to make him express himself in words. Rather than explain a serious problem, he would take a brush and paint that piece, and the difficulties would vanish under his touch. When I worked at his studio he offered me the free use of his colors and even his palette and brushes, which lay about in profusion. Few artists can bring themselves to lend these objects without feeling it to be sacrilege.

So dominant is Sargent's personality in art that it was bound to be reflected in the work of his friends. Young Brough, Von Glehn and Harris Brown, who were seeing him constantly, all showed to some extent the Sargent influence in their paintings. How unconscious this is in some cases was shown in an exhibition of portraits painted by Harris Brown during the last few years in America and in Canada. These are markedly different from earlier canvases painted in Sargent's neighborhood. The freedom of these earlier pictures is replaced by tightness and smoothness, not to say timidity. I recalled an academy picture of his of some time back, the portrait of a Scottish peer in his robes standing beside a horse with its head down. So freshly and boldly was that picture painted that at a distance it might easily have been taken for work of the master.

Sargent's Kindly Criticisms

With the coming of the warm weather, when Sargent was about to leave London, he advised me to go to Haarlem and copy Frans Hals. It was so I took my vacation that year, and I shall always be grateful to him for that suggestion, as for so much else that he did for me. When I returned from Holland he came to my studio to criticize the copies I had made. On the whole, I remember, these were as timid as they ought to have been bold. He criticized them and some other essays of mine in color, also, and all with indulgence and understanding, which wholly overcame the hesitation and shyness one experiences in showing one's daubs to a master.

So Sargent was really the most important guide I had in my excursions into the realm of color, and I am proud of it. I have not seen him in many years. The fault is mine. I should never have allowed any lapse of time to come between myself and the man who to me looms so great as to be virtually a school in himself, who showed me his good will in such a generous way, but with that sensitiveness which is often peculiar to artists, and which the Frenchman expresses so accurately in the phrase *Vous cherchez toujours la bête noir*—always looking for trouble—I had at some time in the past the feeling that he had something against me,



A Letter From Queen Alexandra to Mr. Fuchs

and kept away from him, but never would I willingly or knowingly have done anything to offend or hurt him.

Many years have passed. We are both approaching the summit of that mountain from which one cannot help wondering about the valley beyond. That thought brings humility. I only hope that the incident is nothing but the baseless fabric of my own imagination.

The birthday of the Prince of Wales was the ninth of November. It was the occasion for a gathering of the family and friends, for a succession of visits and for the beginning of the shooting over his preserves. At that time of the year the Prince also gave close attention to improvements, alterations and additions upon his estate. On October 30, 1900, the following note came to me from Marlborough House:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* I am desired by the Prince of Wales to invite you to Sandringham on next Saturday. Will you travel down by the train leaving St. Pancras Station at 2:35, arriving at Wolferton Station at 5:49, where a carriage will be waiting for you.

"Believe me,
"Yours sincerely,
"G. L. HOLFORD,
"*Equerry in waiting.*"

Captain Holford, one of the four equerries, was the handsomest man in the Prince's entourage. His prematurely white hair gave him an air of distinction, and in addition to that, he was the owner of Dorchester House, one of the finest houses in London. Those Americans who visited it when Mr. Whitelaw Reid as American ambassador occupied it, will remember the innumerable art treasures with which that house in Park Lane was stocked. Captain Holford, though then a bachelor, often gave magnificent parties before he let it, and the Prince was not infrequently a visitor.

The Princess of Pity

For two reasons I was asked to Sandringham House at this time: First, the Prince desired to go with me over the work upon the memorial of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and to rearrange it in the church; and then the Princess herself was to give me some sittings. Recently one of the newspapers, commenting upon her zealous work in the cause of charity, had referred to Princess Alexandra as the Princess of Pity. This phrase had been brought to her attention and the sentiment of it appealed to her. She had the idea of using it as the theme for the reverse of a plaque which she wished me to make for her and for which she was to give me the initial sittings during this visit. Her interest in this particular piece of work may be best illustrated by a series of notes from Miss Knollys, her lady in waiting:

"*Dear Herr Fuchs:* The Princess' favorite flower is the rose, but H. R. H. is very anxious that you should make the background of the medal as *soft* and delicate as the one in the 'War and Peace' medal, which she admires particularly. I may tell you in confidence that the Princess does not wish to have her name placed in *relief*, as in the case of the reverse of the Prince's medal, as she thinks it makes it look hard and cutting. Forgive me for making this remark and believe me,

"Yours very truly,
"CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS."

Another note from Marlborough House reads:

"If you would bring the portrait here tomorrow morning at 10:45 o'clock, I would show it to the Princess with the greatest pleasure. You must forgive me for not having written before, but I was always hoping that Her Royal Highness might be able to give you a sitting. But unfortunately she has been almost worked to death and has never had a spare moment.

"P. S. We leave London tomorrow afternoon."

This was supplemented by the following:

"Since writing earlier in the evening the Princess has told me that she will see you at 1:30 tomorrow, so please be here then."

And again on December twenty-ninth:

"The Princess says you were consulting together about the inscription to be put on the back of her medal, so I write one line to tell you privately that I am sure the one she would like best would be 'Princess of Pity,' as several of the newspapers have called her lately."

How great was Princess Alexandra's interest in this medal was proved to me by two small slips of paper which I still have, upon which she wrote out the kind of letters she wanted used and how those letters were to be arranged to spell out the inscription "The Princess of Pity, 1900."

For the reverse of the plaque I submitted a group of the three figures, Faith, Hope and Charity, which were duly approved.

When I arrived at Sandringham I found a large assembly of the guests already in the drawing-room. Some had come down in the same train with me and by going into the royal carriages they knew that I was one of the invited guests, and made the customary remarks about the weather. In the hall at Sandringham was the same cozy corner with the cheerful teakettle presided over by the Princess and the crackling fire in the enormous fireplace.

A few men in shooting dress were sitting comfortably on the broad fire guard with their teacups and cigarettes. Their heavy shooting boots, however, had given place to dainty patent-leather pumps, with spirited little bows, which revealed not only the aristocratic legs, à la Sir Willoughby Patterne, but also gave an opportunity of displaying the last word in silk stockings.

The prosaic detail of dress calls to mind a fact which was not peculiar to Sandringham alone, but usual at all English country-house parties. I mean the enormous quantity of clothes the ladies brought with them, and the number of times they would retire to their rooms to reappear in gowns that had not been worn before. A woman would come down in a plain morning dress, only to change it directly after for a walking costume, generally very smart and tailor-made. This she would change again for a more formal gown in which to meet the royal ladies at luncheon. Immediately after, that had to give way to a costume for riding, driving or walking. And teatime, of course, with its opportunities for cozy chatting with the gentlemen, who had been out shooting all day, was never overlooked as a time for displaying the latest creations in tea gowns. At Sandringham, however, these did not reveal that character of intimacy generally implied by this dress. But dinner was the peak of the curve. There the whole art of dress combined with the contents of the jewel box and the color sense of the wearers, was fully revealed. Some of the ladies even went so far as to inquire through the medium of the backstairs channels, which colors would be worn by the royal ladies and principal guests, in order to match themselves effectively against so imposing a background.

The Prince, still in his shooting costume, was the first to greet me when I entered, and then the Princess and the other members of the family and household followed suit. There was a charm and warmth in that room which made one feel one was really welcome. Whenever one had the slightest doubt upon this score, one needed only to observe the attitude of the entourage and then one could very nearly gauge where one stood.

After tea came again the quaint ceremony of being weighed. As before, the Prince saw to it that none should escape. Even members of the family, no matter how often their weight had already been recorded in the book, were obliged to inscribe it again.

The hour was late, and the guests soon retired to their rooms to prepare for dinner. I met my smiling valet again, but this time I, too, was smiling. There were no omissions in my wardrobe.

At dinner I realized how large this house party was. At Sandringham the host and hostess sit opposite each other at the center of the table, instead of at the ends. This was customary. The circumference of the table as in everyday use was enough for twelve or fifteen people to be seated comfortably, but this time there were perhaps double that number.

After dinner when we assembled in one of the drawing-rooms the Prince personally arranged the grouping at the card tables, where bridge was invariably the game. The stakes were only nominal and it was the rule that small as the differences might be, they should be evened up each night when the gentlemen assembled in the billiard room. The equerry would inform the Prince of his score, and if he were the loser, would receive a bank note with which to settle it.

"Do you play bridge?" the Prince asked.

"No, sir; I never had the opportunity to learn, nor do I possess the necessary mental concentration for the game," was my reply.

"Perhaps, then," he suggested, "it would interest you to sketch around and, if so, take your sketchbook and draw whatever and whomever you like. I feel sure that nobody will object."

I thanked him for the privilege, the importance of which I fully appreciated, and brought down my sketchbook. Secretly I had nursed that desire, but, of course, I should never have had the courage to suggest it.

Now I was relieved of all formality, and I set to work.

The first group of my sitters included Prince George of Greece, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Georgiana, Lady Dudley, Mr. James Lowther and Lord Cadogan.

Prince George of Greece was the second son of the then reigning King of the Hellenes, a Danish Prince placed upon that throne by the British Government. The Princess of Wales was his sister. His eldest son, who had married a sister of the Kaiser, later ascended the throne as King Constantine, and more recently went into exile in Switzerland.

A Gay Party

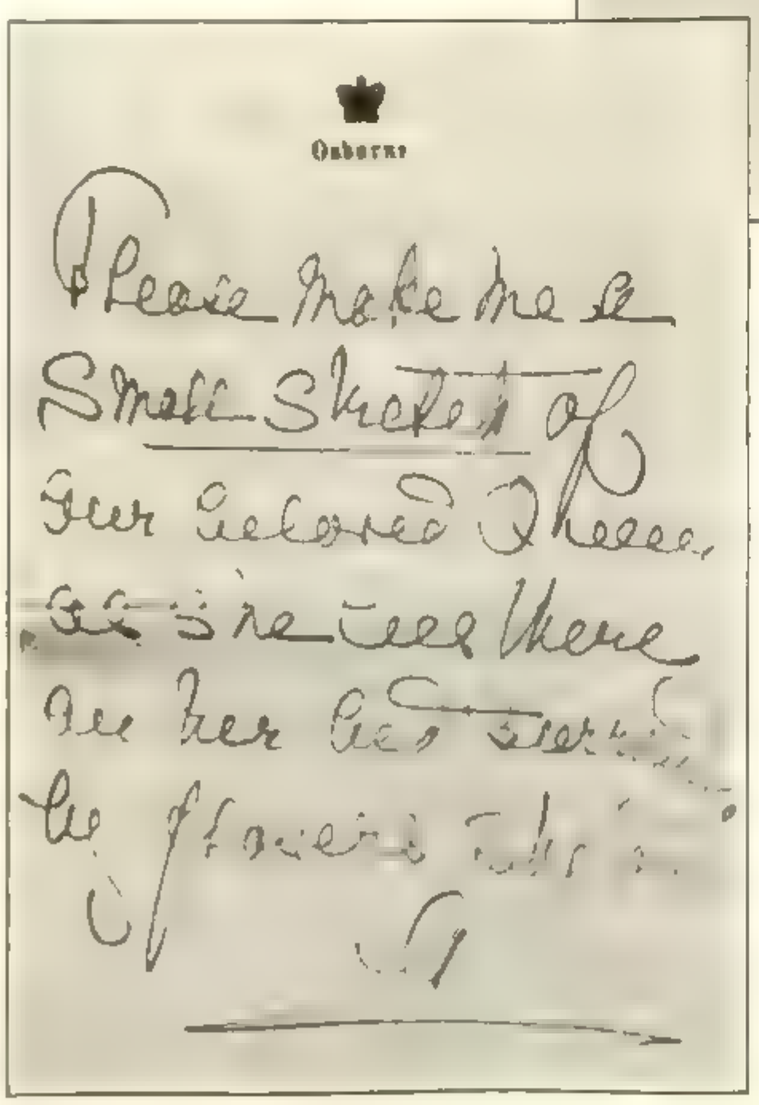
Prince George was a giant, some six feet six inches in height. When he accompanied his cousin, the Czarevitch, later Nicholas II, on his journey around the world, a fanatic had tried to stab the Russian heir to the throne, and Prince George succeeded in parrying the blow with his strong arm and thus saved his cousin's life. That exploit tended to add greatly to the Prince's popularity, and the manner in which he was treated showed that he was the spoiled child of that world. Having disappointed the fluttering hope of every eligible princess in Europe, he finally married Princess Marie Bonaparte, a granddaughter of M. Blanc, the owner of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Princess Marie brought him a dowry considered handsome even in those circles. Prince George was the gayest of the party, bubbling with jokes and humor, and contrasting markedly with the solemn face of the Duke of Devonshire, who never once smiled throughout the evening.

That Duke of Devonshire, earlier known as Lord Hartington, was the uncle of the present Duke. His long, bearded face was preternaturally serious. He spoke very slowly, and his face was an exact index of the way he looked upon himself. He was one of the foremost peers of his day. His wealth, like that of Lord Londonderry, was derived from coal mines chiefly. He was also a large landowner. The political dinners at his town house were considered the events of the season. The country seat of the Devonshires, Chatsworth, is filled with priceless books and pictures accumulated in more than four hundred years of history. The house dates from 1553, when it was begun by a Cavendish and completed by his widow, Bess of Hardwick, who there enacted the rôle of jailer to Mary, Queen of Scots. During the Jubilee season the Duchess of Devonshire gave a fancy-dress ball which remained for some time the talk of the town. The participants had a costly and elaborate book made of all the guests and costumes, and presented it to the Duchess as a mark of their appreciation. She was the Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, which corresponds to the Prince's Master of the Horse.

The Duke of Roxburghe was one of the younger members of the party. He was an officer of the Guards, tall and handsome. His enormous estate, Floors Castle, in Roxburghshire, taxed his resources heavily. He was later relieved from the anxiety of its upkeep by his marriage to Miss Goelet, of New York, sister of Robert Goelet.

Lady Londonderry, though she already had a grown daughter, who married Lord Stavordale and later became Lady Ilchester,

(Continued on Page 105)



Queen Alexandra, Sketched at Sandringham, When Princess of Wales. At the Left—Copy of Her Note to Mr. Fuchs

35,000,000 HAYES WHEELS

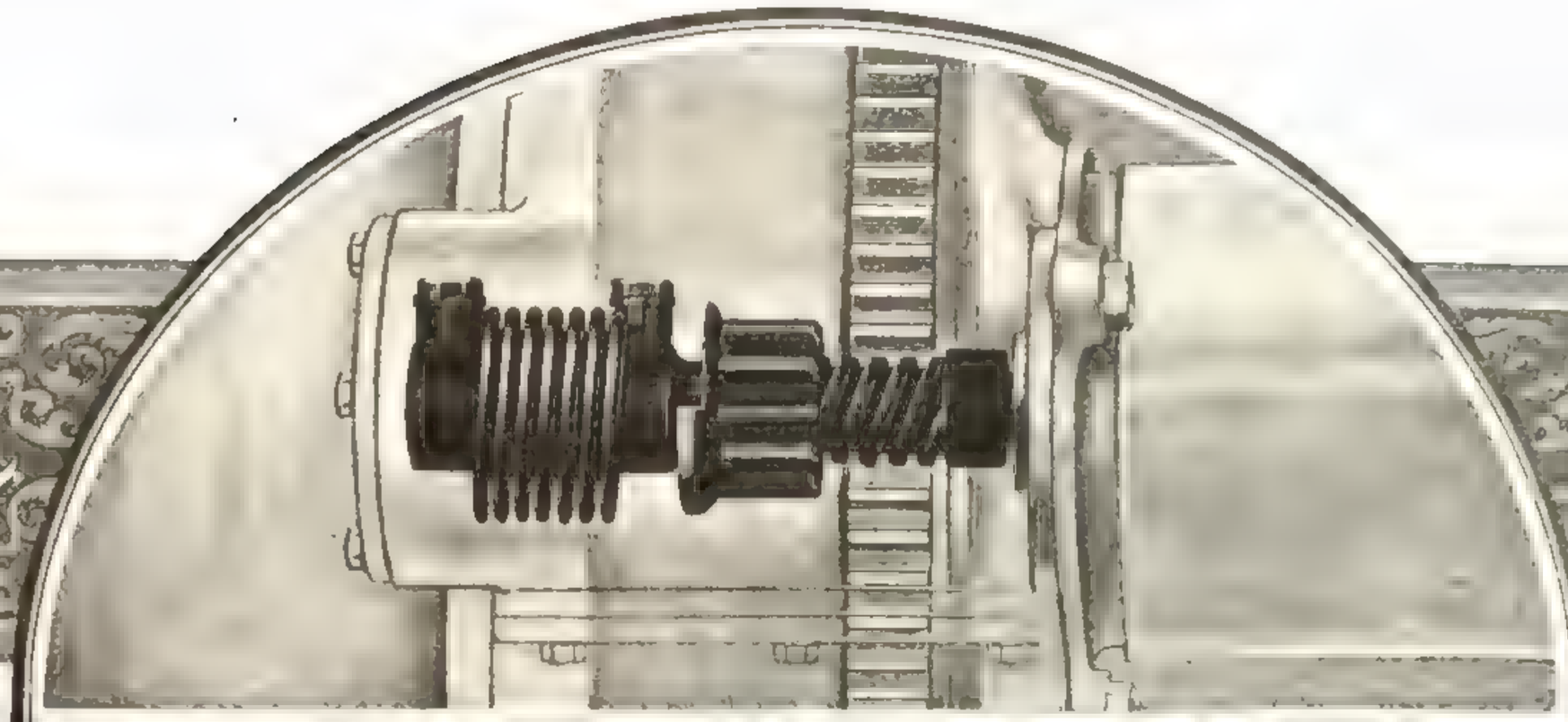
in Sixteen Years

WHEN time tries a product, it is either found wanting, or millions are found wanting it. ¶Thirty-five Million Hayes Wheels have been placed in service in sixteen years. ¶Words serve no purpose in emphasizing a fact which is so clearly a National declaration of faith. The figures have spoken.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers,* Jackson, Michigan
Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St. Johns, Mich.; Anderson, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn. Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merritton, Ontario. Export Office: 30 Water Street, New York City

The Famous Hayes Attached Lug that marks the genuine

See our exhibit at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows



THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN ELECTRIC STARTING MOTOR AND ENGINE

ON MOST CARS

—*Probably on Yours*

CONVENIENCE and satisfactory service have built world-wide appreciation of The Bendix Drive —"the mechanical hand that cranks your car." Through merit it has won its place as standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the automobiles built in this country and Europe. The product of the finest engineering and manufacturing facilities—thoroughly dependable and efficient—the Bendix Drive renders the world an indispensable service.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Ltd., WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

The BENDIX DRIVE

"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

(Continued from Page 102)

was still a famous beauty at this time. She was handsome, alert, witty and exceptionally sympathetic. Her profile was particularly beautiful, and from her slanting eyelids looked a pair of piercing eyes that seemed to penetrate to the soul of her interlocutors. Both Lady Londonderry and the Duchess of Devonshire had political salons, and there was a sort of friendly rivalry between them. Lady Londonderry, however, included musicians and artists among her guests, and the spirit of amity that pervaded the atmosphere of the salon was an attraction to those invited.

James Lowther was a member of Parliament, but not the speaker, who bore the same name. Lord Cadogan, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, small, elegant, with a finely cut profile and thin lips, and Sir Edward Hamilton were friends and guests of many years' standing.

The day after my arrival being a Sunday, the Prince of Wales went to the church with me ahead of the service, after breakfast to inspect the work so far completed; on those occasions he would be unaccompanied except perhaps by someone connected with the work. On the way to and from the church he would show his interest in the many objects about him, singling out special ones—trees or buildings—commenting and explaining in such a cordial way that one was almost inclined to forget his exalted position.

Next morning the gentlemen went shooting. They all came down to breakfast prepared for a strenuous day. Generally on such occasions, when the weather is fine, the ladies meet them on a spot prearranged. Luncheon is sent in specially constructed vans and is served al fresco. Nothing could be more delightful, more exhilarating. The men arrived in high spirits, their lungs filled with the invigorating air of the hills after a morning's drive over the well-stocked preserves. Their appetites were commensurate with their healthy exertions. Everything was done to satisfy the most fastidious taste. The menu was as dainty and varied as if it were served at home. Coffee and smoking materials had hardly been passed around when the sign for resuming the hunt was given and the party broke up. The head gamekeeper appeared and with a low bow informed the Prince that everything was in readiness, and soon the gentlemen disappeared behind the hillocks, from where the crackling of their guns testified to the fact that their drive was not in vain.

An Interesting Souvenir

On other days, if the weather was unfavorable, the ladies had luncheon at home. Sometimes only the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, Miss Knollys and General Sir Dighton Probyn would be at table.

Soon after I had finished my first few sketches the Prince inquired about them and wished to see what I had done. After looking them over he said, "I would suggest, Mr. Fuchs, that these should be kept together intact. Perhaps you had better ask each sitter to sign his own." This remark was made aloud and was a command which no one would have dared to disobey.

After I returned to town, I consulted with a famous binder, and had him fashion the best album that his capable mind could conceive. In Old Bond Street a favorite silversmith of the Prince, another artist in his profession, constructed the clasp with a protective lock and key, and the four corners of the book in sterling silver, the whole a monument to English workmanship. Subsequent to this, there were other similar episodes, the evidence of which, translated into black and white, I placed in the album as a depository. Today it is more than half filled and is my most valued possession.

Twice I have been approached, in discreet manner, and asked if I could be induced to part with the book. One of these tempters was wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, accustomed to obtaining any coveted thing. A blank check was sent with the suggestion that the album might remain in my possession if only I would consent to sign a document which would attest to its ultimate ownership. Fortunately, such dazzling offers have no lure for me. I am willing to admit that the consciousness that I, a mere artist, have in my possession such a treasure fills me with pardonable pride. I hope one day to find for it a permanent abiding place where it will be safe from the vicissitudes of the world, as well as from the greedy eyes of the ever-present dealers. They are unmindful of the sufferings of the poor artists who, laboring in the sweat of their brows, have produced the masterpieces which now enrich these men.

As the book was the result of the suggestion of the Prince, I reserved one page for him, which, on three of his subsequent visits to my studio, he signed.

As the time was insufficient to make all the sketches I would have liked, I asked permission to continue next morning, which was granted, and the Duke and Duchess of York invited me to go to York Cottage, where I had a splendid opportunity to work while they read their morning papers. Others of the guests I sketched during the day whenever the occasion presented itself. When evening came and the Prince saw the collection, he at once noticed that there was none of himself, and commented on it. I confessed that though I had almost literally taken his suggestion to sketch whomever I pleased, still I would not have dared to include his portrait without his consent. He smiled and, when the game started a few minutes later, he had me sit at his side while I made full use of the coveted opportunity.

583
Royal Chapel of St. George,
Windsor.
Saturday, the 2nd of February, 1901
Admit Herr Fuchs
Entrance North Door
No Admittance after 11

Before my departure the Prince received me and spoke of a medal which he wanted in rather a hurry. It was to be a double portrait of the Duke and Duchess of York, to be inserted in the presents they were to distribute on the occasion of their forthcoming visit to the colonies. Before leaving I spoke to the Duke about it, who promised me the sittings as soon as he should return to town after the holidays. A few days later I received the following communication from York Cottage, Sandringham:

"December 23, 1900.

"*Dear Sir:* I am desired by H. R. H., the Duke of York, to let you know that he would like to be represented on the medal that you are designing in the full dress of a captain in the Royal Navy. T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of York hope to be able to both give you a sitting when they come to London sometime after January 3rd.

"Yours faithfully,
"CHARLES CUST."

Of that medal only three hundred were struck off, and these for that occasion only. It is the only work I was privileged to execute for Their Royal Highnesses.

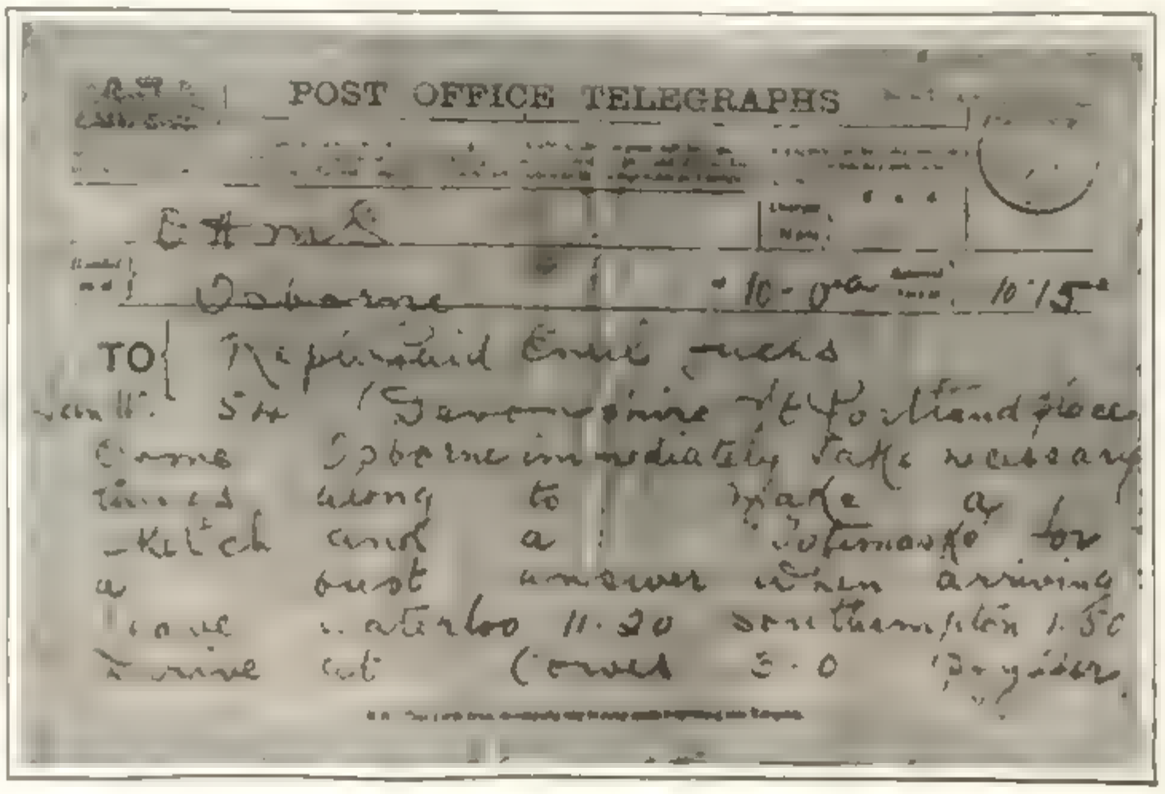
Lady Randolph's bust was sufficiently advanced so that her sittings could be resumed for the marble. I was glad to have the opportunity of again seeing her often. But others shared with me the same feeling. A handsome young man, son of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West and a friend of her son Winston, came to the studio almost daily while she posed.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West was most ambitious. She had two beautiful daughters—the elder was even stately—and she decided to secure desirable husbands for them, in which she succeeded. The elder married Prince Pless, owner of large estates in Germany and Russia. The Kaiser was a constant visitor at the big parties given at their different palaces and estates. The other daughter married the Duke of Westminster, one of the greatest landowners in the heart of London. He owns several thousand houses in Belgravia, the most fashionable part of town, also in Grosvenor Square and a large part of Mayfair. Grosvenor House, in Park Lane, the best-known among the palaces in Millionaire Row, contained a picture gallery which was occasionally shown as a mark of esteem. One of its treasures, the Blue Boy, by Gainsborough, is now in the collection of Mr. Henry E. Huntington in California.

One of the amusingly entertaining houses was that of Mr. and Mrs. Asher Wertheimer. Soon after my arrival in London, Sargent invited me to lunch. When I went to his studio in Tite Street to fetch him, he said that he had accepted an invitation for both of us to lunch with a man whose portrait he was painting. This was Asher Wertheimer. We went first to his gallery in New Bond Street, where he showed us some china. When Sargent particularly admired one piece, Mr. Wertheimer had the clerk wrap it up and send it to the studio; protestations were of no avail.

The Wertheimers kept open house at Connaught Place near Hyde Park. They needed the enormous building, for their family was large and grown-up. The drawing-room in white and gold extended through the full length of the house and contained the most beautiful furniture to be found. Then there was the hall in which Sargent painted the two eldest daughters in three-quarter length, and the schoolroom where the three youngest children posed for their picture. In the drawing-room hung the portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer, the first of the series, which he later painted again because it did not satisfy him. In the second portrait he displayed all that mastery which he possesses in such high degree.

The Wertheimers gave splendid dinner parties, the children attending to the preservation of their Bohemian character; artists felt quite at home there. Mr. Wertheimer gladly gave his help where he felt that it would advance a talent. Mancini did some portraits for him, and so did Brough, a young artist of promise who was killed in a railway accident. Writers, musicians and actors were all welcome. Sargent was the central and outstanding figure. The Wertheimers were the most happy-go-lucky family I ever knew, but they also had their great sorrows. Of the two eldest sons, one died in London and one in South Africa. The third son was then still quite young. This deprived the house of much of its spontaneous gayety.


POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS

Ethnes
Osborne 10·0 am 10·15
TO Reginald Ernle Fuchs
Sandringham St Portland Place
Come Osborne immediately take necessary
times with to make a
sketch and a Portmanteau for
a bust answer when arriving
Leave Waterloo 11·20 Southampton 1·50
Arrive at Cowes 3·0 Spyder.

I was happy to read after the death of Mr. Wertheimer, that Sargent's pictures had been left to the nation, and they now occupy a room by themselves in the National Gallery.

Conditions in England were not unlike those in this country now. The discovery of gold and diamonds in South Africa brought on an undreamed period of prosperity. Taxes were small, as England maintained only a moderate standing army, and the people spent money lavishly and undiscriminatingly. New tendencies in art and literature were discernible, but the new art was not permitted to enter the Academy, which probably accounted for the number of smaller art societies which sprang up. They sought contact with the world without dependence on the council of the Royal Academy. Of these societies, the new English Art Club and the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers were the most important. The latter exhibited also much abroad and enhanced the popularity of some artists more than they could have achieved even through the Academy. A case in point is that of Lavery. He was known and appreciated long before the Academy ever considered paying him the honor he deserved; and the same was true of many others. The war has changed this; it blew like a hurricane through the antiquated institutions, cleaned them out and let air in and sunlight. And this was as it should be.

On December 11, 1900, I received word from Windsor that the Queen wished to see me the following Saturday between eleven and twelve o'clock. When I arrived she spoke of the death of her grandson, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, which had occurred two months before in South Africa, where during the war he had contracted typhoid fever. He was the first son of the Queen's daughter, Helena, who lived near by at Cumberland Lodge, where her husband was in charge of Windsor Castle. The Queen wished to have a memorial of Prince Christian Victor placed in St. George's Chapel, founded by Edward III, who in 1348 instituted there the Order of the Garter.

The Queen's Last Days

On viewing the interior from the entrance the entire church seemed like a mass of filigree in Gothic style. The delicately joined moldings which radiate in great profusion from the columns and pilasters, blend harmoniously with the exquisite rosettes on the ceiling, producing a symphony of lines such as I have seen only in the Cathedral of Cologne. The Queen's Gallery, right up to the altar, is filled with three tiers of immense pews, skillfully carved in wood and crowned by canopies. Their daintily chiseled details look almost like lacework. They taper into a point, behind which are arranged the escutcheons and swords of the different members of the exalted order, and, towering above all, is a row of imposing flags, each bearing the coat of arms of its knight.

The effect is a blaze of color enhanced by the rays of the sun filtering through a thousand pieces of stained glass formed into priceless pictures by the skillful hand of the artist. And looking west, the gallery is separated from the aisle by an equally gorgeous screen whose proportions offer ample space for the magnificent organ which thunders its mighty diapason throughout the edifice.

There are several small side chapels filled with sculptures of all ages and all styles. One of these, the Braye Chapel, offered the best site for the memorial, which was to take the form of a monument, as its south wall was nearly bare.

I started on my sketches at once. The Queen was anxious to see them as soon as possible. Her health was none too good and her doctors advised a change of climate. They thought that the invigorating air of the sea would benefit her, and when finally I was ready to submit my models I was requested to bring them to Osborne. It was about six o'clock of an evening in the second week of January that I arrived.

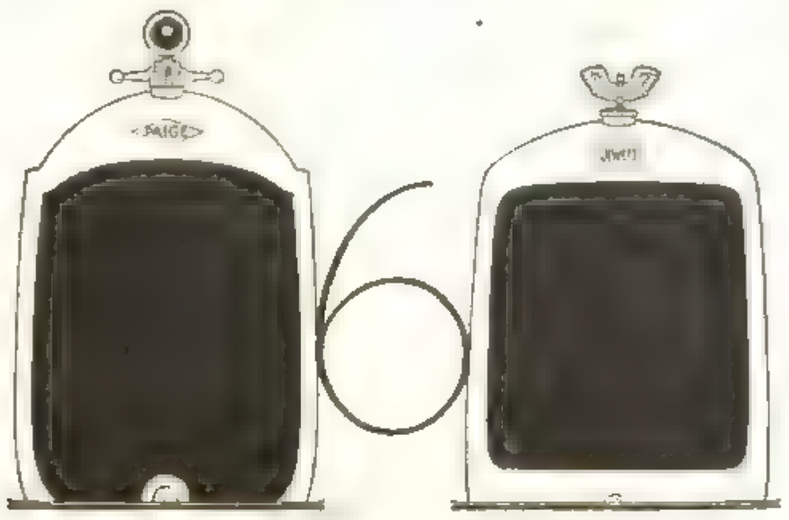
Osborne House was purchased by the Queen in 1845 and converted into a pretentious villa overlooking Southampton waters. King Edward later transformed it into a home for convalescent officers of the Army and Navy, and presented it to the nation.

(Continued on Page 109)

NOW

Paige-Jewett Engineers Offer New Smoothness–New Ability–New Comfort–New Silence–New Beauty–and

Permanent Perfected Performance



Prepare for Progress. There is a New Paige and a New Jewett. They outperform in every way our previous best. And you know what that was—

Paige official stock chassis records stand unbeaten. Jewett has won hundreds of hill climbs. It seemed impossible to better such performance.

But now comes another step forward. We have not only bettered it. We have *perfected* that performance—have made it so smooth, so ready, so many-sided, so lasting that today's engineering knowledge can offer no further improvement.

New smoothness so perfected that vibration is not detectable at any speed! Thanks to new, costly balanced crankshafts. Noiseless motors have been produced by improved silent chain drive and other refinements.

New road smoothness and comfort come from new springs designed for balloon tires. New handling ease from ball-bearing, special-geared steering. New safety with perfected hydraulic 4-wheel brakes. And finally new beauty of bodies and equipment maintains for the New Paige and the New Jewett their style leadership.

Fear No Follies. This *perfected* performance is built around six-cylinder motors. Sixes—for their inherent balance and economy. Sixes—because our 10 years' specializing has perfected them beyond need of complications. And the engineering of the world's costliest cars agrees with ours.

Paige-Jewett motors are of exceptional size. Ample power is produced without "racing" them. They last long because geared moderately and never overtaxed.

Permanent Performance—perfected to new excellence—that is the keynote of Paige-Jewett engineering. So we have retained these long-proved features refined where possible; the Paige-Jewett clutch of saw-blade steel that neither jerks nor stalls the motor; transmission that permits changing from high to second at 30 miles an hour; universal joints—with sealed-in oil that lasts 15,000 miles, so no wear, no back-lash.

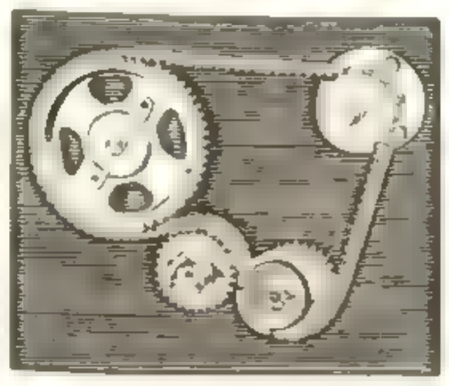
We are building today not only the ablest, easiest handling and truly comfortable cars, but cars whose fine qualities stay and stay and stay.

Paige and Jewett are alike in this new performance. Jewett gives it to you in a car of convenient size, Paige, in a bigger car—with the added advantages of greater size and power.

With assets of $15,000,000, an enormous new plant, and the most modern machinery—our sixteen years' experience is showing results as never before. The Paige-Jewett Dealer is ready to prove it.

Jewett and Paige Silent Chain Drive

Both Jewett and Paige motors are [illegible] with silent chain drive for pump and [illegible] shafts. Note the automatic [illegible] arrangement [illegible] kept [illegible] the [illegible] chain [illegible] off setting the effects of wear [illegible] preventing back-[illegible] [illegible]



NEW MOTORS—PERFECTED 4-WHEEL BRAKES

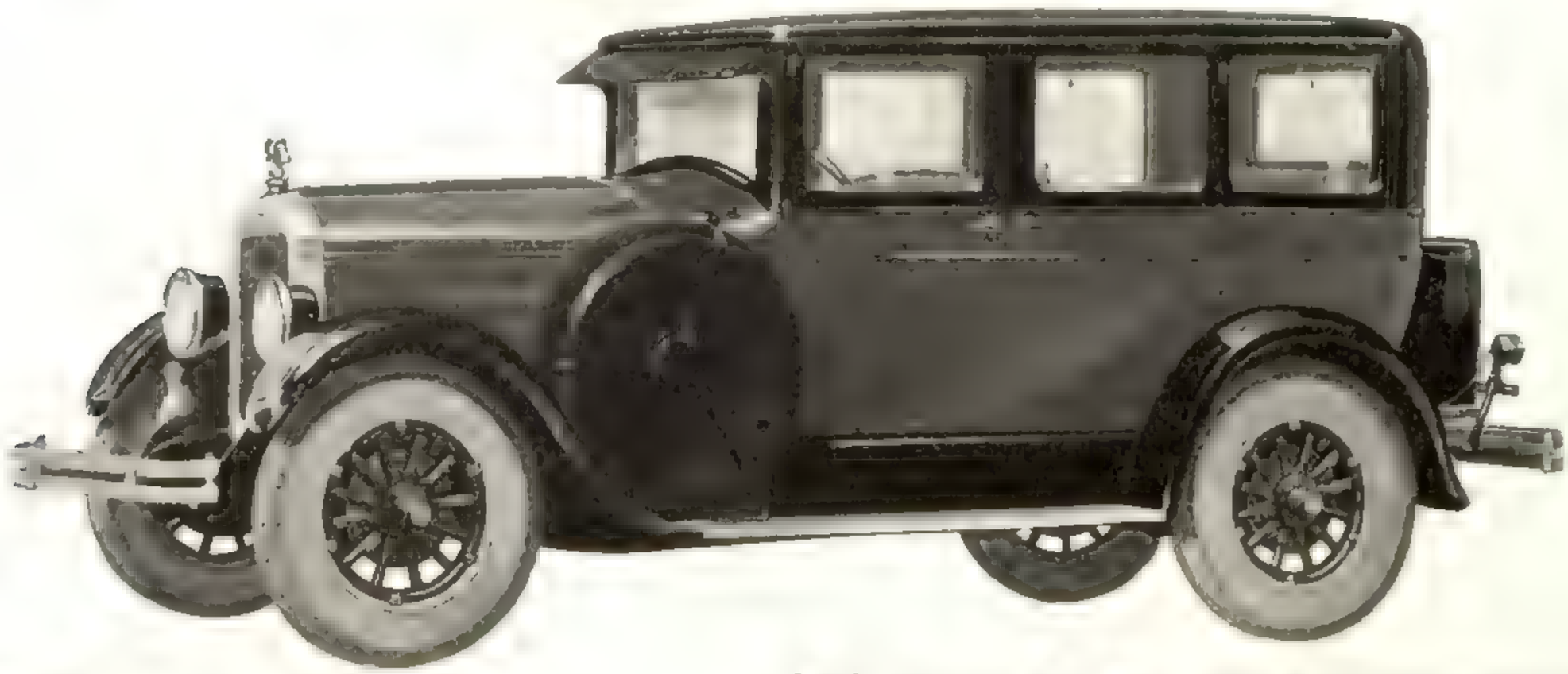
The new PAIGE

Improved 70 horsepower motor—3¾" x 5"
New dynamically balanced crankshaft
New larger water circulating pump
New increased radiator capacity
Silent chain drive with automatic takeup
Wheelbase 131 inches

Rear springs over 5 feet long
New design springs for balloon tires
Snubbers at all four wheels
Balloon tires 33 x 6.75
Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes
(Lockheed hydraulic) at slight extra cost
New steering gear for balloon tires

New colors—gray and green
More beautiful bodies
New riding comfort
New handling ease
New performance flexibility
New complete equipment

PHAETON (5 OR 7), $2165—BROUGHAM (5), $2395—SEDAN (7), $2840—SUBURBAN LIMOUSINE (7), $2965. *Prices at Detroit. Tax extra.*



The new JEWETT

New 55 horsepower motor—3¼" x 5"
New counterbalanced crankshaft
New silent chain with automatic takeup
New silent valve-gear
New lubrication of pistons
New double-bearing wrist-pin construction
New type interchangeable main bearings

Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes
(Lockheed hydraulic) at slight extra cost
New larger size balloon tires 31 x 5.25
New spring design for balloon tires
New steering gear for balloon tires
New deep crowned fenders—extra strong
New style running boards—2 inches lower

New body styles—Touring, Brougham, Sedan
New permanent satin lacquer finish in new colors
New instrument board and window trim
New seat comfort positions
New interior effects and appointments
New handling ease and riding comfort
New performance and smoothness

STANDARD TOURING (5), $1175—DE LUXE TOURING, $1290—COUPE (3), $1310—STANDARD BROUGHAM (5), $1385—DE LUXE BROUGHAM, $1525
STANDARD SEDAN (5), $1545—DE LUXE SEDAN, $1745. *All prices at Detroit. Tax extra.*

NEW BODIES—LARGER BALLOON TIRES

When you visit the National Automobile Shows, ask the salesman if his car is upholstered in Collins & Aikman plush. Most closed cars are.

COLLINS & AIKMAN CO., NEW YORK
Established 1845

COLLINS & AIKMAN
MAKERS OF PLUSH

(Continued from Page 105)

The day I arrived the Queen did not leave her room, but she asked to see the sketches. While I was waiting in one of the drawing-rooms Princess Christian greeted me in a low voice and asked for the model, which she took to the Queen. After a while she came back with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. They were pleased and had the Queen's approval; the Princesses also liked the model.

That same evening I left Osborne. While crossing the Narrows the moon threw its silvery rays over the water. There was not a sound. The boat, nearly empty, glided silently through the ripplets. I leaned over the rail at the bow and as I watched the dark outlines of the castle fading in the enveloping mist, an unspeakable sadness came over me. I felt lonely; I felt as though a visitation were about to come over the world. My presentiment proved true. A week later the Queen had closed her eyes in endless night.

I returned to my studio. It was gloomy there, but it was gloomy outside too. It was one of those moments when we are faced with the fundamental questions in life which make us stop and think.

Although the death of the Queen had not been entirely unexpected, the news of the actual occurrence was a stunning blow. It took time for the world to realize that the Queen, who for more than sixty years had given her best to the welfare of her country, who had steered it through so many vicissitudes, who had added an empire of 300,000,000 people in India to her domain, whose personality was such that she was the mediator of peace in the world, was no longer alive.

Summoned to Osborne

Preparations for bringing the Queen to London were expedited. The members of the royal family hurried to Cowes. Mourners from all the courts of Europe came to England. To enumerate each one would be simply to make a copy of the Almanach de Gotha. The Kaiser was one of the first, and came prepared to make a long stay.

The day after the Queen's death I received a telegram which read as follows:

"Come Osborne immediately. Take necessary things along to make a sketch and a Totenmaske for a bust. Answer when arriving. Leave Waterloo 11:20, Southampton 1:30, arrive at Cowes 3:00."

"VON PFYFFER"

I soon had my materials packed and was in the train, which was taking me back to that place where only a week ago I had been for the first time in my life, and which I did not anticipate seeing again under such tragic aspects.

Von Pfyffer, the Queen's secretary, awaited my arrival. There was also a crowd of those curious people who waste their time because to them it is a commodity without value. A few reporters with cameras pointing toward me were also there. Luckily, in spite of the royal carriage, I did not look regal to them and consequently not worthy of their inquisitive machines. One fellow at the gate, unwilling to miss any chance at all, tried to snapshot me, but I threw my coat over my head and escaped the undesired publicity.

The house was literally filled with mourners and it severely taxed the resourcefulness of Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton to accommodate them all. There was much confusion. The corridors were crowded with people moving about silently, and there were so many that it was even difficult to distinguish between the royal mourners and their attendants. I was shown into one of the rooms to wait until the King could be informed of my presence. He was besieged on all sides; first, as the chief mourner on whose shoulders rested every decision pertaining to the funeral; then as host to so many visitors of importance requiring his personal attention; and last, as the new king of a vast empire.

A continuous stream of telegrams and mail poured in, some of them requiring a reply which only he could give. So that when I was at last brought before him, I could well appreciate the magnitude of his task. I was ushered into his study. He was grave; never had I seen him so serious. He first thanked me for an expression of condolence I had sent the previous day, and then he spoke of a bust of his mother which he wished to have made and which should, as nearly as possible, represent her as she was in her later days. He asked if I had brought the materials necessary for the death mask with me and what help I should require, if any, whereupon I begged that I be permitted first to see the Queen, after which I could report.

I was shown into the death chamber. There she lay, white as snow, her head covered with a lace bonnet, her hands clasping a tortoise-shell cross, which contrasted conspicuously with the white of the surroundings. Her regal profile looked more regal still in the serenity of death. Her marriage veil covered the entire figure, and the bed was strewn with flowers, mostly lilies, which saturated the room with their penetrating scent but did not conceal the heaviness of an atmosphere from which light and air had been excluded. A few candles burning near the bed were the only source of a sad, flickering light. Above her head hung a water color depicting her beloved husband on his death bed, which emphasized the tragedy of the scene.

Beside her bed on the left lay a few photographs which had been handled so much that they were indistinguishable; they, too, were pictures of the Prince Consort, which she had carried with her ever since he departed from this life. The rest of the room was shrouded in darkness.

Princess Christian entered. Her eyes were red from weeping. First she introduced me to the nurse who was keeping watch in the back of the room, and then she asked what I intended to do. I showed her the telegram. She said that it had been the Queen's wish that her body should remain undisturbed after death, and that the family desired to respect that wish; that, however, the final decision rested with the King. I replied that I could appreciate such feelings, the more so because I also had to lament the loss of my dear ones, the dearest in this world, whose wishes would be ever sacred to me. I had already decided, upon entering the room, that I should prefer to make my studies in black and white only, in view of the fact that the mask was to be used solely in modeling the bust, and my experience had taught me of how little assistance these death masks are.

In reporting to the King I explained the reasons which prompted me to make drawings only, unless His Majesty should command me to do otherwise. He was satisfied to leave it to me, and I commenced my work.

The Kaiser's Advice

It was dinnertime. The guests, one after another, were retiring to their rooms. I longed for the moment when I should be able to give myself up to my onerous task. Just when I was about to start, Queen Alexandra came in. She was overcome with her grief. I hardly knew what to say or do. She spoke of the Queen and what she had meant to her, of how majestic she looked and of the pallor of her face, from which death had removed every trace of age.

When Queen Alexandra noticed my preparations for the drawing she looked at me inquiringly. I explained to her what had been decided only a few minutes before. She seemed to be relieved of an anxiety which evidently had occupied the minds of all the relatives. I accompanied her to the door. When she bade me good-by I bowed low over her outstretched hand and assured her that I should always remain the Queen's most humble servant, whereupon she pointed toward the bed and said, "The Queen—she is still with us." And I understood.

During the next few hours I was able to throw myself undisturbed into my task. The picture was so sublime that any artist would have longed to possess superhuman gifts for the portrayal of its majesty. Emotion and ardor struggled within me. But soon the image began to unfold. I felt a sensation as of being lifted up, far above the sorrows of a mourning world, and as though my hand were guided by a force I had never experienced before. Like magic the lines evolved out of an indefinite mist, and when at last I had placed the final accentuating strokes and was about to draw back to receive the impression of the whole I found myself surrounded by an array of royalty such as had never before been gathered together.

There was a deep silence. The Queen was the first to move. She approached the bed, from which she took a few flowers which she entwined with a fern and handed them to me. Her silence was more eloquent than any words could have been.

Someone tapped me on the shoulder and, turning, I saw a pair of eyes like those of an eagle fixed upon me. The Queen, noticing my bewilderment, said, "This is the Kaiser." He looked quite different then than he did when I had seen him years before mounting and dismounting his horse. It was one of those rare occasions when he wore evening clothes. The broad blue ribbon of the Garter across his breast and the sparkling diamonds of the star, contrasted vividly with the somberness of their background. He addressed me as if the minutes he had known me were so many years. He said, "Go on, Fuchs, you've made a good start, but you must accentuate this and that"; I bowed respectfully. Then the King interposed. He also wore evening clothes with the Order of the Garter. He was more subdued in manner and more sympathetic, and he said, "I feel that your suggestion was right. Such studies as these will be more helpful to you."

A Message From Alexandra

I ventured to say that with the King's permission I would like to work through the night, making a series of sketches and studies, such as would be useful for other purposes than the bust alone. There was no objection to this. The other visitors also looked at the sketch, but no one said anything. It was late. One by one they left the room and I was soon alone again in the middle of the night.

There was a light tap at the door and a messenger entered. He brought a note written in pencil, which read: "Please make me a sketch of our beloved Queen as she lies there on her bed surrounded by flowers she loved. A." It was from Queen Alexandra.

I now had ample opportunity to collect myself and resume my work, bearing in mind what I should require. The night passed quickly. Long before daybreak the Queen sent to inquire if I had been able to complete the sketch for her. I replied that I had made four smaller sketches and that I should be very happy if Her Majesty would select the one she preferred. Then came this note:

"January 24, 1901.

"My most grateful thanks for your touching words in your telegram on the loss of our beloved and great Queen—the loss is too overwhelming, the sorrow unspeakable. Thank you also for so kindly letting me have the choice of the four smaller sketches—I think the large one you did yesterday quite beautiful and very like.

"Where would you like me to see the drawings, in her dear room or here in mine, where I might see them perhaps more undisturbed? "ALEXANDRA."

She chose from the four designs one rather elaborate in detail, one in which I had brought in as much as possible of the picture as a whole.

In the morning Princess Christian was the first visitor. She told me that Professor von Herkomer had been sent by an illustrated paper to make a sketch, and that the King had given his permission. She wished to suggest that I give him a choice of position when he arrived. As my work was finished this was no sacrifice to me. Soon the Princess brought him into the room and presented me to him. He was so impressed with the serenity of the picture that he exclaimed time after time to the Princess. "Oh, how wonderful, how wonderful!" I wanted to give him the benefit of solitude and was just leaving the room when the King sent for me. I took with me the remaining five drawings and asked the King's permission to submit them all and offer one to him. He selected the one he saw first the evening before, and accepted this for himself.

On returning to the room I was informed that we must get ready to leave as the preparations for removing the body to London would soon begin.

After the King saw Herkomer's hasty sketch he again sent for me and said, "Although Professor von Herkomer has been sent here, it seems to me that if anything is published, it should be one of your sketches."

I replied, "With Your Majesty's most gracious permission I would like to submit that the occasion is so solemn that I would prefer not to desecrate it by any thought of self."

Von Herkomer and I departed in the same carriage, we crossed on the same boat, but each kept to himself. As a member of the academy and the more important of us two, it devolved upon him to address me first, should he wish to do so; but as he remained silent there was no occasion for me to do otherwise.

And leaning once more over the rail at the bow, where I had stood only a few days earlier, I had plenty of leisure to reflect upon the impermanence of life and the sudden changes which often a single day, yes an hour, brings about.

When we parted at Waterloo Station we were still the strangers we had been in the beginning.

And here is an instance of what I meant when I spoke earlier in these pages of the human element which counts for so much: On account of always having lived a more or less solitary life, probably through lack of social talents, I have, no doubt, missed many of the small benefits which the kind word of a helpful friend will procure. On the other hand, it has given me ample opportunity to launch forth into the many branches of my art, in whose neighborly domains I delighted to wander. It matters little how one achieves one's happiness—but it is important that one should achieve it at all.

On the twenty-eighth of that month, the London Times published the following Court Circular:

"Osborne, January 26th. Professor von Herkomer and Herr Emil Fuchs have had the honor of making sketches for a portrait and a bust of Her Majesty, the late Queen."

Honored by the King

Photographs of two of the drawings which I had made at Osborne were sent to the brother and sisters of King Edward and to the Emperor. The letter which the Duke of Connaught, the King's only surviving brother, sent to me, in autograph, is so touchingly beautiful that I shall quote it:

"March 2, 1901.

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* Accept my very best thanks for sending me the excellent facsimile of your sad drawings made at Osborne. I will ever value them as being the last likeness that could ever be made of my beloved mother, the Queen.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR."

As soon as the funeral ceremonies were over and the guests began to depart, I had an audience with the King, at which I submitted the medals of Queen Victoria, which in the meantime had been completed. His Majesty had a few struck off the dies, I think three of the largest, one of which he ordered in gold to be sent to the Empress Frederick at Friedrichsruh. Later the King permitted that copies of the largest size in silver be presented to the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington and to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

On February twentieth of that year I received the following letter from Marlborough House:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* I am commanded by the King to ask you to be here (at Marlborough House) on Friday next, the twenty-second instant, at 3:15 o'clock P. M.

"Please send me a line in reply that I may know this letter has reached you safely.

"Yours faithfully,

"D. M. PROBYN."

The form and style of this letter, also the request for an answer, were somewhat unusual. It was more than ordinarily formal, but I soon understood the reason. When I arrived at the appointed hour and was brought into the King's presence, His Majesty handed me a small case and said:

"We have decided to confer upon you the honorary fourth class of our Royal Victorian Order."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Fuchs. The fifth will appear in an early issue

On the Mohawk Division of the New York Central Lines, one of the heaviest traffic routes in the world.

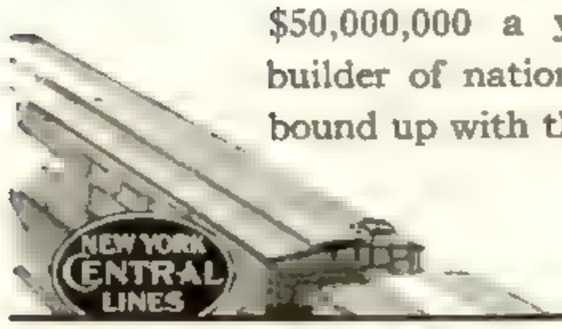
Your neighbor — the New York Central

You own property, pay taxes, engage in productive work and do your part in promoting the prosperity of your community. These are privileges and duties of good citizenship.

New York Central—"an artificial person created by the law"—"an association of individuals acting together"—likewise owns property, pays taxes, engages in productive work and does its part in promoting the prosperity of thousands of communities.

New York Central, an institution engaged in the public service, strives to be a good citizen and a good neighbor. It represents the coöperative effort of many thousands of workers and investors.

New York Central Lines carry one-tenth of the rail-borne commerce of the nation; they pay more than $100,000 a day in taxes; they distribute more than $1,200,000 a day for wages and materials; they are making new capital outlays averaging $50,000,000 a year. New York Central is a builder of national prosperity, whose destiny is bound up with that of half the country.



NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 12)

was once the land of the Romanoffs, you have only to take a look at Moscow, that halfway house between Europe and Asia, the junction of East and West. Like Constantinople, it is today a place of dingy magnificence. Contrast greets you on all sides.

The old capital of Holy Russia is now the nerve center of communism and the mainspring of a godlessness that knows no limit. Those forty-times-forty churches, once the pride of a now vanished spiritual era, are merely regarded as just so many architectural encumbrances. The most popular weekly publication in Moscow is entitled Without God, and its vile and sacrilegious cartoons are an offense to the eye. In the Bolshevik code, divorce is obtained by a mere scrape of the pen. The red mills for the severance of marital ties grind faster than in Japan, which once held the world record for speed.

Moscow has been made the shop window of sovietism. Dressing, however, is not a feature of the display. In summer the Bolsheviks, male and female, carry on with a minimum of clothes.

Only the color-blind fail to find diversion here, for the capital is a study in scarlet. Buildings, signs, shirts, scarfs, stockings, caps—even the underwear of the women is red. In this omnipresent hue you have the only relieving note in the general drabness of life.

Many people think that the famous Red Square got its name from the communists, but the immense space adjoining the Kremlin has an alibi. The title was derived from the executions—there were seldom less than a daily dozen—carried out at the behest of Ivan the Terrible. That sanguinary individual, by the way, had a grandstand seat on the Kremlin wall where he could sit comfortably and watch the bloody work unobserved.

The Reign of Ruin

Although Moscow is the prize exhibit of Bolshevism, and people throughout the country are ordered to go there so as to see the visible signs of soviet "progress"—they are mostly invisible—it remains in a sadly dilapidated condition. Decay is the middle name of Bolshevism, physically as well as morally. Most of the highways are rutted and broken, while the sidewalks are paved with cobblestones that make walking almost impossible. Last August a woman fell into an open excavation and was drowned in the accumulation of water there. On the night of my interview with Trotzky I was unable to get a cab and had to walk back to my hotel in what was almost pitch darkness. I fell over a projecting manhole in the broken street and fractured a bone in my elbow. There is soviet economy in illumination and repairs as well as in virtue.

The one exception to the rule of ruin is the Kremlin, which stands up erect and strong amid the gloom and general physical disintegration. For the foreigner, it holds a real thrill; and even the most confirmed communist cannot fail to be responsive to its tradition and beauty. What the Mosque of Saint Sophia is to Turkey, this medieval fortress, with its frowning walls, gleaming towers, imposing palaces, arsenals, churches and monasteries, is to Russia in the historical sense.

Here czars were crowned and here reposes their undisturbed dust. From Ivan, through Catherine the Great, down to Napoleon, it has been the stage of stupendous events. The famous icon over the principal gateway which Bonaparte failed to salute remains in place, strange to relate. The Romanoff double eagles still surmount the church spires.

For years it was said, "There is nothing above Moscow but the Kremlin, and nothing above the Kremlin but heaven." The Bolos have put the red flag over it, to be sure; but this rag, as well as their presence, fails to detract from its majesty. Viewed from a bridge over the river at twilight, it becomes invested with an Oriental glamour.

Picturesqueness of life, but not the joy of it, remains in the streets of Moscow and to a greater degree in the thoroughfares of the south. You see Persians, Circassians, Tartars, Mongolians and Mohammedans mingling with the peasants and the workers. There is a hint of Peking, but none of its fascination.

Hatred of Cleanliness

The one thing it has in common with China is in the smells, which are everpresent. It is difficult to describe the Russian atmosphere, for it is a combination of dirt, dank, old clothes and stuffiness. Houses and human beings alike exude it, and there is no escape.

One of the paradoxes of Bolo land is that under the existing order the country that produced the Russian bath is one of the most unsanitary of places. The Russian secretary of a certain alien in Moscow—needless to say, she is a member of the old order—related this characteristic story: With her two daughters, she is compelled to live in a single room in an apartment house. All the other occupants are communists. There is no running water in her chamber and she is forced to carry it from a pump in the courtyard. Every trip she makes for water brings gibes from her neighbors. Finally they joined in a protest to the superintendent of the house, demanding that she change her abode. When the superintendent asked the reason he was told, "She washes herself every day."

To return to the people. I observed smiles only on the faces of children. They laugh because they do not comprehend the wretched fate of the nation or what is in store for them. The sole approach to gayety that I saw, and the reason here was that it meant a holiday, came in the eternal parades, and these were by order of the powers that be. Every soviet anniversary is celebrated in some way. It is part of the general propaganda campaign.

Not only are such occasions as May Day, the date of the November revolution—this usually means three days—the opening and closing of the Third Internationale, and kindred events observed, but whenever the government is involved in some international crisis, such as the trouble with England which produced the famous Curzon ultimatum, or an event like the assassination of Vorofsky at Lausanne, a huge

(Continued on Page 112)

Russian Peasants

The sand runs out but the Rock remains

EVERY year that passes takes something away from your insurability and increases the premium. The sands of Time are ever flowing. The sooner you see the Prudential man, the more life insurance you will get for the same money—and the more money you will save for yourself or your dependents.

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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

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(Above)—*They Roamed the World in the Speejack's Radio Room*

(Below)—*Dog Sleds Carry Them to the Arctic Outposts of Civilization*

You're fortunate—you average buyer of radio equipment. For when you are in need of new batteries you can phone or walk a few blocks for fresh ones to replace those in your receiver.

Not so fortunate are those who wander across the world or spend their lives in the lonely outposts on the frontiers of civilization.

To them the correct selection of dependable receiving equipment is vital. For to be deprived of the use of their radio set is a dire catastrophe, and results in complete isolation from the world outside.

Those who *must* receive absolute, unfailing service over longer periods should buy Burgess "A," "B" and "C" Radio Batteries.

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Engineers DRY BATTERIES *Manufacturers*
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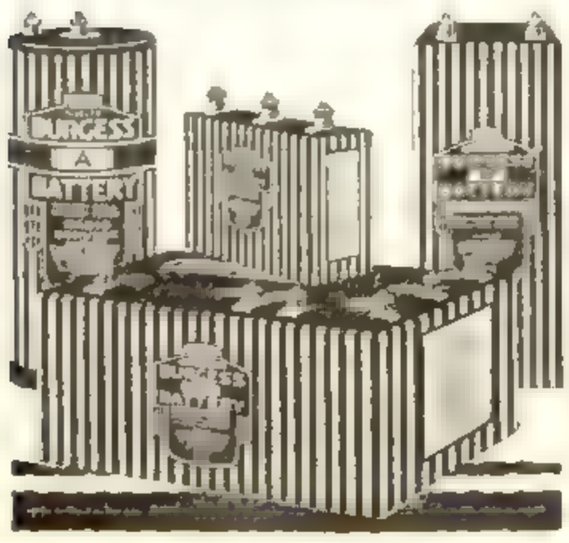

(Continued from Page 110)

public protest is staged. The announcement is telephoned to all the factories and labor unions, women sit up all night sewing banners with flaming denunciations, and the next day thousands of workers and their wives are literally ordered out to make a demonstration. The people march up and down the street for hours singing the Internationale. Half the time they do not know why they are making such a fuss. It provides good copy for the newspapers, which enlarge upon the "spontaneity" of the masses and their "loyalty" to the cause. Of course, industrial output suffers, because it takes a day to prepare for these shows and another day to recover from them.

This reference to the newspapers reminds me of a clever saying about the two leading Moscow journals. One is the Pravda, which means truth—its contents are stranger than any fiction. It is the organ of the Communist Party. The other is the Izvestia, which is the Russian word for information. It is mouthpiece of the Foreign Office. In commenting on these newspapers an Englishman once said, "The Pravda is truth without information, while the Izvestia is information without truth."

There are two definite reasons for the drabness of life in Moscow and elsewhere. One is the fear that lurks in the heart of the people because of the tyranny exercised by the government. If a Russian is not a communist he is in almost hourly danger of being thrown into prison on some charge trumped up by the espionage army always on the job. You cannot sneeze without having it broadcast. Men and women are afraid to speak their minds, since the person walking, sitting or riding alongside may be a secret-service agent. Frank and unrestrained talk and other manifestations are therefore out of the question. There is a feeling of oppression in the air that even the alien does not escape.

The second and more material cause is that Moscow is the most expensive city in the world. Practically the same conditions prevail throughout the country. Alien and native share alike in paying the excessive overhead for everything.

Moscow Hotels

The foreigner gets a double dose, because he must stand not only for high prices but pay a special tax on food and lodgings. The latest imposition is a tax of $150 for the "privilege" of visiting the capital. The announced idea is to prevent further overcrowding. When you have lived and been done in Moscow you realize that when the government collects this tax it is obtaining money by false pretenses. Moscow is a burden instead of a privilege.

I paid fourteen dollars a day for a small room and bath in a third-class hotel in Moscow. In the matter of accommodations there is no choice for the visitor, since only one really livable hotel is available for him. Like everything else, it is run by the government.

At this point it may be well to speak of a condition in Russia that is not without its moral or rather the lack of it. It is the curious sensation inspired by being in a country where everything is either government controlled or operated. In a preceding article I showed how nationalization of industry, with its lack of competition and attendant paralysis of individual initiative, has brought about almost complete stagnation. The same applies to hotels and public utilities. If service is bad, or if the guest or passenger is injured, there is no recourse, either in complaint or damage. It is literally a case of the public be damned.

This reminds me of another clever phrase made by a foreigner. The Soviet Government is strong on promises and lamentably weak on action when it comes to assisting people who enter the country. Several years ago a bureau in the Foreign Office was established with the title of Burobin, a contraction of the first letters of the sentence Bureau for Serving the Needs of Foreigners. After being gouged in a Moscow hotel a Pole suggested that it be changed to Obirobin, the first letters of the phrase Bureau for Skinning Foreigners.

Unsatisfactory as are hotel conditions in Moscow, they represent a vast advance over the last few years. Up to 1922 the foreign newspaper correspondents, most of whom reside in the one hotel available for aliens, assembled every afternoon at five o'clock for what was the zero hour for rats and mice. A grand killing bee ensued, because the rooms were overrun with rodents. They still infest the place. Yet on the wall of every room is a card bearing this inscription: "No animals shall be kept in hotel rooms."

Welcome Insults

Now as to prices. It cost me an average of from twenty-five to thirty dollars a day in Moscow, and I lived simply. A two-dollar table d'hôte was served in the hotel, but by accident or design it was invariably exhausted before anyone could avail himself of it. The à-la-carte service was higher than the most expensive hotel in New York, London or Paris. A portion of cold ham, for example, accompanied by a faint resemblance to salad, cost three dollars; while a pot of tea with coarse bread and only passable butter came to a dollar and fifty cents. An unsophisticated Englishman who believed that he could not live without his marmalade for breakfast had a heart attack when he found that a small jar of it set him back exactly two dollars. Laundry imposed an item not to be despised in this list of casualties. It cost thirty cents to have a white collar washed, while a stiff shirt came to a dollar. Since Russia is more or less a shirtless and collarless country, this extortionate price may have been a protest against these capitalistic luxuries.

I might add that for a foreigner to wear a dinner coat anywhere in Moscow save at an embassy or a legation is considered little short of criminal. For a Russian to indulge in such a performance would immediately make him suspected by the police. Hence any unshaved member of the proletariat in a blouse might be some high-placed soviet official. Bolshevism and smartness are absolute strangers.

While I am on the subject of hotels I must deal with the all-important matter of tips. In the best Bolshevik circles it is regarded as an insult to offer a gratuity. Tipping is just another evidence of the despised class spirit.

In consequence, the hotel where I lived, as well as every restaurant in Moscow, was placarded with warnings against fees of any kind. Printed in three languages on a card affixed to the wall of my bedroom was the following:

"The staff of this hotel get the full wage scale adopted by the union. The payment of tips is therefore strictly forbidden."

The standard admonition in eating places, large and small, read like this:

"The institution of tipping is abrogated. Whoever takes a tip is not worthy to be a member of the professional union."

All unions, even of ditch diggers, are labeled "professional." At a tea room that I frequented, this sign was prominently displayed:

"Valuing your own worth, do not take it away from others by giving them tips."

A fourth injunction that I saw in many public places was:

"Tipping is a crime. Who gives a tip gives a bribe. Who accepts a tip receives a bribe."

The amusing feature about this tip business was that whenever I offered one it was gratefully, almost tearfully, received. I did not encounter a servant anywhere who refused a gratuity. When they saw that I was about to hand over a fee, the waiter or porter invariably looked around to see if he was observed and then took the money surreptitiously. Wages are so low—all lines considered, they are 65 per cent of prewar—that without some kind of extra compensation many servants would almost starve.

In the Moscow hotel where I stopped there occurred an incident which throws light on the whole procedure. A German business man who had spent three months there left thirty-five chervonetzy—a chervonetz is worth five dollars—with the valet on his floor for distribution among all the servants, and his wishes were carried out. When the manager heard about it he went to the maid, called her down sharply for taking the money, and added, "You lose your self-respect by accepting tips."

The woman answered, "I would rather lose my self-respect and not starve."

This leads to the vital matter of the high cost of living, which, when you consider that wages are 65 per cent of prewar, makes it well-nigh impossible for the great mass of the people to make both ends meet. With the introduction of the new currency, the government proclaimed with great gusto that all prices would be reduced, more especially in view of the state aid showered on so many enterprises, notably the cooperatives. The exact opposite has happened. In a single week meat shot up 30 per cent despite large importations from the Argentine. In this sharp advance history repeated itself, because prices invariably harden as soon as a depreciated currency is stabilized. It was notably the case in Germany when the rentenmark was invented.

Restaurant Life

The rise in the price of a few standard commodities will illustrate. In 1913, black bread, which is the staple article of food in Russia, cost one kopeck a pound. Today it is five kopecks. White bread has risen from four to fifteen kopecks a pound; meat from fifteen to fifty and sixty kopecks; flour from three to ten kopecks; sugar from ten to thirty-two kopecks; potatoes from two to ten kopecks; and milk from four to twenty-six kopecks a liter.

You find the same proportion in clothes. A man's business suit cannot be obtained for less than $200. An ordinary felt hat costs twenty-five dollars, while a negligée shirt is ten dollars. Perhaps this is why there is such a scantiness of attire in summer.

Restaurant life, as the rest of Europe knows it, has practically ceased because of the high prices and the eternal espionage. If a Russian indulges in roast duck and champagne several times a week, he is likely to get a visit from the police, who not only know just what he has been eating in public but warn him to curb his capitalistic habits.

When the New Economic Policy came into force in 1921, and for the ensuing two years, there was a big revival in the restaurants. Many individuals took advantage of the opportunity given to private enterprise and started excellent cafés or reopened old ones. As soon as the war on capital started

A Line of Peasants Buying Vodka at a Government Depot. The War and Bolshevism Stopped This

(Continued on Page 115)

It's hard to scratch a Zapon finish!

A ZAPON finish can't be injured by the many things that ruin an ordinary finish. Alkali, grit, oil, hot tar, blistering heat and freezing cold will not affect it. Rain will not spot it. Even extraordinary abuses will not mar its appearance. An occasional cleaning and rubbing with a dry cloth always restores the original beauty and lustre of Zapon.

The many advantages of Zapon already have been proved by its use during the past three years on thousands of cars. Investigate its merits as a finish for your car.

THE ZAPON COMPANY
Park-Lexington Bldg., Park Ave. at 46th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Branches: Chicago, Los Angeles, New Haven

Many manufacturers of high grade cars are rapidly arranging to insure the beauty and permanence of their car finishes by using Zapon.

ZAPON

The automobile finish that stays new

Unrivaled

ZAPON

the finish the world has waited for

Do the packers use Cold Storage to make speculative profits?

Nature produces in spurts but human needs demand a steady, even supply.

Cold Storage *makes perishable foods always "in season"*

COLD storage plants distribute perishable products over the seasons of the year in much the same way that railroads and refrigerator cars distribute them over the country. Cold storage makes the surplus of the productive seasons, which otherwise would be wasted, meet the deficits of the unproductive seasons. It protects the public against scarcity and the producer against a glutted market.

The manner in which cold storage spreads out the supply of perishable meat products is similar to the manner in which it distributes the nation's egg supply over the seasons, and this latter affords an excellent and typical illustration of the nature of the service.

About half of the year's egg supply is produced in March, April, May and June. Consumers would not absorb this supply as it is currently produced, except at such low prices that production would not pay, and when production does not pay, it languishes and dies.

Cold storage solves the egg problem. It provides a reasonable market in the spring so that producers can sell their eggs at a profit and keep on producing, and it provides a supply of eggs in the winter when, under natural conditions, fresh eggs would be scarce and so high in price that the great majority of the public could not afford them.

While meats are not exactly comparable with eggs because meat animals come to market in a steadier stream than do eggs, yet meat could not be distributed to best advantage without cold storage equipment.

Grass fed range cattle, the bulk of which are marketed in the fall, afford a typical example. The market for meat from these animals is limited and were it not for the fact that part of this meat can be held over for later consumption by means of cold storage, the market for grass fed cattle would be ruinous to producers while during a large part of the year there would be a short supply of grass fed beef.

Certain meat products have to be stored as a necessary step in manufacturing; for instance, pork products in process of curing, and meats to be used in sausage or canned food products.

Meats thus held in storage are, of course, subject to fluctuating market values. Sometimes they enhance in value and at other times their value declines to such an extent that they must be sold at a loss. There will always be such speculative risks involved in the proper discharge of the storage service, but careful and experienced management reduces this speculative factor to a minimum.

Hoarding, putting food into storage with a view to lessening the market supply and thereby increasing the price, deserves condemnation, but hoarding should not be confused with the legitimate use of cold storage to provide continuous and adequate supply of food.

Armour and Company and other national packers are engaged in manufacturing and selling. Success depends on the character of service rendered to thousands of retail merchants and that service consists in supplying, as uninterruptedly as possible, the commodities which the merchants need, at the time when they need them. Cold storage is a necessary adjunct to that service. Properly utilized, it spreads out the supply so as to meet demand and fills an important rôle in feeding the nation.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Write to us for our pamphlet containing the answers to the ten fundamental questions listed in our advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post of March 29, 1924

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this year they began to feel the heavy hand of oppression in the shape of excessive taxes and exorbitant rents. In consequence, they have all closed down.

Save for foreigners, the few remaining big cafés, once the pride of Moscow, are practically deserted. The last time I dined at the Hermitage, the best restaurant in the city, there were exactly eight people in the immense room. Outside, in the garden, a ballet was performing to empty tables. The head waiter informed me that the place would close in a few weeks

The cheap eating or drinking places—or beer houses, as they are called—do a thriving business. They are crowded with the proletariat each afternoon and night. In most of them the clients can buy vodka. The atmosphere is so fetid, however, that foreigners shrink from invading these places.

Closely allied with the cost of living is the problem of housing, which is probably more acute in Moscow than in any other European capital. This is saying a good deal, because since the Armistice the whole continent has been in the grip of a drastic house scarcity. Whether in Berlin, Prague, Warsaw, Vienna or Constantinople, the situation has largely been brought about by Russian refugees. There are more than 200,000 in the German capital alone.

Despite the exodus of millions of Slavs from the land of their fathers, Moscow is congested to a degree not known in any other community. One reason is the almost complete failure of the Bolsheviks to build anything but unrest. Another is the fact that when the center of government was shifted from the old Petrograd, an immense horde of officials streamed in, usurping the space formerly occupied by the Muscovites. At the time of my visit there were exactly 226,000 government officials in Moscow. It represented bureaucratic duplication at its worst. On the other hand, there were only its 214,000 industrial workers in what was once a city of industry. Of the latter number, 95,000 were unemployed.

Whether idle or at work, Ivan Ivanovich must have a place to rest his head at night. Just now he is hard put to find even an uneasy pillow. The authorities have utterly failed to bring any order out of the chaos that prevails.

Analyze Moscow housing and you find class extinction a theory and Bolshevik inefficiency, as well as favoritism, working overtime. Before the advent of the soviet order, property was owned as in any other country save that, as obtains in London, many houses were built on crown land. The majority, however, belonged to private owners and companies that collected rents in the usual way.

Living Accommodations

Immediately after the last red revolution all houses were confiscated by the government, and a department called the Housing Bureau was organized to administer and allocate space. The good communist now began to get in his deadly work. From the start he had first and best choice of space. Sixty-two per cent of all dwelling area is occupied by workers. During the years of war and revolution most of the habitable apartment houses as well as dwellings fell into disrepair, and so they have remained. The reds immediately grabbed all the rooms worth occupying. There was not enough space to go around and a well-nigh incredible congestion has been the outcome.

To understand the situation you must be told that every apartment house in Moscow has a so-called house committee, with a chairman. It is a sort of domestic soviet and comprises a small autonomous state. It is also a state of dirt and confusion. Needless to say, all members of the committee, as well as the chairman, are good communists. The chairman, who is the link with the Housing Bureau, is a despot, especially if a member of the old bourgeoisie or the intelligentzia tries to break in. He has the power to dispossess any tenant without notice and upon the slightest provocation. Usually there is no provocation at all.

Living accommodations are disposed of not on a basis of family size but on income. The amiable idea behind this is to work hardship on the so-called Nepmen, the name given to those who have the temerity to engage in private trade. Instead of renting by actual rooms, there is renting by space. Each tenant is allowed a certain number of sazhen, a unit indicating forty-nine square feet.

If a tenant is a private shopkeeper or an employer of labor, he must pay from seventy-five cents to two dollars a sazhen monthly. In addition to this he is required to pay what is called a going-in tax, which is the right to occupy quarters. This may range from $50 up to $3000. The humblest member of the bourgeoisie is also required to pay a going-in tax, often as much as $25. For the underpaid professor or private teacher of languages this is a real hardship. On the other hand, the communists pay no going-in tax and get their rent remarkably cheap. It is about the only material blessing that Bolshevism has conferred on them. An artisan making less than twenty-five dollars a month only pays five cents a sazhen, while the unemployed pay two and a half cents a sazhen.

What the communist saves in money he loses in comfort. On account of the pressing scarcity of space he must house his family in a single room or at best in two rooms. For the average member of the proletariat this is no hardship, because lack of sanitation means nothing in his unwashed life. With the bourgeoisie it is a different and sadder story. Families of four or five people, who, before the Bolsheviks, had their own splendid houses with every comfort and convenience, are now jammed into one wretched room where they exist rather than live. But there are greater hardships.

Studied Brutality

Russian flats are built with the idea of concentrating the family. The walls are thin and there are no halls giving ingress and egress such as obtain in American apartments. In consequence one must pass through various rooms in going in and out. Since there are four or five different families in every apartment of any size, it means that there is absolutely no privacy for anybody.

The Russian secretary of a well-known foreign correspondent in Moscow told me that the room she occupied with her two daughters was nothing more than a hallway for unkempt communists who came and went at all hours of the day and night. With a devilish desire to torture people of delicate sensibilities, the chairman of a house committee invariably puts a family of the old aristocratic order in the middle of an apartment so that they can get the fullest measure of discomfort. In the majority of Moscow flat houses there is only one bathroom, and the least said about it the better. Moreover, there is ordinarily a single water tap and the tenants who indulge in the luxury of washing must form queues in order to get their daily supply.

Moreover, if a family is fortunate enough to have a small flat to itself it is liable to have an unwelcome companion—usually an unsanitary worker—thrust upon them. The chairman of the house committee reserves the right to add to the list of tenants regardless of overcrowding. It is no infrequent occurrence for him to order out all bourgeoisie tenants at election time in order to pack the place with good communists.

To physical discomfort is added the super servant problem. American housewives who think they are up against it in the matter of domestic help may well heed what is now to be set forth and then offer up a prayer of thankfulness that they are not living under a red régime. In the first place, everybody who hires labor of any kind must pay a tax for the privilege, because it violates proletarian principles. The word "labor" here is a misnomer, because under Bolshevism, labor and service are somewhat remote.

Frequently a domestic servant is a red. Always she is a member of her professional union. In either case she has, save in the isolated examples of old servants who worked in aristocratic families, definite theories about equality. If she is discharged, she can occupy her quarters as long as she sees fit, maintaining that she has as much right to them as her mistress.

Three incidents will illustrate this tyranny. A foreigner who was engaged in administering a relief fund during the famine discharged a male servant for gross impertinence and inefficiency. The man not only refused to leave but brought in his wife and three children, all of whom became a charge on the employer for four months. In another instance an alien dismissed a drunken chauffeur, but was unable to get him out of the house for ten months. I was invited to dine one night at the house of a foreign newspaper correspondent. At six o'clock he called me up and asked me to meet him at the Hermitage. The reason was that his cook had gone to a meeting of her neighborhood soviet and had telephoned that she would be indefinitely engaged on "important committee work." Even when people can afford to employ servants in Moscow and elsewhere, they think twice before doing so and often prefer to do their own housework.

The servant attitude, however, is the minor detail in the larger moral looseness. Although human life is safer in Soviet Russia than in most civilized countries—by "civilized" I mean those with normal administration—there is every conceivable infraction of the law. Nowhere does it obtain to a larger degree than in the illicit manufacture of spirits.

Hooch and Home-Brew

The sale of light wines and beer is legal in Russia, but the soviet régime has continued the war policy, established in 1915, banning vodka and other spirits. Prior to 1915, vodka was a government monopoly and the biggest state income was derived from it. One of the first things that a peasant did when he got money was to go to a government liquor establishment and expend nearly all his hard-earned cash for booze. Drunkenness and excess were the twin curses of country life, and they extended to the city.

The peasant thirst was not wiped out by statute. The result is that a vile poison called *samogonka* is distilled in millions of homes—there is one illicit still for every 500 persons in the Ukraine—in defiance of the law and despite every effort of the government to suppress it. The hooch is peddled in the cities by bootleggers and, with vodka, which is also surreptitiously manufactured, can be bought in the public houses. Here men drink themselves into stupefaction, but they remain indoors until the effects have worn off. This is why you see so little drunkenness in the streets.

While human life is safe, personal effects are not always immune. Moscow has developed a new brand of thief, or, to put it in another way, a new technic in theft. One of the first warnings that a visitor gets is not to carry his wallet in the breast or side pockets of his coat, and especially on the street cars or in a crowd. If he fails to heed it, he is liable to have his pocket slit open by an individual who uses a highly sharpened safety-razor blade attached to a thimble on his finger. Sometimes the pilferer employs a sharpened metal coin. The curious feature of this performance is that when the stolen pocketbook contains a passport—in Russia the foreigner must carry his identification papers with him constantly—the documents are invariably returned to the owner by mail.

A Russian Peasant Making Hooch

"This is Freedom"

The Soviet government, by the way, is not so prompt in sending back seized papers. In ordinary circumstances it is very difficult to get notes and papers in or out of Russia. All incoming travelers who come from Riga get the once-over at a frontier post called Sebech. On the day I passed through, one of my Russian fellow travelers had an innocent map of the world. The customs official immediately tore it up and seized all his pamphlets, which also were in Russian.

When a well-known correspondent of a London daily went out of Russia in 1923, all his papers, which contained data for a series of articles, were confiscated. Exactly twelve months later, and long after he had returned to Moscow, he received them back from the Foreign Office without a word of explanation.

It means that suspicion of everybody and everything is the rule in Russia. So far as the great mass of the people is concerned, the individual is not adjudged innocent until proved guilty, but is suspect all the time. Justice works in a curious way its blunders to perform. Kalinin's secretary told me of an astounding example. A young son in a bourgeoisie family was arrested one night on the charge of conspiracy, and within twenty-four hours was on the way to Solovetski, the new place of exile in the White Sea. A week later it was discovered that he was the wrong person. It took four months to get him back.

When his family protested the police said, "It makes no difference. He is bourgeois and ought to be in exile anyhow."

A strict censorship of all cablegrams and articles sent out by correspondents is maintained by the Foreign Office. It is a commentary on the soviet mentality that Russia is the only country in the world that maintains such restrictions. Anything like a free expression of your opinion is therefore impossible. This is why most observers write their impressions when they are safely out of the country.

The more you probe into Bolshevik life, the more you realize how inconsistency rules. The Red Guards, for instance, are drilled in communism as well as tactics. Theft is particularly forbidden. The troops do not always obey the command, as this incident shows: I bought some cherries one day from a street vender who was aged and ragged. Just as I was walking away a soldier came along, grabbed the old man's scales and made off with them.

The victim shrugged his shoulders and said with pathetic irony, "This is freedom."

Take the matter of graft, with which the country is still honeycombed. Whatever their defects, the higher Soviet officials, who get ridiculously small salaries, have not capitalized their opportunities financially—even during the ration days, when food smuggling was a nation-wide industry. Furthermore, the full relentlessness of the government terror machine, which wreaks so much vengeance on the innocent, operates against corruption. The death sentence is almost invariably meted out to those who bribe officials to get goods or favors.

Wherever you turn you find some evidence of paradox. A régime that openly derides God and all sacred precepts recently set up a commission for the suppression of obscenity. Just what the word "obscene" means in Soviet Russia is impossible to find out. One episode may give a hint of what is lurking in the communist mind. During August a number of athletes of both sexes paraded the streets of Moscow. Their only costume was a little apron attached to a

(Continued on Page 118)

"—another reason why

Willard

this car costs less to run"

The factory pays more so you will pay less

REMEMBER, that the car builder is buying huge quantities of batteries. He must sell his car in a highly competitive market.

Only very exceptional quality, which becomes apparent in the better performance and lower cost of operating his car, possibly can warrant increasing its manufacturing cost.

Consequently, when 107 leading car and truck builders standardize on a battery that costs them more than they would have to pay for other makes, and when they continue to equip their cars with this battery, year after year, it must be *a very exceptional battery*.

But do not forget that a battery which improves the performance of the car and cuts down its upkeep cost, helps the car builder to market more cars. Increased production makes it possible for him to sell to you at a lower price and to give you a better car.

Read the list below. Can you remember any time when these manufacturers gave greater car value for the money, or any time when their cars and trucks were better built?

The Makers of These Cars and Trucks Use Willard Batteries

PASSENGER CARS

Anderson
Case
Chevrolet
Chrysler
Cole
Cunningham
Daniels
Davis
Dodge
Dorris
Dort (Exp.)
Duesenberg
Elcar
Franklin
Gardner
H. C. S.
Haynes
Henney
Hupmobile
Jordan
Kissel
Lexington
McFarlan
Nash
Oakland
Ogren
Olds
Packard (Exp.)
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Reo
Stearns
Studebaker
Stutz
Velie
Westcott
Wills Sainte Claire

TRUCKS

Acason
Acme
All American
American-La France
Atterbury
Avery
Bridgeport
Case
Chevrolet
Clydesdale
Commerce
Dart
Day Elder
Defiance
Denby
Dodge
Dorris
Fifth Ave. Coach
Fremont
F. W. D.
Fulton
Garford
Giant
G. M. C.
Graham Bros.
Hahn
Highway
Holt
Independent
Indiana
Kankakee
Kimball
Kissel
Krebs
Lewis-Hall
Little Giant
Master
Menominee
Meteor
Nash
Nelson & Le Moon
Olds
Oshkosh
Pierce Arrow
Rainier
Red Ball
Reo
Riddle
Rowe
Sandow
S & S
Seagrave
Selden
Service
Signal
Standard
Stoughton
Studebaker
Stutz
Tiffin
Titan
Traylor
Twin City
Ultimate
Velie
Vim
Ward La France
White
Wilson

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
In Canada: Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Hook up with Willard Rechargeable A and B Batteries and listen to the difference. Listen to WTAM, too, Willard's own Broadcasting Station. Wave length 361 meters.

Batteries

(Continued from Page 115)

red ribbon around the waist. These aprons bore the inscription Down With Shame.

Not long ago the Soviet Commissar of Health issued a decree against kissing on the ground that it was a potent means of spreading disease. It will work a hardship on the peasants, who are in the habit of kissing one another not only on the lips but also on the cheek in salutation. This same commissar also announced that kissing a woman's hand in greeting and farewell should be abolished because "it is a practice of the bourgeoisie and has no place in a proletarian republic." Handshaking has been prohibited in many departments of the government because it, too, savors of the middle class. Here the Bolsheviks get their cue from the Japanese, who only bow to each other when they meet and leave.

By this time you probably realize that life under soviet rule is not what it is cracked up to be. Yet any people, however oppressed or depressed, must have some diversion. What do they do? The answer can best be found in places like Moscow and Leningrad. The peasantry are eliminated from this consideration, because their day in summer is one round of work, while sleep is the chief diversion in winter.

To know Bolshevism is also to know that every agency, whether social, economic or industrial, is manipulated by the ruling powers for the consolidation of political authority. It follows that the same holds true in amusement. The art theater, the opera and the ballet are maintained, not because music and art are instinct with the Slavs, who have an inherent love of color and beauty, but because they enable the government to divert and propitiate the masses. Even during the starvation period, the people sat with empty stomachs watching adequate productions of Aïda and Lohengrin. More leniency is shown to political offenders who are artists than to any other group.

One of the few benefits that Bolshevism has bestowed is cheap entertainment for the populace. In every theater a large section is reserved for workers and their families, who pay a trifle for admission. The best seats, however, are kept for those who can afford to pay more. A special price is exacted from foreigners. The boxes are the special stamping ground of the higher government officials and leading communists. It is no uncommon sight to see the one-time imperial box, with its gilt eagles hidden by red rags, filled with workers in dirty blouses. When the New Economic Policy was at its height some of the Nepmen wore dinner coats at the theater, but it is a brave Russian who hazards such attire now.

Hamlet Sovietized

The only punctual institution in Soviet Russia is the theater. The fact that audiences and performers are invariably on time is merely one evidence of the place that the stage holds in the interest of the people. A Moscow performance has various unique accessories. It often happens that as soon as the curtain falls on the act of an opera or a play all doors leading to the outside are locked. No one can enter or depart. When you ask the reason for this step you are told that some political suspect is believed to be in the house and that the agents of the G. P. U.—the State Political Police—are combing out the audience to find the victim.

The efforts of the government to adapt all forms of public entertainment to propaganda purposes are amusing. The sovietized Hamlet will illustrate. Shakspere's melancholy Dane was converted into a prominent communist leader battling against the bourgeoisie and capitalism. All the original speeches were revamped and made into a popularized interpretation of the gospel of communism. Polonius was made up to resemble Lloyd George, whose name at that moment was a hissing and a byword in Russia.

The motion-picture theater gives propagandists their best opportunity. Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Douglas Fairbanks and the Talmadge sisters appear on the soviet screens interspersed with pictures of the red army and outstanding leaders like Stalin, Kamenev and Zinoviev. Frequently at the most thrilling moment of a story there is a pause and some scene showing Bolshevik "progress" is flashed. In order to get this cinema propaganda over there are free showings at night in many of the public squares. In summer men, women and children squat on the sidewalks and in the street so that it is almost impossible for traffic to break through.

One of the biggest surprises that awaited me in Russia was in the kind of books read by the masses. Most Americans believe that Russians of the lower classes are almost as illiterate as John Chinaman. This obtained to a large degree before the advent of communism. The one really constructive advance made by the Bolsheviks is through a nation-wide educational system. In the cities the schoolhouse has practically supplanted the church in authority and popularity. Every member of the red army is forced to learn how to read and write. What was once almost a pride in illiteracy is now a boast about some degree of learning.

There are more bookshops in Moscow than in perhaps any other city in the world. Practically all are government owned or operated. The windows and shelves are filled with endless volumes and pamphlets about Marxism as well as the literary labors of men like Trotzky, who seems to produce a publication of some kind every week. The government expected all this propaganda to be eagerly gobbled up, but it did not reckon with the Slavic love of the vivid, the romantic and the colorful.

Forbidden Books

Instead of buying Karl Marx, the Russian today indulges in the Tarzan stories and the works of O. Henry, H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Rider Haggard, Jack London and Conan Doyle. It was this kind of discrimination that led a well-known Moscow newspaper to complain:

"We are being defeated on the literary front. We publish books and pamphlets about Marxism and our great revolution. We encourage young authors to interpret its spirit and inspire the masses. We even issue cheap editions of the Russian classics. But the public reads—what? Tarzan."

In connection with books was a characteristic manifestation of the soviet mentality, which, it is almost unnecessary for me to repeat, means perversion, evasion and subterfuge. Startled at the tendency of public reading taste, the library section of the Central Office of Political Education established an index expurgatorius to prevent the popular mind from being tainted. The amazing feature of the index was that it excluded from the public libraries and shops the writings of Plato, Kant, Ernst Mach, Count Tolstoy and Krapotkin.

The exclusion of Tolstoy and Krapotkin was particularly surprising, because each of these great thinkers advocated some of the theories that the Bolsheviks pretend to expound. Tolstoy was cast out because, to quote one of his soviet critics, "his belief in God and Providence does not belong to a school of thought which should be popularized." Krapotkin got the count because he was a mere anarchist, and anarchy is a mild frolic alongside unadulterated Bolshevism.

This bird's-eye view of life in Soviet Russia would be incomplete without a section concerning woman's place. In the earlier days of Bolshevism the female communist was in the thick of every fray. Some of those skirted terrorists were more bloodthirsty than their sisters of the French Revolution who calmly knitted and gossiped while death sentences were handed down. Kerensky's amazon Legion of Death was duplicated in the ranks of the red armies fighting the whites. With peace on the battlefield, many joined the secret police in ferreting out and even torturing political suspects.

To go back for a moment, women have always exerted power in Russia; but in the imperial days they belonged exclusively to the upper classes. To charm and grace was added a keen political acumen. Fashionable drawing-rooms in the old St. Petersburg and Moscow were often nests of intrigue in which the fortunes of men were made and unmade. The late czarina dominated her court, and it is a well-known fact that the last of the ruling Romanoffs was a royal henpecked husband.

Just as the sex shone in the higher social circles, so did another class prove its effectiveness amid the underground revolutionary conspiracies, and they paid the price. Women trudged alongside men on the long, hard road to Siberia. Chief among them was Catherine Breshkovsky, "the little grandmother of the revolution," as she was always known. She served four terms in exile. I was in Petrograd, as it was then known, in 1917, when she came back from her last unfinished sentence, in the czar's private railway car. A vast and frenzied crowd met her at the station in an unforgettable demonstration. But Breshkovsky, like most of her sisters of that earlier era of protest, was a political and not a social revolutionary. Terror, as Bolshevism practices it, had no place in the code of the party to which she belonged. When communism came she had to flee and, according to last accounts, is now living in retirement at Prague.

Bolshevism has "emancipated" woman, if you can construe emancipation as making her eligible for harder physical labor than she has ever done before. You see women in the city streets digging trenches and helping in the laying of street-car tracks. Others clean highways in winter and summer. Some have risen to be conductors on the tram lines. As is the case with the male worker, communism has not registered any economic advance for her. Wages for both sexes are lower than before the war. Though women are now eligible for membership in the labor unions, this particular privilege imposes a hardship rather than a benefit, because they must pay dues and health insurance, which gives anything but health.

There is practically no gold digging in Russia, because there is no gold to dig. When the New Economic Policy was at its height and profiteering flourished, the vamps—they were largely recruited from the theaters—prospered. Today a man with any money at all hoards it to escape confiscation, or sends it out of the country if possible.

This reminds me of one of the forms of persecution carried on in the war against capital. Ever since the inauguration of the new swing toward the left, under which all evidences of luxury are proscribed, the secret police have hounded the women who like to wear pretty things. One of the few remaining shops where nice dresses and silk stockings are sold is the Parijsky Chic, on the Petrovka, which is the Fifth Avenue of Moscow. Women apparently can always get hold of money in some way. The police therefore set a watch on this shop, spot those who purchase fine frocks, dainty underwear and other accessories, run them down and extort the source of their funds. In this way more than one profiteer has been located.

Women Propagandists

Every woman in Russia now has the vote and she is eligible to membership in the Communist Party, but only after a long period of probation. Where the male communist is addressed as comrade, she is accosted as *grazhdanka*, which means citizeness.

Although these citizenesses have no political power, they are valuable aids to the government, especially in the propaganda campaigns. Chief among them is Madame Lenine, who is better known as Krupskaya. In many respects she is the most remarkable of her sex in Russia; first, because she was her husband's inseparable companion and confidante in exile and in triumph; second, by reason of her strong mentality and capacity. When Lenine lay in state in the great Opera House in Moscow she delivered the principal oration over his body. She is a fluent writer and speaker and devotes most of her time to educational work.

The most spectacular woman communist is Alexandra Kollontai, "the Valkyrie of Communism." She represents one of the few evolutions from the old aristocratic type into bourgeoisie baiter. She is the daughter of a distinguished czarist general, and her first husband, killed in the World War, was a well-known officer in the imperial army. In 1918 she married Fedore Bubenko, a leader among the Kronstadt sailors and twenty years her junior. A year later he was charged with treason because he intrusted some warships to old czarist officers who in turn handed them over to the Germans. Kollontai worked tooth and nail to get him out of prison, and succeeded.

For a brief time Kollontai was Commissar of Welfare in what would be a cabinet in any other country. Here she showed real executive ability and a masculine forcefulness in meeting an emergency, as her conduct during a strike, instigated by her predecessor, showed. All the employes in the department not only walked out but hid the keys of the safes and vaults and secreted the office records. She calmly assembled the three ringleaders in a room on an upper story, locked the doors and kept them prisoners for three days. By that time they were both weary and hungry, and glad to give up the struggle.

At the time I write, Kollontai is soviet ambassador to Norway and the first woman to fill such a post. Prior to the Norwegian recognition of Moscow she was the principal Bolshevik agent in that country, and it was largely due to her efforts, as well as her personal charm, for she is exceedingly attractive, that her country was recognized.

For the last section of this article I have reserved a phase of Russia that reveals Bolshevik destructiveness at its worst. I refer to the plight of what is now known as Leningrad, the old capital of imperial Russia. The once gay and brilliant center of official and diplomatic life is a wizened and shrunken city where desolation stalks.

The change in the name of Petrograd to Leningrad is one of the many evidences of the cult that has grown up since the death of the apostle of Bolshevism. He was scarcely cold before the deification of him began. Not only is his picture everywhere but his sayings have become household words among the communists. The reverence for him has reached the extent that if you address a letter to Petrograd instead of Leningrad it is not delivered.

A City of Desolation

In 1917 I spent nearly two months in Petrograd. It was during the high tide of the first revolution that overthrew the czar and set up a provisional government. Red flags waved everywhere, but they had not become the emblems of cruelty and terror. The capital was in a frenzy of what was believed to be a new freedom. Everybody talked, but nobody worked. Kerensky was marching toward what came to be an almost complete and equally tragic domination of power.

The city remained intact during all this emotion. The Nevskii Prospekt, the principal thoroughfare, was alive with traffic and trade. The Winter Palace was undespoiled, although red rags covered the eagles on the gates. Communism had not yet attacked the church. On Easter Eve I watched 50,000 people kneel in the snow in the vast court in front of the Kazan Cathedral, while joy bells rang out and priests blessed the multitude. Not far away at the superb Cathedral of Saint Isaac, one of the noblest edifices in Europe, a similar scene was enacted.

I went back last July. A community of 2,000,000 had dwindled to less than 500,000. Shrinkage in population, however, was the least of the details of destruction. The place was like an abode of the dead. Many of the main streets had caved in and were grass-grown, and the sidewalks were successions of holes. Rows of once imposing buildings that had been used for banks, embassies and clubs looked as if they had been bombarded, for the walls gaped and the roofs sagged. The Winter Palace was a pitiable picture of neglect. In the Nevskii Prospekt—now called the Prospekt of October 25, the Russian date of the Bolshevik counter-revolution—five out of every six stores were boarded up. Both the Kazan Cathedral and the Cathedral of Saint Isaac had been converted into revolutionary museums. The port through which one-half the imports and exports of old Russia flowed was deserted.

This ravage is only partly due to the shift in the seat of government, which withdrew thousands of officials. It results from the deliberate desire of the Bolsheviks to crush the capital of the emperors. The statues of the czars have been destroyed, with one illuminating exception. It is the heroic equestrian statue of Alexander III, father of the late ruler, which stands in front of the Nicolaevesky railway station at one end of the Nevskii Prospekt. Under it the Bolsheviks have carved the following:

"This man was a knave and a fool. His father and his son were assassinated, but he was not worth killing."

In this sneer you have a characteristic revelation of the Soviet mentality. Bolshevik tyranny has wrecked morale and dislocated social and industrial life. Nor has it relieved the pinch of poverty that oppresses the nation. Despite the boast and bombast about democracy, only one real equality has been established. It is in the kinship of a common misfortune. Here, in truth, the people are comrades all.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to American rights and recognition.

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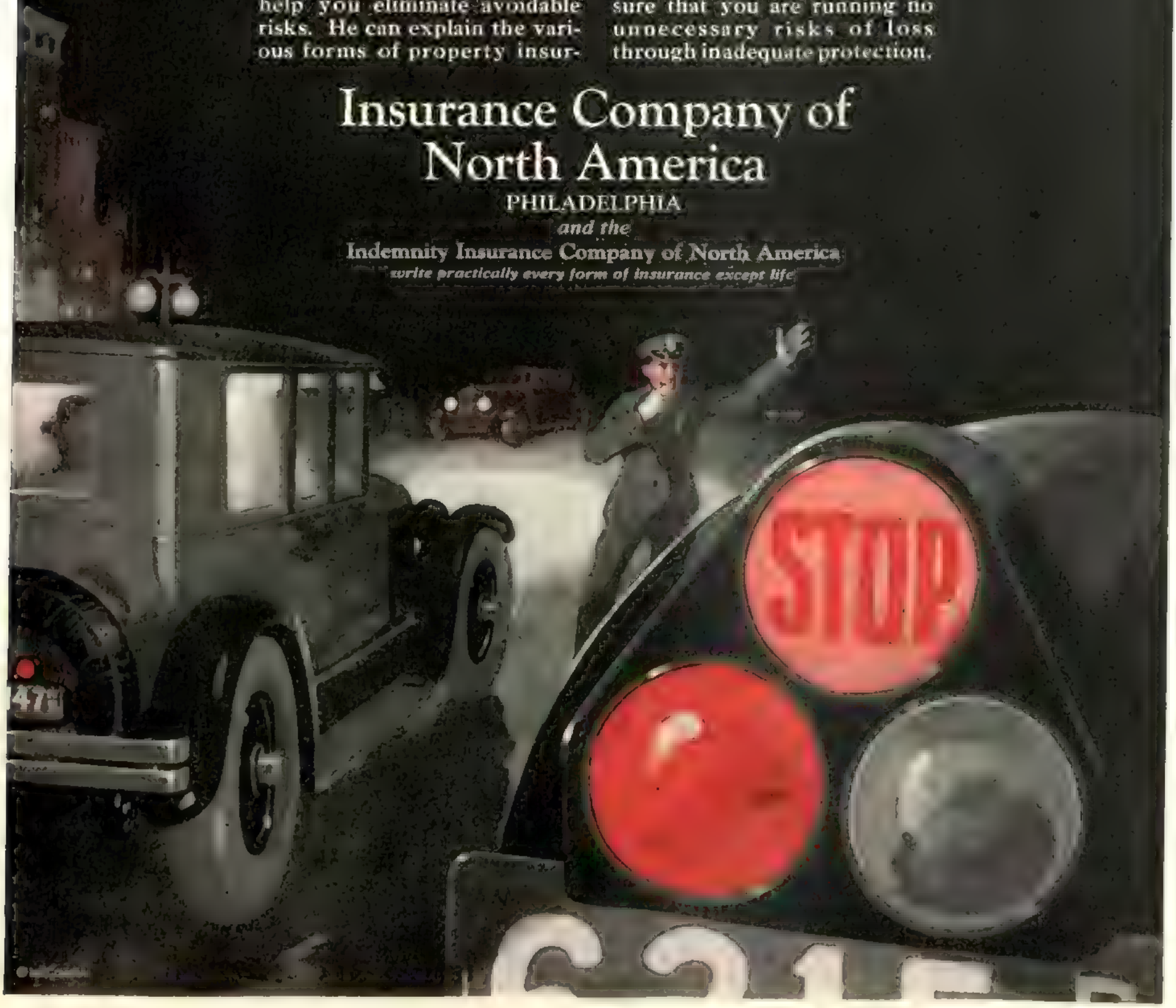

BARTER

(Continued from Page 32)

Neither had Mrs. Fairchild. It had not been flashed until this wind scow was almost alongside, and its message had not lasted more than five seconds. Whether it had been noticed or not aboard the approaching boat, I could not say; but it seemed improbable, as all eyes must have been fastened on ourselves. And there was always the possibility that it was not intended for our danger signal after all.

I did not therefore take the only step for which there might have been time in our defense—throw the tarpaulin off the machine gun in the waist and try to keep this crowd from boarding us. Even that could scarcely have been managed, as there were a dozen or more grouped all over a deck about the size of our own. There was not enough to warrant the starting of a massacre. We were not yet sure that this was a hostile party, nor could we guess at its intentions. The voice answering my hail had been a cultivated one, speaking in English scarcely accented.

Nevertheless, I was to blame for one stupid error—my having stopped the motor. I should have kept it running slowly, thrown out of gear until we had made sure. The response to my signal of identity, the fact that we were expecting to be met in just this fashion for the transshipping of the munitions, and the absence of any warning flashed, or the delay of this, ought not to have been enough to permit of my falling into such a trap. Then, as the lumbering craft ground clumsily alongside with a weight that heeled us with a jar, I discovered her people to be all armed. They came swarming aboard, and a tall young man in some sort of uniform walked up to where I stood by the wheel, Allaire at my elbow. He saluted politely.

"Miss Forsyth, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Permit me to present myself. I am Colonel Maduro, chief intelligence officer of this country, in the political affairs of which you have seen fit to interest yourself. It has been reported to me by my agents that you were on your way to our coast with a cargo of arms and ammunition."

"That is true," said Allaire calmly enough.

"Then it must be evident to you, Miss Forsyth, that since you are within our territorial zone, I shall be entirely within my right to confiscate your yacht pending an official inquiry. Military supplies are just as much contraband here as are alcoholic liquors in your own great country."

"I am scarcely in a position to contest that, colonel," said Allaire.

"It is most unfortunate and embarrassing," the colonel answered. "I am informed that you are a young lady of position, with many influential friends in Washington. In such a case as this they would of course be powerless to save your yacht for you, under the reading of international law."

"I should not ask them to," Allaire said. "The only point on which I shall insist is that this seizure is a duly authorized official one."

"There can be no question of that, Miss Forsyth. But for certain diplomatic reasons, we should much prefer at this moment not to enter into any altercation at all with the United States. We do not want a scandal attached to the name of a hitherto respected compatriot who has represented our country in a commercial way in yours. I have therefore the honor to make you what you must admit yourself to be a very lenient disposition of your case."

"I think that I can guess it, colonel," said Allaire.

He laughed.

"Well, you Americans are shrewd guessers. After all, you are a good sport, if you don't mind my saying so. You have played a risky game and lost. So what if I take off your contraband, then let you go your way in peace, and no more said?"

Allaire turned to me.

"What do you think, Pom?"

"I think," I said, "that Señor Gomez has double-crossed you."

"It does look that way," she admitted. "I should say that he flashed that danger signal when he knew that it was too late to do us any good."

"No doubt in answer to one flashed off this boat alongside," I said.

The youthful colonel made a gesture of protest.

"I beg to assure you that you are entirely wrong. Although Señor Gomez and I happen to be political opponents, I have every respect for his personal honor."

"Why shouldn't you," Allaire cut in, "since he happens to be your father?"

This shot went home with stunning force. The young man stared at her in dismay. He was spared the pain of denying the parentage, for Allaire followed up her hand grenade by going rapidly on:

"Your voice alone is enough, even if Señor Gomez had not shown me one day a photograph of his three sons by his first marriage. Your name is William McKinley Gomez and you graduated from Harvard five years ago."

My word, but Allaire surely carried a few torpedoes about her person, and she had not exhausted her supply on me. But this young officer was not unprovided with a bombproof of sorts, and he now said from its shelter:

"You are uncommonly keen, Miss Forsyth. What you say is partly true. It's on account of the relationship that I want to hush this thing up. But it is not true that my father has double-crossed you. He is the soul of honor and meant to give you a square deal. But it just happens that he and I are on different sides of the political fence down here. That happens in the best of families. It was frequent, I believe, in your own Civil War. I've got him collared back there. If he sent you a signal, then he must have managed to give his guard the slip for a second or two. I didn't see it."

"Very well," Allaire answered indifferently. "I'll take your word for it. But I decline flatly to accept your terms. You can take us into port as a prize. It will make a good story for our Sunday supplements—Central American Filibustering New Society Sport. Miss Allaire Forsyth, Well Known in New York and Washington Social Circles, Turns Her Yacht into Gun Runner. Duped by Two Well-Known Pan-Americans. Tricked into Carrying Arms by Papa Gomez, Who Enjoys the Entrée of High Officialdom at Washington, Then Hijacked by His Eldest Son, William McKinley Gomez, Harvard, 19——"

"Oh, stop!" wailed the colonel. "But how about yourself?"

"It can't hurt me," Allaire said smoothly. "All my friends know that I've got to earn my living somehow. I'm duly chaperoned here aboard. But your father and you will be wanting to come to Washington again one of these days, and you wait and see what you'll get!"

"Isn't this a bit like blackmail, Miss Forsyth?"

Allaire laughed.

"Listen to the hold-up! I shan't give the newspaper syndicate any more than what I know to be the facts. I meet a distinguished Central American diplomat and commercial agent, duly accredited by his country, at dinner in the house of a cabinet minister, and he persuades me to go fifty-fifty with him in the purchase of war munitions and running them in here aboard my yacht. Then his son, William McKinley, Harvard graduate, holds me up when I get here and offers to relieve me of my cargo and let me go. That's the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Well, I can't help what people may think, can I? And I can't help how the papers choose to illustrate the episode."

"Oh, don't!" William McKinley threw up his hands. "They'd have you dragged out of your berth much décolleté by a uniformed horror who was mostly teeth, goatee, waxed mustache and glaring eyes, decorations and a monocle, and tripping over his cavalry saber."

"And I displaying a plenitude of fulsome Midnight Folly charms," Allaire went on maliciously. "Splendid for the entente cordiale between our countries, what, colonel? There's not a town, village or sawmill in the whole United States it wouldn't reach. And here's the point of the whole play, the *clou* to the *pièce de théâtre*—or *opéra bouffe*. All to bilk a girl of good position, who got tired of having her bills paid by her friends, out of a piker's twenty thousand dollars. That wouldn't help you in North America, colonel, and I don't think it would do you a tremendous lot of good in Central."

"But hold on! I say, Miss Forsyth, I'm telling you the truth about not being in the same crowd with my father."

"I believe you, colonel. But nobody else is going to; certainly not in my country, and I rather doubt in yours. So if you want to run us in, then go ahead and do it."

The young man appeared to turn the situation in his mind. His soldiers were grouped about the deck awaiting orders. Cyril was sitting on the rail smoking a cigarette, Mrs. Fairchild standing beside him, staring into the murk. Suddenly the colonel turned.

"Will you take my check for the twenty thousand for the munitions, Miss Forsyth? You can cash it tomorrow at the bank."

"No," said Allaire promptly, "I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because I believe what you've just told me about being in the party opposed to your father's, and that being the case I don't mean to let him down. He has paid for half this stuff I've got aboard, and while I may be a filibuster, I am not a crook, colonel."

The colonel bowed. "I beg to offer my apologies, Miss Forsyth."

"I accept them in the spirit offered, colonel. Now couldn't you bring Señor Gomez out aboard? We might be able to come to some sort of agreement compatible with honor."

He shook his head with a smile.

"Impossible, I'm afraid. Our conceptions of honor are the same, but those of politics quite different. My father is of the old conservative régime and I of the new and liberal. Even if I don't seize your stuff, I can't let you land it. So the only way out of it that I can see is for you to leave our more or less hospitable shores and get rid of your cargo the best you can and square yourself later with my father."

"Then are we free to go?" Allaire asked.

"You are, Miss Forsyth. This must all seem a very ridiculous performance, but we are still a bit old-fashioned down here. I wish that I could go with you."

"So do I, colonel. However, we may meet again under pleasanter circumstances. Please tell Señor Gomez that I do not blame him, considering the alertness of his son, and assure him that I shall serve his interests to the best of my ability."

He bowed. There was a lot of old-time elegance about this boy.

"Then have I your parole to leave our coast and not to attempt the landing of your contraband?" he asked.

"You have, colonel. By the way, how about Costa Rica?"

This brought a burst of laughter.

"My word, but you are incorrigible! And I've been told that American girls were all flappers!"

"Not all. We've got our quota, though."

"Look here!" The colonel became suddenly businesslike. "I don't want to mix into the family rows of neighbors, but I think that if you run to Puerto Limon, I may be able to get word to a man who would be glad to take your stuff off your hands, and with no great loss. You might even make a little."

Allaire looked at me.

"How about it, captain?"

"We should have to take on fuel and stores and water first," I said. "It's a run of six or seven hundred miles."

"Well, why not do that here?" asked the colonel. "Enter tomorrow morning as an American yacht. I'll see that you're not bothered. Get what you need and then go out again. I'll have a man there to put a seal on your hold hatch and do a sentry go as long as you care to be our guests. Everything will be all right."

"But all these men of yours," Allaire objected.

"Oh, they be hanged! They don't count. They're just soldiers. You move offshore a bit and come in about an hour after sunrise. I'll be on the lookout for you. Meanwhile I'll get hold of father and we can all have dinner together tomorrow night at the club."

Allaire leaned back against the wheel. She began to laugh.

"This—this more or less hospitable coast!"

"Chiefly more," I observed.

XXVIII

"*OPÉRA BOUFFE?*" I said to Allaire an hour later, after Col. William McKinley Gomez had taken himself off in his big tub. "Well, perhaps. But there's something tremendously real and human about it, after all."

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"That's just it, Pom. We hard, serious, almost tragic people of the North simply can't get these folk down here; and they can get us only in spots. Here we come filibustering, and now for no apparent reason we find ourselves invited and honored guests."

"There's a reason, fast enough," I said, "and it's you. I believe a clever, well-bred woman can go anywhere and do anything she likes, provided she plays her game according to the best traditions of sex and character."

"She can if she minds her step and doesn't lose her head," said Allaire. "Now perhaps you understand why I took so much pains to doll up this little ark of ours. Like putting on a Paris dress and a Grand Prix hat when you start out to do something a bit—businesslike."

"And having a background that was painted in a few generations earlier," I said. "Thank God, I resisted an impulse to man the machine gun when William bumped up alongside."

"Yes, caution has its merit," Allaire admitted. "I was worried for a second or two. If you had started something I should not have interfered. But it would have been a tragic shame. You see, Pom, the man who hasn't much faith in his own personal force, but is still a fighter, falls back on guns and things before he really needs to. It's a mixture of savagery and timidity."

"Savagery is half timidity, anyhow," I said. "The snarling beast is a frightened beast."

"Well, I must say I snarled a little," Allaire admitted. "But I've been round enough to know that the male animal can do with a bit of snarling at, when he knows that it's deserved."

"Some stand it better when it's not deserved," I said; "but the woman's answer to When does that happen? is Never."

"It was the right dose for the colonel. His father had once told me about William's ambition to represent his country at Washington. And it's true that they don't agree politically."

"William stole a march on papa somehow," I said; "but now that we've given our parole, I suppose the deal's off."

"'Fraid so," Allaire said indifferently. "But don't despair. Guns are guns, and these are good modern ones. Papa Gomez's inability to take them off my hands at the time agreed forfeits him his interest in them. I don't owe him a peso now, so I've got twice the bargain in guns I had before tonight. But I didn't tell William that."

"Do you mean to say that Gomez's claim is canceled?" I exclaimed.

"Absolutely. I stipulated that I was not to be kept loitering about, and I contracted to be here the night of the tenth. It was agreed that if I was more than twenty-four hours late I was to forfeit what I had paid for the arms, and if he was not on hand to receive them the night of the tenth he was to forfeit his share, if I so desired."

"Then William's interference has cost his papa what he paid for the arms, and cost you the same, plus what you were to have got for their transport."

"Yes; but the stuff is now all mine—ours. That was agreed upon in the event of Gomez failing me. I should say that some of papa's crowd double-crossed him to William. But the colonel hadn't counted on my spotting his identity."

So here we were in the absurd position of a filibuster invited to come in for luncheon on parole, then trusted to carry our mischievous cargo elsewhere. William would not let us down, since he could have taken our cargo away from us already if he had chosen, and Señor Gomez's hands were tied by his agreement with Allaire by which he was to forfeit his claim if he failed her, and because we could not deliver the consignment now in any case. Moreover, it seemed to me that we had the right to enter officially and with due formality in quest of fuel and stores, with whatever we might have aboard duly under seal for the time we remained in port.

So we loitered about for the rest of the night, moving offshore and then heading in respectably an hour after sunrise. Ostensibly we were an American yacht bound for California via the Panama Canal and calling for supplies and to make a brief visit.

Scarcely had we dropped anchor when the port authorities came alongside, with Colonel Gomez. He greeted us as old and valued friends, introduced the officials with him, who politely waived all formalities on his recognizance. No examination was made, no seal put on anything. The colonel gallantly presented Allaire with a hamper of wine. He assured us aside that our affair was known only to his father and himself; and that though the elder gentleman was very sore about the business, he still took his disappointment like a statesman and a sport.

Rather dazed by the turn of events, we merely played the part of polite and harmless foreign visitors. Then here came Papa Gomez himself, very handsome and immaculate. He was a distinguished personage and did not look his late middle age. If William had told him of our first suspicions, he made no reference to them. Allaire greeted him in most friendly fashion and presented the rest of us. She had explained to him in Washington the nature of our trading venture.

The colonel took Cyril and Mrs. Fairchild ashore with him to see about our supplies. Allaire, Señor Gomez and I seated ourselves under the after awning. Gomez then plunged into his apologies.

"This is a ridiculous fiasco, Miss Forsyth. What must you think of me? My scamp of a son got wind of what I was up to and collared me just as I was shoving off with four of my men. I was furious, but bound to admit that he was acting within his duty. And now he tells me that he has taken your parole not to deliver the munitions that you have brought so far and at such risk and expense."

"It was a choice between passing him our word or losing everything," said Allaire. "And of course a parole is a parole."

"Of course. Besides, it would scarcely be possible now to land the stuff. The risk would be too great. This is the trouble when members of the same family who hold each other in affection are political opponents. Outwardly, we are of the same party. But that, I fear, is shortly to divide into separate factions. Now what do you think I ought to do about our affair?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Señor Gomez," said Allaire; "but I should say that our agreement provides for such a failure. It looks as if we should each have to stand the loss."

"It is infuriating. Here are those munitions that you have paid half for and brought all this great distance right under our feet, and here am I with the money to pay the amount agreed. But the chief value to me was to be in the fact that nobody knew of my having this resource in reserve. It would have filled my flush, to use a poker term. And what good is the stuff to you?"

"That's just the point," Allaire murmured.

"Of course I forfeit my half of the price paid. I have no longer any claim. That was agreed upon. We got a bargain in these rifles and machine guns, and now they are all yours at half the purchase price, cheap enough to start with. But the question is, where are you to market your wares?"

I began to smell a rat, but took pains not to give evidence of any suspicious odor. Instead, I remarked casually, "It seems as if such goods ought always to have some speculative value along the shores of the Caribbean, even with no immediate use for them in sight."

He beamed at me.

"That is just the point. But where? As persons of honor, to say nothing of the grave risk, you are restrained from disposing of them on this coast. William believes, of course, in your good faith; but he will keep a bright lookout, because, though you have given your parole not to attempt to land them yourselves, that would not in honor bind you from disposing of them to some other party outside our domain who might be willing to take a chance on running them in."

"I see," Allaire murmured. "The difference between the rum runner lying outside the three-mile limit and the bootleggers who are his customers."

"Well, in some sense, though a decenter business. Bad rum degenerates the country into which it is smuggled, whereas good weapons might be the means of its regeneration. An ethical point with which we need not concern ourselves. I feel very badly about this, and do not want to see you lose all the profit that you had reason to count on. For my part, all I can do is to stand the disappointment and the loss."

The odor of this rat grew stronger. It seemed to me that Allaire's pretty nose, with its sensitive nostrils, showed signs of twitching.

But she answered evenly, "I'm afraid that we shall have to do the same, Señor Gomez."

"But that is intolerable. If my affairs were not at this moment so involved, I should at least defray the half you paid. I have in fact promised myself to do that rather than see you suffer a considerable loss, but I tell you frankly that I would only be in a position to do so if we can manage to get through the next six months without any serious political disturbance in this little republic of ours. What I say is merely a protestation of friendship which you are to take for what it may seem worth to you. Meantime I have something more practical to suggest."

He rose abruptly, a fine commanding figure of a man, neither fat nor lean, but trim and elegant and with a military air. Turning smartly, he pointed over across the charming bay, with its flanking mountain mass, to a two-masted schooner that I had already noticed particularly because of her easy graceful lines that were more those of a Gloucester fisherman than cargo carrier.

"You see that schooner? She is under the Costa Rican flag, but she was built at one of your Maine yards the last year of the war. Boothbay, I think it was. A splendid vessel and in A-1 condition, but that is neither here nor there. The point is that she has been losing money for her owner, who is a good friend of mine. A Spanish Jew by origin and a delightful fellow named Arias. He is getting sick of it." Señor Gomez looked round at us and smiled. "Jews don't mind spending money, but they dislike intensely to lose it in trade."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Arias has too many irons in the fire. He owns a big coffee plantation in Costa Rica and does a bit of importing and exporting and has a planters' bank, and I think that between ourselves he has begun to meddle a bit in a financial way with the politics of his country. He is a Panamanian by birth, but lost a great deal of money when Panama—which is to say, the Canal Zone—split off from Colombia and succeeded through the—well, let us say friendly neutrality of your Washington Government, more or less under the discipline of the big stick in the able hands of your Chief Executive of that day; your admirable paragon of not only the civic but domestic virtues, and of whose latter precepts I have the honor to be an humble emulator—quite recently to my cost."

Allaire's laugh pealed out.

"What is the name of your second son, señor?"

"Theodore. He also is a Harvard graduate. Until quite recently, I was always a good deal of a hero worshiper. But that is immaterial. What I was about to suggest is this: My friend Arias recently deeded over that vessel to his son, a young man named Davide. Now Davide may have been endowed with some of the martial qualities of his great Biblical namesake and some few of the artistic ones of his more recent one of painting fame; but he is no trader at all, and in that sense a great disappointment to his father. He took the schooner to Boston with a cargo of coffee and cacao and other tropic products and lost money. Then he brought her back with cotton goods and hardware and lost even more. The trouble was that he would not listen to the advice of his Yankee skipper, who is a sour but sensible man named Poole."

"What is he doing here now?" I asked. This was getting interesting.

"Waiting for his father to send him a check to get clear so that he can proceed to Puerto Limon. I have the check in my pocket." Señor Gomez smiled.

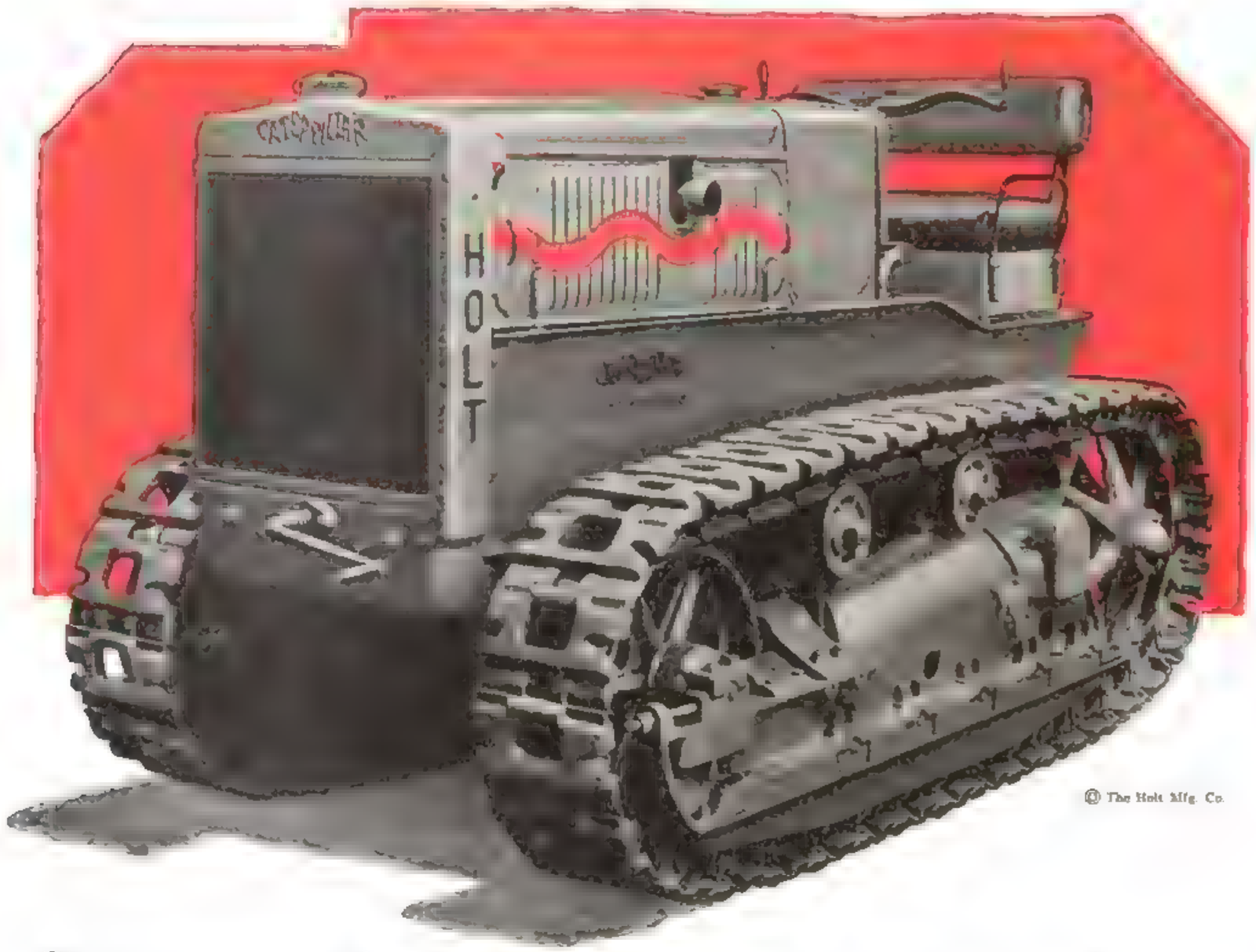
"And what has Davide got aboard his schooner?" Allaire asked.

"He has a lot of cotton prints and ready-made dresses—bungalow aprons, he calls them—and American shoes. Also a goodish bit of cheap furniture. But there is no market. Everybody here is expecting a fuss at any moment, and Costa Rica is no better. If Davide had brought barbed wire and dynamite he might have made a fortune."

"What is he going to do with it?" I asked.

"He is going to follow my advice and take it to Jamaica. He will still lose money, but not so much, and his papa be less angry. There is no market for bungalow aprons and dancing pumps and golden-oak bedroom sets down here just now. But

(Continued on Page 124)



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there may be a market very shortly for Red Cross aprons and army boots and hospital cots—and other things. Perhaps you catch my idea?"

"Yes, thanks," said Allaire. "But even if Davide wanted to make a trade, we haven't cargo space for these bulky things."

"You might fill up with shoes and bungalow aprons, whatever they may be, and get a decent sum of money from Davide. He knows that at this moment his papa would forgive him everything to get these munitions."

"Have you told him about it, señor?"

"Yes, to pave the way for you. He will not cheep."

"Does he know what they cost?"

"No. But I told him what you expected to receive. Why not pay him a call? He is over aboard now, painting a picture of the bay. If you could carry ten thousand dollars' worth of shoes and aprons, he could pay you the other ten in cash, as I would cash his draft on his father for that amount."

"I think we had better go talk it over with Davide," said Allaire.

XXIX

SEÑOR GOMEZ left us presently with every renewed expression of his most devoted and distinguished consideration. As his gayly colored shore boat pulled away I looked at Allaire and Allaire looked back at me.

"Ha! A rat!" I said.

"Yes; something rotten in the state of Denmark. I can't quite dope out the combination."

"There's a choice of several. Number 1: Gomez and William may have set up a frame to get the munitions for no more than Gomez's half of the purchase price. But your recognizing William and your threat of publicity scared him off. Number 2: They may have rigged it with Davide to drive a hard bargain, in the rake-off of which they are to share. Number 3: This may be a plant to trick you into breaking your parole by loading them aboard Davide's schooner, when William would be justified in their confiscation. Number 4: They might turn round and double-cross Davide after he has purchased them."

"And Number 5," said Allaire: "They may be on the level and Gomez really trying to square himself for his fluke by helping me to get out even or with a little profit. William spoke last night about a man in Costa Rica who would be glad to get the stuff."

"Well, don't let's bank on that," I said.

"No." Allaire dropped her pretty chin on her knuckles and reflected for a moment. "See here, Pom, I got you all into this thing, and I made up my mind last night if it flivvered I'd stand the loss."

"You shan't stand my loss."

"Well, we can wrangle over that when the time comes. It's not as if I had done it with the sanction and knowledge of the syndicate. I got us into it, and I now want you to give me the chance to get us out of it again."

"Why the lone hand, Allaire?"

"Call it pride. Let me go over and talk to Davide alone, before the others come back."

"All right, go to it. I deplore your methods, but I've got infinite confidence in your abilities."

"Thanks, Pom. You are a good shipmate."

She sprang to her feet, then to my astonishment stooped suddenly and dropped a kiss on my lean and weather-beaten cheek. I made a grab for her, but she evaded it.

"That's just a *douceur*, Pom. If I succeed, there may be a real premium. Haul the launch alongside, will you? I'll go alone."

As usual, she had her way. I followed her through my strong binoculars as she spun over to the handsome two-master, about half a mile away. She glided alongside, when I saw a man in white clothes and panama go to the rail and assist her aboard. Unconventional, but not inconsistent with our affair.

It was then about ten o'clock, and hot. An hour passed, and I began to get a little anxious about Allaire. Examining the two-master through my glasses, I could see no sign of either her or Davide on deck. Not so good, it seemed to me. Rich young Central Americans who have studied art in Paris and own two-masters to lose money and paint pictures aboard are not the safest custodians for uncommonly pretty girls. Still, Allaire was—well, Allaire.

A little later I was relieved to see them both go down the ladder, get into the launch and spin off ashore. It might be a pleasure jaunt, and then again it might be business. Lunch time came and I ate alone, a bit sore at thought of the cool café and restaurants over on the shaded plaza. I stretched out in a hammock and took a sulky nap.

Three o'clock and nothing but heat and glare. Then our water and stores and fuel all came off together. That kept me busy for about an hour. I then discovered a couple of lighters going alongside the two-master and presently saw that she had rigged a sling and was discharging crates and bales into them, and I wondered why.

By four o'clock my peevishness at being stuck out there alone began to grow acute. I did not like to leave the boat with only Pompey and McIntosh, the latter getting restless and staring longingly at the beach. Then here came Allaire and Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril in the gig, laughing and talking gayly as if on their return from some jolly spree. Their flushed faces, especially those of Mrs. Fairchild and Allaire, made me think that somebody had been entertaining them, and I thought aright.

"Hope you've had a pleasant day of it," I snapped.

"Time of our young lives, Pom-Pom. Sorry you couldn't have been with us. All the gang was there."

"The next time you get liberty I know one of the gang that will be there. What do you think I am? The crocked old ship keeper?"

"Stores all aboard, sir?" Cyril asked.

"Everything's aboard. We're all ready for sea, but I suppose you've all got dates ashore tonight."

"We've got a date, old dear, but not ashore," Allaire said smoothingly; "about twenty miles offshore."

I saw a sudden light.

"With Davide?"

"The same. He's charming, Pom."

"Charmed, I should say. Has he got the money?"

"Money and everything. Let's get under way."

"Golly," I breathed, "I might have known you had a cartridge or two left in your belt. Then we're going to make our trade outside the limit?"

"Right-o! Who's to stop us?"

"Somebody might try, though."

"No fear. If we've got the freedom of the port as an American yacht vouched for by a prominent citizen and the chief of the intelligence, we've certainly got the freedom to go out of it. Let's try, anyhow. Davide will not start until we are well clear, and they can't stop him."

"What was he discharging, and why?"

"Warehousing some of his furniture until trade conditions improve. Come on, let's go."

Nothing hindering, we proceeded to do this thing. Nothing still to hinder us, we continued on our peaceful way under power. Then as the shore line was getting dim I saw through the glasses the spars of the two-master Evangeline as she came around the point.

By this time it had become plain to me that I was the victim of a joke. I had not asked Allaire what sort of bargain she had made, feeling that it was up to her to report on it. Then, as she did not seem to think it necessary, my irritation reached a degree where I would not condescend to say, "Please put me out of my suspense." Once or twice I caught Mrs. Fairchild's blue eyes fixed on me a little anxiously, as if she did not entirely approve of this form of torment, but evidently Allaire had extracted a promise of silence, for she held her peace.

It was a lovely afternoon, like most down there at that season, trade wind blowing freshly, and with diminishing force as the sun sank lower. Being not far off the land and sheltered by the shoal water, the sea was fairly smooth. The Evangeline appeared to have a good motor, as she held her distance, standing directly after us.

Then at sunset I suggested that we slow down and let her catch us up. There were some sailing craft in sight, but a good way off, and a steamer smoke or two, but nothing that threatened interruption. Allaire, Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril seemed in a state of suppressed excitement. Cyril avoided my close proximity, and once or twice his boyish laugh burst out as if suddenly tickled. Although sore at being treated in this kid fashion, I was glad that Allaire had let the two others into the joke, if indeed it proved the profitable joke I could not quite believe. For one thing it would promote better feeling, and for another they had too much business sense to be entirely fooled; or at least I trusted that they had.

As the short tropic twilight faded, up came the Evangeline, a splendid-looking craft. She stopped her motor and a raw-boned man whom I guessed to be Captain Poole sang out for us to come alongside. I did so with all our fenders over, when we made fast and lay there rubbing gently in the swell. A fattish young fellow with long black curling hair and a handsome if small-featured face came skipping aboard with the nimbleness of step that proclaimed him a finished dancer. Allaire, stifling her laughter, presented us. He gave me a pleasant word or two with a quick, strong clasp of the hand, then with a "*Permettez, mam'selle,*" took Allaire about the waist and proceeded to execute a fox trot or something around our limited quarter-deck.

I watched this performance slightly stupefied. Then, as they paused, I said, "Pretty, but is it art?"

Davide laughed.

"Excuse me, captain," he said, "but this is the happiest day of my life. At least it would be if I did not have to part so soon with this lovely and highly efficient young lady. But we shall meet again." He gave Allaire a look that made me want to smack him.

"Suppose for a moment or two we get down to business," I suggested.

"Oh, business—the good old brass tacks. Thank heaven, I am finished with business. What a perfectly jolly little boat! How glad I am to have her, and to see the last of that ghastly money grubber. Papa *will* be pleased. Not only with the popguns but for a long time he has wanted just this sort of thing to knock about in up and down the coast."

"What?" I cried. "Have you gone and traded ships, Allaire?"

"Why, yes, Pom. You know we both agreed that what we wanted was a good, staunch auxiliary vessel to carry out this trade idea the way we thought it could be done."

I sank down on the cabin house. Here was barter with a big B that could stand for blight or benediction, as the case might be, or another of Allaire's fancy little bombshells. Running over, as I thought, to try to swap off a bad bet in munitions for a worse one in bungalow aprons and sponge-rubber-soled shoes and beds that were all complete but for a mattress and the other accessories, she had struck a dicker for the whole works, boats thrown in. Talk about barter!

Everybody was in the joke but me, apparently. Mrs. Fairchild was talking and laughing with Captain Poole, whom she appeared to know; which was not the half of it, as they hailed from the same locality of the Maine coast and knew all about each other. More than that, the Evangeline had been built just opposite where Mrs. Fairchild had grown up as a girl. That's apt to be the way down East from Portland.

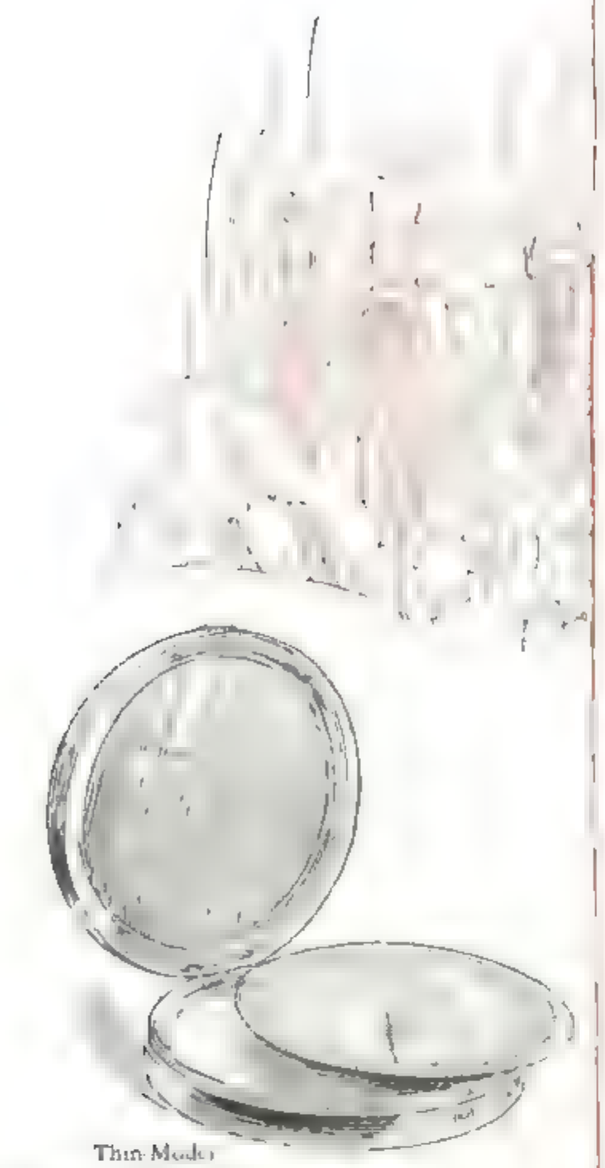
So far as I could gather in my state of daze, everybody seemed to have some sort of line, direct or indirect, on everybody else. Poole as a boy had sailed in the coastwise schooner trade with Captain Fairchild. Cyril knew all about the Isthmus Arnases, and named them to me aside with the sort of veneration that the maître d'hôtel of a dining car on the Chemin de Fer du Nord might name the Rothschilds. Davide told me that he knew quite a number of my own relations in Manhattan, some of whom I did not know myself.

We appeared, so far as I could gather, to be struck adrift there on a wide sea of good faith. Allaire, with the knowledge and consent of Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril, had evidently traded our little schooner, all found and provisioned, and with her contraband munitions, for the Evangeline, empty. All we had to do, apparently, was to grab our personal luggage and change cars.

But that was not quite good enough for me. I rudely interrupted this love feast by expressing the desire to be shown. This dancing on the deck and general air of good fellowship was picturesque but unconvincing. For all I knew, Allaire might have got a sick ship hoisted off on her, something war built and already soft, or with the worm in her poorly seasoned timbers.

"Let's see what we've all got out of this Jack Horner pie," I said. "To start with, suppose we have a look at these munitions of ours. I happen to know a little about

(Continued on Page 127)



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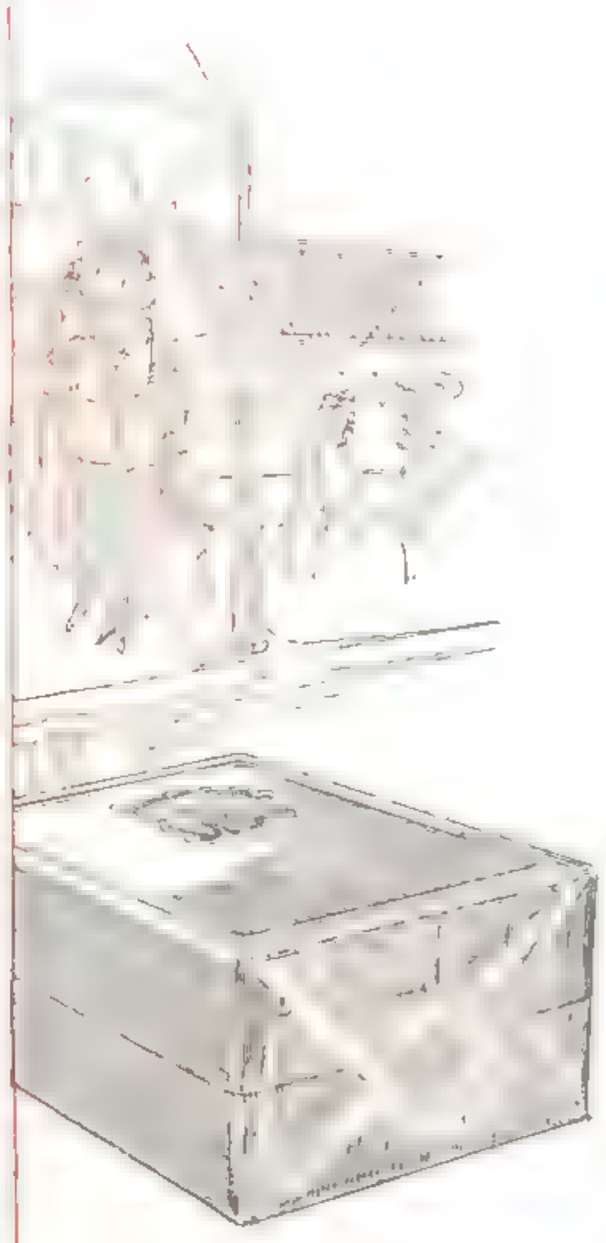

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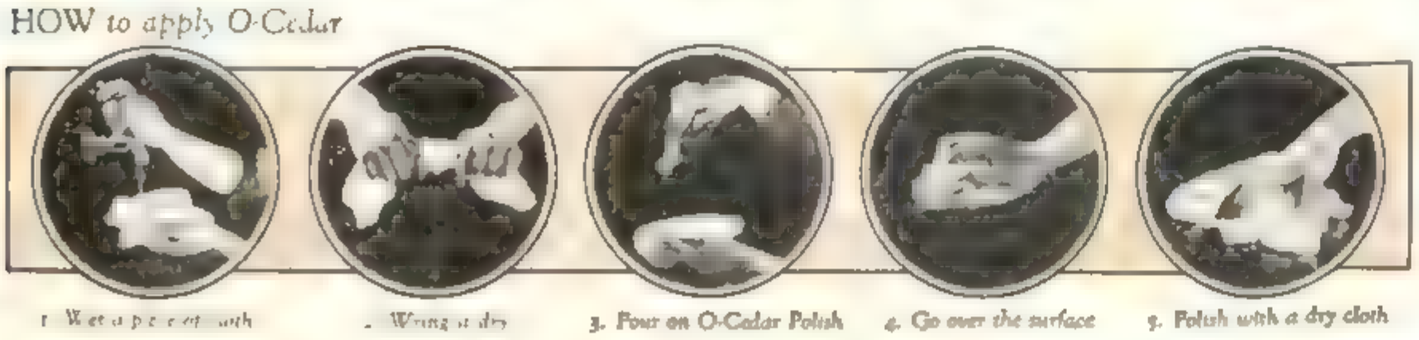

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3. Pour on O-Cedar Polish
4. Go over the surface
5. Polish with a dry cloth

O-Cedar Polish

(Continued from Page 124)

that sort of gear. While the hands are hauling out those cases we might go over the papers."

"All the papers need is your signature as one-fourth owner," Allaire said.

"Well, then they might need quite a lot," I answered shortly.

We went aboard the Evangeline. Davide showed us into a handsome, roomy cabin finished in mahogany, big rooms with shore beds and a bath and showers. It appeared that the pampered youngest son, Davide, since his return from Paris with a painting prize or two, had been teasing his fond father for a yacht. He wanted a floating studio, to paint and entertain aboard. Desiring to infuse this sort of life with serious purpose, Señor Arias bought the Evangeline at a bargain in Colon and gave her to Davide.

The Evangeline had been a waif ship since sliding out of the stocks. She had been built for a two-masted schooner auxiliary seiner. The man to order her had died, and his estate had sold her at a loss to a man who sent her to Boston with a load of ice in midwinter. Looks odd, but so it does to see the iceman fetching in a block for your box with the mercury at zero. She was sold twice again before doing any more work. She was sent once to the Grand Banks codfishing, and once to the Georges after mackerel, but was too big. Then she was bought by a man getting up an expedition partly scientific, partly treasure hunting. On the strength of the former, they tried to beat their way through the Canal, but the I. C. C. could not see it that way; and lacking funds, there they stuck. The prime mover mortgaged her to Señor Arias, who six months later bought her for less than a third her building price, put her in good condition throughout and gave her to Davide to play with. Davide carried his father's cargoes North and made a little money, then lost it and more on what he brought back on his own account. He tackled the game precisely wrong, putting his money into cargoes that declined to yield it up again.

The Evangeline had recently been rated A-1 by Lloyd appraisers, her present approximate value placed at eighteen thousand dollars. She had goods now aboard for which his receipts showed Davide to have paid seventy-five hundred dollars in Boston. A fair value for our Tinker would have been about that amount, I thought. And Allaire had paid out actually only five thousand dollars for her share of the munitions. So that a flat trade, ship for ship, with all aboard, looked pretty good. This was what Allaire had, with no great difficulty, talked Davide into.

The papers for the transfer had all been drawn before the American consul and required only my signature, the official attesting of it waived. Davide's act of exchange did not specify the nature of the cargo aboard either vessel or its value, but included "all present contents of aforesaid vessels aboard them at this day and hour excepting the strictly personal effects of their respective people."

The trade had actually been made in the consul's office, but was not valid until my signature should be affixed. I now affixed it, then suggested that the munitions be duly inspected in presence of us all. This job promised a lot of hard work and the making of a good deal of a mess below, but here again Allaire's clever foresight became apparent. She had caused several strips of the cabin deck planking to be lifted and then lightly tacked down, having anticipated the necessity of haste in getting rid of her contraband, so that under the united efforts of Captain Poole, Cyril, myself and McIntosh, with Davide skipping about and getting in the way—except when he served us cooling drinks, for it was a hot, perspiring job—we soon had the cases of arms and ammunition exposed and the tops of about a dozen lifted at random. They were splendid modern weapons—the type and source of which I think it better not to mention—and there being nothing to hinder, we loaded and fired several to test the ammunition.

"My word," Davide cried, "but papa will be pleased!"

"Mind you don't get yourself nabbed," I advised.

"No bloomin' fear. I trade off this lumbering ark of mine for a snappy little American yacht right here in Trujillo, where I'm known. Why should anybody suspect anything?"

"Gomez might try to hold you up," I said.

"Not for a second. He does too much business with papa, and besides he's a good old sort."

"But when they saw you follow us out ——"

"Sure! That's just the lovely part of it. That's what you might call Miss Forsyth's smoke screen. She had me get Papa Gomez to cash my check. Well, he thinks of course that I meant to buy your munitions and put 'em aboard my schooner. Some of these fishing boats will report our confab out here. But they don't know we're swapping horses in the middle of the stream."

"Oh, you Allaire!" I breathed, as I caught the idea.

Davide laughed.

"Beware Allaire! A dangerous lady, I'll say."

"Yes, like mosquitoes," I agreed. "But with the difference that they hum." I turned to Captain Poole. "Now that we've made our trade, would you be so kind as to show me our new ship?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

This was the beginning of the end. The rings he had given her went unanswered. He had her number now, but it was invariably busy. This excited his suspicions and he invited her out to dinner. Tearfully she had besought him to forget her. He had always done that, particularly at Christmastime and on the occasion of her birthday anniversary.

Then briefly and tersely between her broken sobs she confessed that much as she cared for him she could never really trust a man who never talked about his radio accomplishments or his golf score. Her first doubts had arisen, she told him, a few weeks before, when she had seen him eating fish on a Thursday.

And with that she was gone, and he was left alone with his thoughts and the unpaid check. He could have forgiven everything but the check.

In reckless mood he ordered another bowl of soup and finished it in grim silence. This in itself was a sign of something unusual, and was but a faint indication of the storm of emotion seething within his soul, which the soup failed to alleviate in the slightest degree.

Like other women he had known, she had never been quite the same since she had seen the prince. She had danced before the prince—years before the prince had ever thought of dancing, in fact.

"Misunderstood!"

He repeated the word to himself with a hissing intonation, the probable reaction from the pent-up emotion of his silent souping, as he left the place.

He laughed harshly at the futility of it all as the waiter intercepted him at the door with the check. Like most other women, she could not understand. Women never understood.

At his favorite barber's he gave the password, and during the remainder of the evening proceeded to asphyxiate his sorrows in stimulant of alleged Scotch and decidedly weak ancestry.

And later, since there was no other place to go, he dragged his weary footsteps homeward.

In the hall the goldfish blinked insolently at him, and with a sweep of his heavy cane he put an end to this indignity for all time. There was something strangely humorous about the little fish which wriggled on the tiled floor, and he laughed immoderately.

Then suddenly from the dark background of the stairs a veritable hurricane descended upon him. Sundry domestic utensils and ornaments struck him in various portions of his anatomy and he finally collapsed weakly on the floor as a piece of genuine Chippendale wielded by a capable hand chipped a portion from his scalp, and a shrieking feminine voice cried:

"You dissolute, roistering, loafing philanderer, I'll teach you to stay out all hours of the night with your disreputable friends, and then come home in this condition!"

And she proceeded with the lesson. Later, as he weakly disengaged his battered remains from the wreckage of the drawing-room furniture, and tenderly fingered the permanent wave in his skull, he smiled wanly, but without enthusiasm.

At last he had found her—the woman who really understood him.

—*George Peck.*

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THE CONFISCATORY INHERITANCE TAX

(Continued from Page 25)

the total tax. The act also provided for a gift tax, with the same rates as the estate tax upon the total amount of gifts made during the calendar year. It is a new departure, and as President Coolidge has stated, "is difficult of enforcement and doubtful of legality."

In general, state inheritance-tax laws are based on a theory a little different from the Federal; their tax is upon the right to receive rather than to bequeath property, and the rates are applied against the individual share of the beneficiary and not on the estate as a whole. Rates and exemptions are more favorable to direct heirs than to those of a collateral nature, the rates increasing and the exemptions decreasing as the degree of kinship diminishes or disappears. State inheritance-tax laws are much older than the Federal law and it is admittedly more within the province of the state to impose such a tax than for the Federal Government, since the devolution of property is governed by the statute of the state where the property has its situs.

Within recent years the necessity for raising revenues has caused many of the states to cast aside their old theory of taxing only such property as had a situs in the state and to embrace a policy of taxing everything that is within their power to tax. Thus we now have a condition where one may be taxed not only by the Federal Government and the state in which one lives but by the state under whose laws the corporation is organized whose stocks and bonds one owns, and by the state in which the corporation may be doing business or in which it owns property.

Thirty-four states now tax nonresident holders of stocks of companies incorporated under their laws; eight tax the transfer of stocks of companies owning property within their limits; and eleven tax the transfer of stocks of companies which merely operate within the state. Likewise bonds of companies incorporated under their laws are taxable by seventeen states, and four states tax the transfer of bonds of companies which merely own property or operate within their borders. Twelve states tax the nonresident holders of bonds issued by their own municipalities. In addition, holders of securities of companies incorporated in more than one state may be taxed by each state on the full value of such securities.

Shrinkage in Falling Markets

Exemptions are generally apportioned in the ratio that the property within the state bears to the entire estate, wherever located, which means that a theoretical exemption of $10,000 may be reduced to $100 or less, and at least one state provides that the exemption shall be diminished by the value of all transfers not within the state, which virtually amounts to no exemption at all.

In many of the estates that I have investigated the taxes paid to outside states have been but a trifling sum, but the expense incidental to procuring the transfer of taxable securities has greatly augmented the administration costs of the estate; and in some cases the delay in procuring waivers from a foreign state has prevented the executors from taking advantage of a favorable market. One of the officers of an Eastern trust company recently told me of an estate for which they were executors, which suffered a loss of $120,000 through a three-point drop in the market price of an oil company stock that required waivers from Oklahoma before a transfer could be made. Negotiations between the trust company and the taxing authorities were carried on by telegraph, but before the waivers could be procured the price had dropped and the estate sustained a heavy loss. This is not an unusual case, and I venture to say that every trust company that has handled a large number of estates has had a similar experience.

It seems logical in discussing the effect of such taxes upon actual estates to consider illustrations from each of several states in turn rather than from the country as a whole; and since New York is the center of wealth in America, it is pertinent to begin the discussion with the effect of inheritance taxes in that state. It is worthy of note at this point that New York is one of the few states which do not tax bequests made to charitable or educational organizations without the state. Most states penalize such bequests by applying their highest schedule of rates and allowing practically no exemption.

In the estate of John D. Crimmins, of New York City, a Federal estate tax of $610,403, a New York inheritance tax of $122,456, and other taxes, including unpaid income taxes and transfer taxes paid to states other than New York of $42,563, were assessed against a net estate of $4,767,223—a total tax bill of more than $775,000 that had to be paid in cash within a limited period. In the somewhat smaller estate—$1,241,790—of Julien T. Davies, state and Federal taxes amounted to nearly $125,000, while in the $54,000,000 estate of William L. Harkness the Federal estate tax was $12,924,785, the New York tax $1,989,421, and taxes paid in eighteen other states amounted to $2,383,433. It was necessary for this estate to borrow the money to meet its tax bill, and the executors' account shows that $288,552 was paid out in the interest on the loan. The goodwill of the banking firm of Brown Brothers, New York, was considered an asset in the estate of Charles D. Dickey, one of the partners, and the remaining members of the firm were assessed a tax thereon. Total taxes were $344,329 on a net estate of $2,759,088.

Other Great Estates

The Federal estate tax on the estate of William H. Newman, president of the New York Central, was $51,023; the New York tax, $29,919; and other taxes, $8160. The gross value of the estate was $788,766. Total taxes of $97,000 were charged against the $952,912 estate of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, including about $53,000 for the Federal tax. In this estate the present value of future royalties upon Mr. Roosevelt's books were part of the taxable estate. The estate of Theodore P. Shonts was reduced by debts from $847,868 to $289,263 and still further reduced by a tax burden of more than $36,000.

It often happens that the death which causes these taxes also brings to light other taxes which have either been evaded or delayed in their assessment during life. Thus in the estate of one decedent, additional income taxes covering a period of seven years and totaling $383,000 were part of the $1,423,025 tax bill charged against his $6,000,000 estate. And in another estate unpaid income taxes of $140,000 covering a period of four years prior to death, with debts and expenses of $200,000, caused a reduction in value from $600,000 to $260,000. The testator in this estate had made outright bequests to charity totaling $120,000, and the residue of his estate, which was left to the family, was forced to carry the entire burden.

William K. Vanderbilt left an estate of $54,530,966. The total tax bill was about $15,000,000, the Federal and New York taxes being $11,469,290 and $1,934,571 respectively. The two sons, who were the executors, refused their legal commissions for the reason that the income taxes which would be payable were more than the total inheritance taxes which would accrue if they received the same amount as a part of their respective inheritances.

The state of New Jersey received the sum of $432,554 as its tax on the transfer of the Singer Sewing Machine Company stock which formed a part of the $43,000,000 estate of Frederick G. Bourne. The total tax bill in this estate was in excess of $12,000,000.

The estate of Henry A. Strong, of Rochester, also paid New Jersey a large transfer tax on the stock of the Eastman Kodak Company. Taxes in this estate, which inventories $16,052,408, were as follows: Federal, $2,847,939; New York, $741,445; and other, $1,014,327. State and Federal taxes depleted the $9,676,000 estate of George K. Birge, of Buffalo, by about 22 per cent.

Rhode Island places two taxes upon the transfer of property by death: first an estate tax upon the estate as a whole and then an inheritance tax upon the distributive shares. The estate of Charles C. Gardiner, of Providence, with a net valuation of

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$436,317, paid the following taxes: Federal, $24,406. Rhode Island, $7955; and other taxes, $11,254; and taxes totaling $34,542 were assessed against the $317,607 estate of Earl H. Potter, of the same city.

My investigation disclosed the fact that the securities held by persons of wealth in Massachusetts were more diversified as far as the geographical location of the issuing corporations was concerned than those of the citizens of any other state. As a consequence, the transfer taxes paid to outside states by Massachusetts decedents becomes a large portion of the tax bill of their estates. In the estate of former Ambassador T. Jefferson Coolidge, which was valued at $6,340,477, the Federal estate tax was $854,488, the Massachusetts tax $108,167, and other taxes $136,194, of which transfer taxes were a large part. Likewise in the estate of George Von L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy, which had a net valuation of about $1,250,000, other taxes amounted to $58,547, while the Federal and Massachusetts taxes were $153,425 and $44,366 respectively.

The inheritance tax rates in Connecticut under the present law are quite similar to those of New York, and the taxes are just as onerous. The estate of William H. Farfell, of Bridgeport, with a net value of $540,628, paid the following taxes: Federal, $13,840; Connecticut, $11,333; and other, $6789. The estates of Ira Dimock and Edward P. Hickmott, of Hartford, with net valuations of $740,866 and $1,594,616, paid taxes amounting to $73,359 and $238,585 respectively.

Pennsylvania's inheritance-tax law is unlike that of most of the states, being a flat rate of 2 per cent to direct heirs and 10 per cent to collateral heirs, without exemption. The classification of collateral heirs includes all bequests made to charity, the only exemption under the law being a bequest for public exhibition purposes within the state. Thus in the Henry C. Frick estate the court held that though a bequest of land for a city park was exempt, the bequest of money to equip and maintain it was not, and the state accordingly taxed a bequest to the city of Pittsburgh.

The Frick estate is the largest that my investigation has encountered, having a gross value of $93,000,000. A large share of the estate passed to organizations exempt under the Federal law, and the Federal estate tax was $6,638,898. The Pennsylvania inheritance tax amounted to $3,167,197 and other taxes totaled $1,546,565, in which nineteen other states had a share, West Virginia and Kansas each receiving more than $300,000. The executors of this estate recently procured a decision in their favor on a suit brought against the Government to recover tax paid upon life insurance payable to named individuals, the court holding that such insurance was not a part of the estate and not taxable. The case has been carried to the Supreme Court, where it is now pending.

Ohio Examples

Two other prominent estates in Pittsburgh are those of H. J. Heinz and Philander C. Knox. The Heinz estate, with a net value of $6,724,811, was assessed total taxes of $1,504,704; and the Knox estate suffered proportionately, with taxes of $129,016 on a net value of $1,229,000.

The estate of Edward B. Smith, Philadelphia banker, with a net value of $2,499,672, paid out more than 13 per cent of that amount in taxes, the total tax bill being $333,495; and a similar shrinkage occurred in the estate of Arthur E. Newbold, on which the taxes totaled $206,349 on a net estate of $1,153,465. About $38,000 of this tax was paid to New York on the transfer of securities taxable in that state. The Simon B. Fleisher estate, with a net valuation of $3,578,364, paid the following taxes: Federal, $351,326; Pennsylvania, $58,561; and other, $67,931. The estate of Louis H. Eisenlohr passed entirely to collateral heirs and paid a tax of more than $240,000 to Pennsylvania alone. The net estate amounted to $2,527,000.

An amendment to the Ohio inheritance-tax law affecting direct heirs became operative in July, 1919; prior to that date only collateral heirs were taxed. The estate of John H. Farley, of Cleveland, having a net value of $471,279, paid out about 10 per cent of that amount in various taxes. The $6,000,000 estate of Edward Ford, of Toledo, paid taxes as follows: Federal, $987,139; Ohio, $101,370; and other, $393,285, the last item including about $60,000 paid to Michigan upon property taxable there. The total amount of taxes paid from the estate of J. Walter Freiberg, of Cincinnati, was $82,000, or about 9 per cent of the net value of the estate. In Columbus, the largest estate recorded under the present law was that of William A. Miller, with a net values lightly more than $3,000,000. Taxes amounted to $415,758. The estate of John H. Patterson, Dayton manufacturer, which was valued at more than $6,500,000, paid the following taxes: Federal, $818,619; Ohio, $179,053; and other, $287,183. In the estate of Harry E. Talbott, also of Dayton, two notes made by persons who were residents of Ontario were taxed at the rate of 22 per cent by the province. Total taxes amounted to $458,000 on a net estate of about $2,000,000.

The estate of the late Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, Michigan, furnishes an outstanding example of the viciousness of some of the state laws. Of this estate, with a net value of $3,000,000, the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., received the bulk. Such a bequest is not taxable under our Federal law, but was taxed by Michigan because the recipient organization was not within the state. The total taxes were more than $500,000, of which $475,000 was paid to Michigan. The estate of Philip H. Gray, valued at more than $8,500,000, paid taxes totaling more than $1,500,000, of which the Federal Government received the greater part. The late Senator Philip H. McMillan, of Michigan, left a net estate of $2,617,948, against which taxes were assessed as follows: Federal, $238,491; Michigan, $58,963; and other, $67,324.

Rates Doubled in Illinois

The rates of tax under the Illinois inheritance-tax law were doubled in 1921, and that state now taxes as high as 30 per cent on some bequests. Taxes amounting to $810,000 were paid from the $4,300,000 estate of A. C. Bartlett, of Chicago. This does not include a tax paid in Arizona on property located there. The estate of Ann M. Swift paid taxes of more than $880,000. The net value of her estate was $5,236,721. The estate of Levy Mayer, prominent Chicago attorney, with a net value of $8,411,822, paid the following taxes: Federal, $1,191,154; Illinois, $814,886; and other, $85,234. The last item does not include a large tax payable to West Virginia on stocks of corporations organized under the laws of that state, the final figures not being available at the time the investigation was made.

Wisconsin is one of the few states that tax life insurance when payable to named beneficiaries, the courts having upheld the validity of that provision of the statute. In the estate of August Bergenthal, of Milwaukee, valued at about $1,000,000, including $30,000 of such insurance, taxes were assessed as follows: Federal, $42,784; Wisconsin, $67,710; and other, $25,294. The estate of Charles R. Manville, with a net value of $4,182,353, paid total taxes of $950,666, including about $110,000 paid to New York on the transfer of the stock of a New York corporation.

Another example of the policy which a majority of the states have adopted is shown in the estate of Oliver Crosby, St. Paul manufacturer, where a bequest of $100,000 to the University of Maine was taxed $12,245 by Minnesota. Had the bequest been made to an institution within the state there would have been no tax. The estate of Mrs. J. J. Hill, widow of the empire builder, paid a Federal estate tax of $2,011,065 and a Minnesota tax of $322,313 upon a net valuation of about $11,000,000. The Government has recently made an assessment in excess of $1,000,000 for additional taxes upon transfers deemed to have been made in contemplation of death. The James J. Hill estate, with an inventory in excess of $50,000,000, paid a tax in Minnesota of $1,490,226; but since the Federal estate tax did not come into force until five months after his death, his heirs were saved a considerable sum. The estate of John H. Queal, Minneapolis lumberman, paid taxes in the total sum of $316,315 upon a net estate of $2,356,840, and the $3,500,000 estate of John Washburn paid the following taxes: Federal, $333,226; Minnesota, $101,559; and other, $164,168.

It has no doubt become evident from the illustrations given that the burden of death taxes is not confined to any one state or section of the country. The laws of the various states may differ in many respects,

(Continued on Page 133)

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Full-powered Philco-made batteries are priced as low as $14.95, exchange, depending on type and geographical location. See your nearest Philco Service Station or write us.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting, Radio, Electric Truck; Industrial Tractors, Passenger Cars, Mine Locomotives; Auxiliary Power, Marine, Isolated Plant BATTERIES

IMPORTANT

To Car Owners: Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries are now shipped CHARGED but absolutely DRY. Their life doesn't start until your dealer pours in the electrolyte. This means you are certain to get the full life of the battery.

To Radio Owners: You need the steady voltage and strong hum free current of a good STORAGE battery to get the most from your set. Philco has made storage batteries so dry and clean you can use them anywhere. Recharging means a mere shift of a plug from one socket to another.

"B" Batteries: Acid-tight glass cells. Adam-brown mahogany-finished cases. Built-in Charge Indicators. 48 volts $16.50 and $20

"A" Batteries: Spill proof glass cases. Built in Charge Indicators.
For standard 6-volt tubes $16.00
For dry cell tubes $ 8.00

"A" Batteries: Beautiful Adam brown mahogany-finished case type for standard 6-volt tubes $11.50 up
Charge Tester—permanently mounted in the filler cap.....$1.00 extra

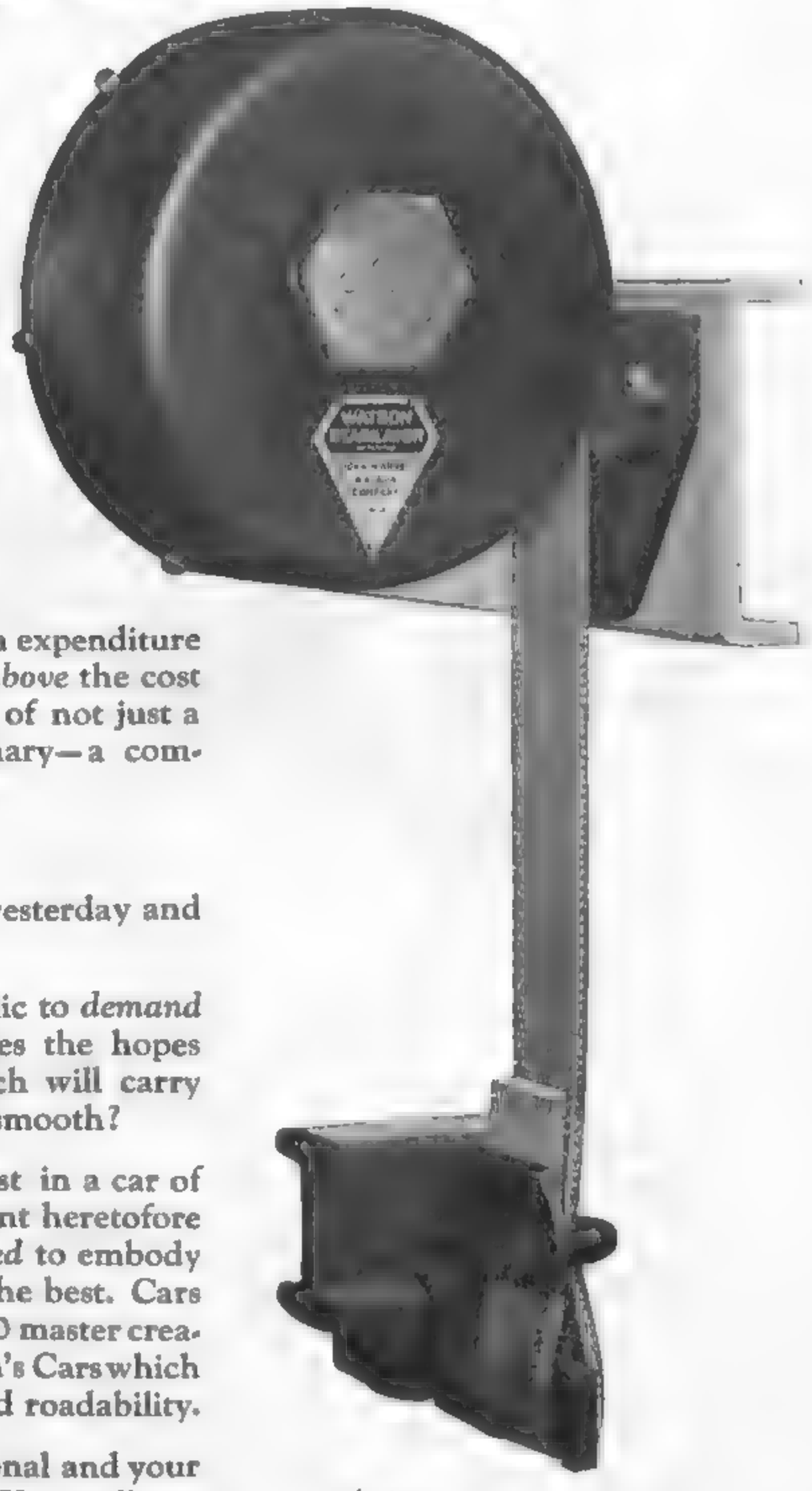
Philco Noiseless Charger for both "A" and "B" batteries, including built-in switching arrangements $9.75 and $15.00

"B" Charging Panel—makes "B" charging easy $2.75

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

$625,000.00

over and above!



When a motor car builder will volunteer such an expenditure—an expenditure, mind you, which is *over and above* the cost of the old equipment—he proclaims the arrival of not just a mere betterment, but of something revolutionary—a complete, new standard of motor car ability.

Who is this man of vision?

Who is this man who drops the standards of yesterday and reaches out for the standards of tomorrow?

Who is this man who does not wait for the public to *demand* easy riding and roadability, but who anticipates the hopes and desires of men and women for a car which will carry them comfortably over rough roads as well as smooth?

This man pronounces it good business to invest in a car of medium price that same identical riding equipment heretofore found only in costly cars—cars which are *expected* to embody the best—cars which can *unquestionably afford* the best. Cars for example such as Isotta Fraschini—that $12,000 master creation of Continental Europe—and those of America's Cars which are known for their excellence of riding-ease and roadability.

Examine these many Stabilated Cars at the National and your Local Automobile Shows—and ride in them. You will see why a single builder was convinced that the difference was worth an additional investment of $625,000.00.

$48 plus installation
Fords $25 plus installation

West of the Rockies
Add One Dollar

Exhibited at
National Automobile Shows
New York
Chicago
Cleveland
and at your
Local Automobile Show

John Warren Watson Company
24th and Locust Streets
Philadelphia

WATSON
STABILATORS

(Continued from Page 130)

but the final result is the same. The inheritance-tax laws of the states west of the Mississippi are perhaps not so old as those in the East, but their effect upon the large estates is not less on that account.

The estate of Joseph T. Bird, of Kansas City, Missouri, paid $400,769 in taxes, or about 17.5 per cent of its net value; and the estate of Joseph S. Loose, of the same city, carried a similar burden, with taxes as follows: Federal, $131,986; Missouri, $113,749; and other, $26,590. The net estate was $2,855,276. In St. Louis the estate of Henry G. Brookings, with a net value of $684,000, paid $58,835 in taxes, of which $39,700 was the state's share; and the estate of John Scullin, with a net value of $2,344,016, paid the following taxes: Federal, $170,237; Missouri, $75,158; and other, $79,339.

Under the operation of the Colorado inheritance-tax law the estate of William C. Daniels, of Denver, paid a tax to the state of $72,914 on a net valuation of $1,182,689. The Federal estate tax and other taxes brought the total up to $165,280. The $7,500,000 estate of Verner Z. Reed, of the same city, paid total taxes of $2,062,730, of which about $250,000 was collected by Colorado. In Salt Lake City the estate of the late Senator Thomas Kearns, with a net value of $1,771,187, paid the following taxes: Federal, $158,556; Utah, $67,375; and other, $44,618; and the estate of his associate in business, David Keith, paid a total tax bill of $318,000 on a net valuation of $2,017,310. Of the total, Utah received $98,000.

Community-Property Laws

The largest estate on record in Oregon is that of the late Henry L. Pittock, of Portland, with a net value of about $7,000,000. The various taxes paid were as follows: Federal, $1,108,650; Oregon, $226,089; and other, $137,599. The estate of Robert D. Inman, also of Portland, which was just a tenth as large as the Pittock estate, paid total taxes of $66,000, or almost 10 per cent of its net value.

The community-property law in California serves to reduce the taxable estate in cases where the property was acquired subsequent to marriage and is inherited by the surviving spouse. The inheritance-tax rates in force, however, are among the highest imposed by any state, so that the advantage gained through the community-property law is somewhat nullified. In Los Angeles the $282,000 estate of John Llewellyn paid taxes totaling $27,000. This estate was not community property. The estate of John Slauson, of Los Angeles, with a net value of $994,712, paid taxes amounting to $134,613, of which $77,380 was collected by the state. In San Francisco the estate of Daniel T. Murphy, valued at $763,291, paid a tax bill in the sum of $86,600, of which $53,000 was California's share, and about $4750 was paid to eight other states on the transfer of taxable securities. The $6,000,000 estate of George Whittell paid a tax to California of $273,273. A large tax was paid also to New York on the transfer of New York stocks. The total tax bill was about $700,000.

The illustrations given above, taken from various localities, are not extreme cases, but reflect the conditions existing in the average estate. There are cases on record where estates composed of taxable securities have been inherited by distant relatives or strangers and have been subject to tax in four or five jurisdictions. It is not uncommon for such an estate to be reduced by half through the payment of taxes. Theoretically it is possible for an estate to be taxed to an amount exceeding its value, but the conditions precedent to such a case would be extraordinary and I doubt whether an estate meeting those conditions has actually existed. My investigation has failed to disclose any, nor have I found any reported by others.

Most of the cases cited have been estates with a value of $1,000,000 or more. That fact is the result of using only the estates of persons who had acquired some prominence, if not throughout the entire country, then at least in the state where they resided; and it is not to be inferred from the fact that the estates cited were large that the small estate does not carry a tax liability. Inheritance taxes are an important factor in every estate, whether large or small.

Under the present Federal law the tax upon a $100,000 estate is $500. On an estate of $500,000 it is $19,000. This tax, however, may be reduced not more than 25 per cent by the amount of tax paid to any state or territory. Assuming an estate of $100,000 passing to a wife, and applying the laws of the various states, it appears that the smallest tax would result in Kansas, because of the unusually large exemption allowed a wife in that state. The highest tax would result in either Utah or Wisconsin, although in Utah it would be immaterial whether the beneficiary was a wife or someone of a more distant relationship. On the same assumption, an estate of $500,000 would pay the smallest tax in Nebraska or New Mexico, and the highest tax would result in California, Illinois or Wisconsin. Of the forty-five states taxing bequests to direct heirs, the average tax in the first assumed case would be $2060 and in the second $18,100. Adding the net Federal estate tax to these amounts, we find that the average tax on an estate of $100,000 transferred to a wife is $2435 and the average tax on the $500,000 estate is $32,350.

If the estate were composed of securities taxable in states other than that of domicile, or passed wholly or in part to collateral heirs, this average would be greatly increased. For example, if the estates as above assumed were transferred to a niece, the average tax upon the $100,000 estate would be $5975, and on the $500,000 estate it would amount to $56,550. And again, if the testator was a resident of Oregon and the property transferred was composed entirely of the securities of Arkansas corporations, the total state and Federal taxes would be $30,285 in the first instance and $244,160 in the second. The obvious moral is: Don't live in Oregon and leave Arkansas property to a niece.

Estate and inheritance taxes are usually payable in cash within a limited period, and cash is not a very large element in the average estate. My investigation disclosed the interesting fact that the cash content of the average estate of residents of the Pacific Coast is considerably less than the average in similar estates in the eastern or central part of the country. Another interesting and somewhat astonishing disclosure is the large amount of cash as an element of the multimillionaire estate. The $29,000,000 estate of Helen C. Bostwick contained $2,215,313 in cash; the Joseph R. DeLamar estate of $32,000,000 had $960,034 in cash; the $32,000,000 estate of Oliver H. Payne had $3,289,597 in cash; the James Stillman estate of $40,000,000 had $2,842,730 in cash, and the William K. Vanderbilt estate of $54,000,000 contained $1,996,028 in cash. In a tabulation of the figures in several hundred actual estates the following percentages in regard to both cash and taxes were revealed: $100,000 estate, cash 4.4 per cent, taxes 4.5 per cent; $500,000 estate, cash 3.3 per cent, taxes 8 per cent; $1,000,000 estate, cash 2 per cent, taxes 11 per cent; $5,000,000 estate, cash 1.8 per cent, taxes 16.5 per cent; $10,000,000 estate, cash 2.5 per cent, taxes 22.5 per cent.

Losses Due to Liquidation

Liquidation of part of the assets for the purpose of paying taxes, administration expenses and debts is a proceeding in very nearly every estate. Where the testator has made provision for these liabilities through life insurance or otherwise, such liquidation may not be necessary, or if required may easily be effected; but if no provision has been made liquidation invariably results in a pecuniary loss to the estate. In the Frederick G. Bourne estate a loss of $678,564 was sustained through the sale of securities at less than their inventory value

Although, as stated at the beginning of this article, inheritance taxation is an old form of securing state revenue, it has only been within the last three or four years that the burdensome effect of such taxes has become known. This is due to the fact that the states formerly did not consider such revenue as an important item in the scheme of state taxation, and the public coffers were easily filled through other and more direct forms. But with the enormous increase in the cost of government it became necessary to rely more and more on indirect methods to increase state revenues. The tax laws have therefore been revised and amended to insure a greater income to the state, and in the inheritance-tax laws in particular there have been more changes in the past five years than in the

This inviting entrance-hall has a Blabon floor of Parquetry Inlaid Linoleum, 1702, with a Plain Brown border. To the left Inlaid pattern 584 is seen on the living-room floor, and in the back Inlaid pattern 579 on the dining-room floor, with fabric rugs thrown over both.

Solve that entrance-hall problem!

BLABON ART Linoleums

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this 32-page, 8½" x 11" brochure, by Hazel H. Adler. Beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of color and materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 15 cts. Write for it now.

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors are pressed clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

You can have a Blabon floor in colorings and patterns to harmonize with any decorative scheme. And the beauty of a Blabon floor of Inlaid or Plain Linoleum is that with all the coming and going, the scuffing and scraping, tracking of dirt and mud, dripping of water from umbrellas and garments, dropping of crumbs, or marring with spots, its smooth, sanitary, splinterless surface is easily cleaned. It lightens household cares. The colors and patterns stay bright and clear throughout the long life of the linoleum. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves their freshness and mellows their tones. Fabric rugs may be thrown over them, if desired.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt paper insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

There are many places in the home where Blabon's Printed Linoleum, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage. A good floor varnish applied once or twice a year helps to preserve the pattern.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, and mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in various standard sizes.

For genuine linoleum look for the Blabon label, and ask for Blabon's Linoleum by name. It is sold by good home-furnishing and department stores.

Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 73 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

Look for the Red Stripe
The Panel With the Red Stripe
Look for it!
MANUFACTURERS of the highest type radio sets prefer Bakelite-Dilecto, the panel with the red stripe. These exacting professionals have tested every type and kind of panel material, and they know the dependability, the uniform quality of Bakelite-Dilecto.
No matter whether you buy a set or build one—make sure the panel has a thin red stripe running along the edge, and you will be sure of the best radio panel that can be made.
Bakelite-Dilecto will never warp, crack, check, chip or change in the least. And it can be easily cut and drilled.
Bakelite-Dilecto is unharmed by heat—up to 220° F. Cold, water, oil, gasoline, fumes, ozone, solvents and most chemicals will never affect it. In short it has every scientific advantage required of the faultless Radio panel.
Bakelite-Dilecto has been used by the U. S. Navy and Signal Corps for the last eight years, with never a complaint.
THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE CO.
Factory: Newark, Delaware
Service on Bakelite-Dilecto, Conite, Contex Continental-Bakelite and Vulcanized Fibre, from:
NEW YORK . . . Woolworth Building
CHICAGO . . . . . Wrigley Building
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . 75 Fremont Street
LOS ANGELES . . . . . 307 S. Hill Street
SEATTLE . . . . . 1041 Sixth Ave., So.
PITTSBURGH . 301 Fifth Avenue
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preceding century, and revisions will probably become even more frequent in the future.

The inequitable provisions of some of our state tax laws have already been noted. The state which limits its tax to property which is physically within the state is the exception and not the rule: most of them arbitrarily attempt to tax everything that is capable of bearing a tax. A bequest of his freedom to a slave was held to be taxable transfer under the Maryland Inheritance Tax Act. A bequest for masses for the soul is subject to tax in Pennsylvania, but exempt in New York. Generally speaking, the taxing authorities in one state are not concerned with the actions of the authorities in other states, and the fact that property upon which they are assessing a tax has already been taxed by two or three other jurisdictions is immaterial.

The problem of overlapping inheritance taxes and the resulting disastrous effect upon the large estates has awakened a public consciousness and we have at present a well-defined movement toward the enactment of inheritance-tax statutes that will be based more upon a social principle than the idea of mere revenue getting. The National Tax Association has developed a model inheritance-tax law, some features of which have already been adopted by a few of the states. President Coolidge, in a statement made at the time of signing the present revenue bill, advised the calling of a conference of the various state and Federal tax authorities for the purpose of devising some equitable plan of dividing this revenue field between the various states and between the states and the Federal Government.

The satisfactory solution of the problem, however, will not be discovered overnight, and it will probably be some years before all the states adopt an agreeable law. It is my personal opinion that the situation will become much worse before it is made better, and it seems to me to be advisable that one who does not want his estate unduly burdened by taxes should make a thorough study of the present laws as they affect his estate and make use of whatever advantages they permit him, or at least take care to avoid doing anything that might increase the tax burden.

A Warning Worth Heeding

In the estate of Charles H. Morse, of Chicago, one of the sons was called upon to pay more in taxes than his share of the estate amounted to, and the Chicago Journal of Commerce, in a comment on the case, stated:

"We solemnly warn every man who has anything to leave his wife or children to make a study of the inheritance-tax and death-tax laws, and to take every available measure to limit the depletion which his estate will suffer through taxes. The laws are so astounding in their intricacy that even a business man of high competence will fall into serious error unless his study of the laws is thorough. It was into such an error that the late Charles H. Morse fell when he made a will devising his $23,000,000 estate."

In every estate some plan may be adopted which will result in the lowest possible tax, and the time and money expended in developing that plan will be amply repaid by the saving that will ensue.

The provision of our present Federal law, allowing a credit for taxes paid to any state or territory up to 25 per cent of the Federal tax, serves to equalize the total taxes paid, so that where a $1,000,000 estate in Florida would pay a Federal estate tax of $76,000, an estate of the same size in New York would pay only $57,000; and if the state tax does not exceed $19,000, no advantage could be gained by moving. Another point that should be considered in this connection is the provision of the different laws regarding allowable deductions from the gross estate. Although the Federal tax is a charge against the entire estate, some states do not allow a deduction for the amount of such tax. A person living in Wisconsin, possessed of an estate of $1,000,000 composed of securities of both domestic and foreign corporations, would save money by moving to Minnesota, where the inheritance taxes imposed would be lower and the amount of the Federal estate tax would be allowed as a deduction; or by moving to Ohio, where not only are the rates low and the deduction of the Federal tax permitted but the amount of the state tax may be credited with all taxes paid to other states, even to the point of canceling the entire local tax

Diversification of securities is an old maxim to the investment banker. It is founded, no doubt, on a principle tried and true; but diversification without giving a thought to the tax collector defeats its own purpose. The security salesman who induces his client to invest in stocks or bonds of a corporation whose securities are taxable in two or three or even in one state other than the state of the client's residence, is not properly guarding his client's interests. How inconsistent it would be for a person, who, being desirous of avoiding a high income tax, invests his surplus funds in tax-exempt securities and buys the bonds of a municipality in a state where the entire income on the investment for as much as ten years may be required to satisfy the state's tax requirements at his death. Money and securities should be kept within the state of residence, for some states impose a tax when the bonds or stock certificates are physically within their borders, even though the issuing corporation has no connection with the state whatever.

Points to Consider

Notes and mortgages secured by real estate in a foreign state, or notes and open accounts where the debtor is domiciled in a foreign state, may be taxable there. This is particularly true if one also happens to own real estate in that state or to hold the stock of a company incorporated under its laws; for the right to tax in some states is limited only by the power to collect, and if the means of collection are given, taxes will be assessed against all property which has any conceivable situs in the state.

Real estate is taxable only in the state where it is located and at a value determined by disinterested appraisers appointed by the courts. In some states where the realty has been leased for a long term of years the value for the purpose of taxation is the present value of the leasehold and not the value of the property itself. Patents, royalties or an income for a term of years or for life are all taxed on the commuted value of the expected receipts, and the tax is due and payable at the same time as the tax on any other property.

The exemptions given under the law of the state of residence should be used to the fullest extent that the estate owner's situation will permit.

Taxes upon holdings in a foreign state may sometimes be avoided, or at least limited, by making a specific bequest of such property to a beneficiary who is entitled to a large exemption or a low rate of tax. In an estate composed equally of Utah and California property which is to be shared by a daughter and a niece, it would be preferable to give the California estate to the daughter and the Utah property to the niece, since that procedure would result in the lowest tax. A specific bequest of property will tend also to reduce taxes in states using the New Jersey method of computation.

Aside from the idea of conservation, the establishing of a trust fund by will may serve further to limit the inroads of taxation upon an estate. I have in mind a small estate which if left outright to the wife would have resulted in a tax of about $1200, but which was placed in trust with a provision to pay her the net income for life and then be distributed among six children. The tax saved amounted to about $800, and the total exemptions allowed the children will preclude any possibility of tax upon their remainder interest.

I have endeavored to indicate in the foregoing paragraphs some of the factors that should be considered by the man who desires to minimize the effect of inheritance taxes upon his estate. No two estates are alike either in their composition or in the conditions surrounding them, but I maintain that a study of the situation will in every case disclose some step that may be taken that will insure a beneficial result. And that study should not be limited to the law itself, for there are situations that the printed statute does not cover, and the authorities intrusted with administration of the law are in fact a law unto themselves.

It may be that the future will develop a tax law that is equitable in every respect and satisfactory to all; but judging from present conditions, its appearance is not imminent. To sit idly by awaiting the enactment of such a law is to court potential confiscation.

When does a man begin to get young?

This rather personal inquiry is directed to the middle-aged shavers of the world.

(Persons attending New Haven, Ann Arbor and other colleges are requested not to speak up out of turn; we know *they* use Barbasol.)

No; this is mostly for males who are edging along toward forty, putting some weight into both their drives and their knickers, and quietly stowing away a few choice bonds without any particular help from the U. S. Internal Revenue Collector.

Gentlemen, you stand at the crossroads. You can turn that way, into old-fashioned, hard-set habits that lead to age. Or you can step this way, into modernism, youth, and the fun o' living.

Progress, happiness, success—you wouldn't think so much could depend on the way you shave. But it does. If there ever was an elixir, it's Barbasol. It saves time, smooths the shave, soothes the skin, and improves the temper!

From three to five thousand young men of your years are turning to Barbasol every month now because of these very advantages. Are you, too, ready for the Modern Way of Shaving?

Perhaps you would like to know exactly how Barbasol works. Here are the "using" points:

1. Wet the face
2. Spread on Barbasol
3. Shave.

You get the point. No brush, no rubin. Any kind of razor, straight or safety. The full-bodied, creamy Barbasol holds every hair straight up to the blade, and slickery-slick the deed is done! And you never felt such a smooth and grateful sensation follow a blade around your chin. No smarting, no soreness. Ingrowing hairs have a way of disappearing for good. All because Barbasol leaves the natural oil in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Using Barbasol is believing in Barbasol. So fill out the coupon now for a free trial tube of the Modern Way of Shaving. Use Barbasol three times according to directions, and watch yourself keep young!

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

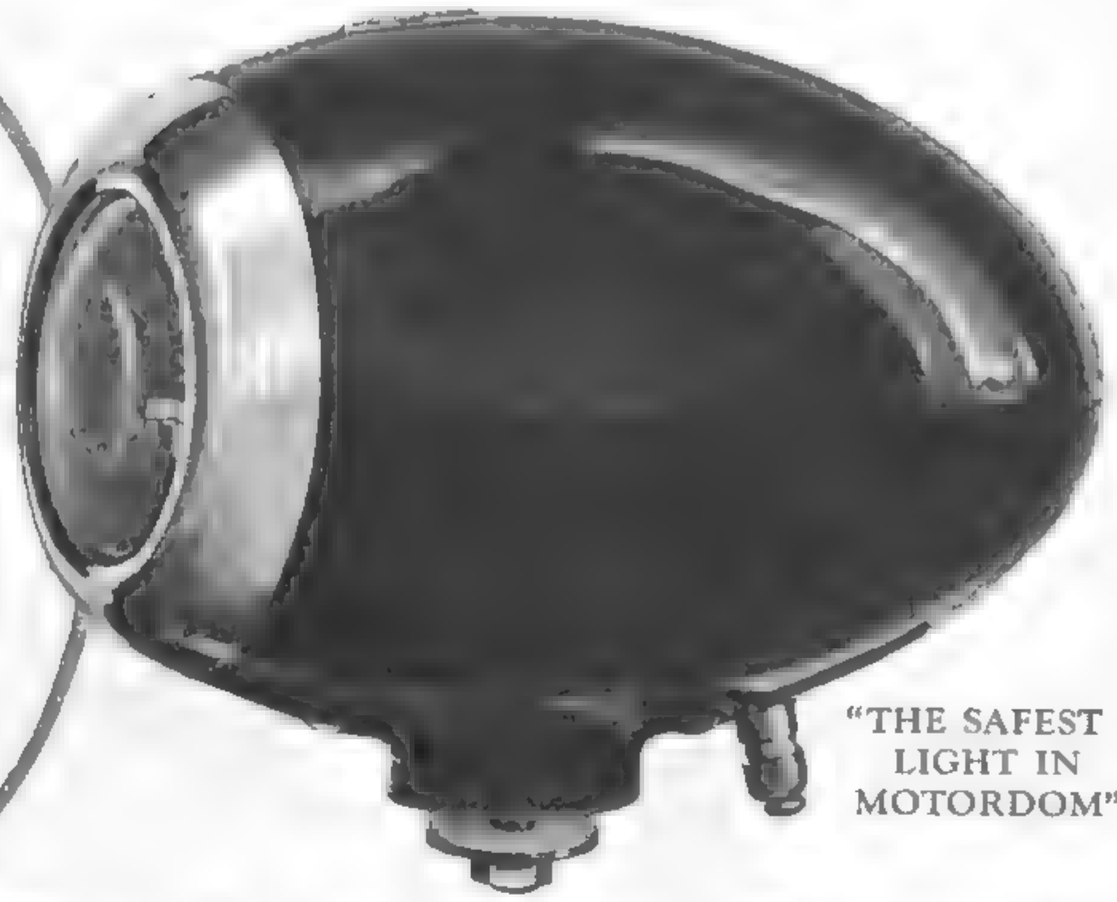
Please mail me your Free Trial Tube of Barbasol.

Name

Address

S E P 1-3-25

E&J Type 20



"THE SAFEST LIGHT IN MOTORDOM"

The Modern Headlight Which at Last Makes NIGHT DRIVING SAFE

Imagine a new form of headlight, so new and attractive in design that it enhances the beauty of any car—

So powerful that it *illuminates* perfectly the whole road, for distances up to 500 feet and more—

And yet so scientifically developed, according to optical laws, that oncoming drivers see *no* glare—only two softly-glowing amber balls.

Such a headlight is the new E & J Type 20—the most modern and most efficient motoring headlight in existence today—the one headlight which makes the road safe, both for the car with the Type 20 *and for the car approaching from the other direction.*

For illuminating engineering has created in the E & J Type 20 qualities never before found in any headlight, and today the exclusive attributes of this one type are:—

Positive non-glare.
300 to 500 feet of white light penetration—even in dust, smoke or fog.
Uniform illumination from the very front of the car.
Illumination which extends beyond both sides of the widest road.

Don't deceive yourself; the dimmer is a thing of the past. Only with full road illumination is night driving safe.

Eighteen states recognize these facts and have already passed rigid laws for headlight regulation. Literally interpreted, all of these laws specify the kind of illumination which only the E & J Type 20 can supply.

In 30 minutes you can safeguard your night driving and legalize your car lighting. Write to us, or go to any one of 7200 motor car dealers and E & J stations.

There is a new enthusiasm, as well as a new sense of security, in driving at night behind the E & J Type 20.

For here is a headlight that does not compromise by way of so-called non-glare devices, but is a scientific development from optical laws known for generations.

It is as superior to all other lamps as the modern nitrogen incandescent is to the tallow dip of our forefathers.

Naturally, this wonderful advance in road illumination costs more than ordinary lamps. Its scientific optical precision requires new standards of lamp manufacture.

You will be won instantly by its massive beauty—and pleasantly surprised at the reasonable cost of equipment. Cowl lamps made in the same design.

Modernize and beautify your car, make your night driving safe and legal, save your nerves by installing the E & J Type 20 headlight at once. Before long you will recognize that no modern car is complete without E & J Type 20.

The largest lamp manufacturers in the world will gladly send you scientific reasons why E & J Type 20 must inevitably supplant all other headlights.

Exhibiting at the automobile shows—Space 102 and 103 at the Big Armory, New York; Space 127 at Coliseum and North Hall, Chicago

(Manufactured under Bone patents, 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other patents pending)

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

FOR CHARLEY

(Continued from Page 11)

afternoon. Jane and her mother met comment with the fact that Glory was engaged, but could not meet the silent "H'h!" that disposed of Charley, or their own appreciation of Henry's strange behavior.

"I think perhaps the house is ready for us," Mrs. Le Grand suggested as Henry stayed on for a second week, and then a third. Jane admitted that they must go.

"It is perfectly safe, but there is no sense in letting Henry in for trouble," she said. "But, oh, I did want to wait and see Charley."

So telegrams were sent and the trunks were packed. Henry, coming in from the links in a black mood, made no objection.

"I am leaving myself," he said, and half an hour later was off in his racing car, chewing bitterly on Glory's final insult.

"It is so good of you," she had said as he placed her hands correctly on her driver. "And I can learn better with you. With Charley I'd be afraid I was boring him. He isn't a bit patient."

She expected him to find that trait as charming and masterful as she found it, but met a hostile glare.

"I see. I'm a doormat on which you can polish your shoes for Charley," he blazed. "I'm useful till he comes, and then I can be thrown out. Heavens, but you're a devouring egotist—you and your precious Charley!" And he strode off, leaving her staring after him in shocked amazement.

Jane's going, the next day, was another shock.

"Oh, am I making progress? Am I any better?" she exclaimed, clinging to Jane's hand for good-by.

"You're all right," Jane declared. "Going a mile a minute. Just leave the rest to Banty. But I wish you could find another Charley for me."

"There aren't any others," Glory told her happily.

Less than a week later Henry reappeared, his racer panting exhaustedly. He found Mrs Mundy sitting lonely among the rocking-chairs. Since the Le Grands had gone, there had been a quiet fading away of the ladies who had discovered that she was quaint—homely but pungent—so sincere. He drew up a chair and listened respectfully to a fortieth letter that had come all the way from China to condole the loss of Mr. Mundy. Jane had dodged Glory's mother, but Henry had deliberately won her easy liking. He let her run through two or three more letters before he asked where Glory was. Mrs. Mundy sighed.

"Out in the grounds somewheres with a book. She's wearin' herself to the bone, that girl. Somepin's wrong and she won't say what."

"I'll find out," Henry promised, and went as though he had had good news.

Glory sat on a bench under a live oak, a rhetoric on her knees, her eyes fixed on some dark anxiety. She was not aware of Henry until he stood before her.

"Well, did you like my little demonstration?" he began. "How a perfect gentleman behaves when he's annoyed."

She had no smile for him.

"But it was true—I've been a horrible egotist. Only I couldn't help it." Big tears filled her eyes, slowly brimmed over. "You don't know I had been so happy, yet, under it all, so anxious. And the day after you went—it happened."

He sat down beside her, taking her hands into a quick clasp.

"My dear, what happened?"

"A letter. Charley thought it would be a mistake—that we'd better give it up."

Henry muttered a description of Charley, but she did not heed.

"Oh, I ought to have told him what I was doing, how I was getting ready!" she cried. "I could kill myself for being so stupid! I kept it all back for the fun of the surprise. Oh, was there ever such a fool?" She drew away her hands to beat them together. "He's coming, but perhaps it's too late now."

Henry jerked back as though from a blow.

"Coming?"

"Yes. I telegraphed, 'Come and talk it over,' and he started the next day. He'll be here tomorrow. He's coming because he promised, because he's so fine and honorable, not because he wants to. And it is my own fault. Oh, but he did love me so, in spite of everything! Sometimes I hope! I can't help hoping! Oh, do you think it could come true now?"

"Of course it will come true!" He spoke steadily, strongly. "Glory, you don't half know what a wonder you are, what a beauty, and so clear and straight and splendid. He'll be on his knees trying to make you forget what a fool he's been." The epithet hit, but she smiled it away. "It's all right, take my word for it. You are going to be happy."

She had lifted and lighted until her joy had to run over; she took his hand between both hers, held it to her breast, then kissed it.

"Henry, you're so good to me!" she breathed

"Am I, dear?" he asked gently.

He was very good to her all the next day, trying to ease the strain of her suspense, and so bolstering her faith in herself that by night she was triumphant in her joy and beauty. She vanished at train time, but Henry was loitering by the desk when the stage came. He saw several men register, one old and fat, a couple of college boys, an obvious bridegroom, and, last, a tall, fair young man with the curly beauty of a tailor's dummy and the dummy's dreadful perfection of dress. There was a sensuous pouting little mouth under two blond scallops of mustache, pale, fretful eyes under larger blond scallops, an insignificant nose, a flat voice that masqueraded in an English accent, nervous hands, a general effect of funk under gentlemanly hauteur. And this was Charley, the prince among men. Henry saw him led away to the Mundy apartment, then went out and got himself arrested for ignoring the speed laws.

Glory had taken a sitting room for the meeting and they must have dined there, the three of them. Henry hung about all the evening, very rude and smoky, feeling sure that Glory would come and tell him—what? That she was grateful for a saved romance? That she was utterly happy with that manikin? Looking back with bleak honesty on a dead romance of his own, he had to admit that happiness was wholly possible, and yet he could not quite believe it of his Glory. If it had been a rough diamond, yes; but this fancy imitation

"My dear, you can't, you can't," he muttered over and over like an invocation.

He had given her up and was standing out on the veranda smoking up at the stars when the sound of her step jerked him about. She did not see him and would have passed if he had not put out his hand. His "Well, Glory?" was a breathless question.

She stared blindly at him; then the whiteness of her face was broken into jagged lines of despair.

"Oh, what have you done?" she cried. "What have you done to me?" And she broke away, to disappear in the shadows of the garden.

He did not dare follow, but he waited there for a long time. At last Mrs. Mundy came peering out.

"Where did that girl go?" she demanded. "Why don't she come in and go to bed like a Christian? Charley did long ago."

He could not question her, but his flat "Well, he came!" was enough to set her going.

"Glory's been so funny," she complained. "Sat up like a bump on a log all through dinner. She didn't act like she's learned one thing, for all these weeks here, and golf, and everything. My, she used to be a lot more fun at home when she didn't know so much about society!"

His voice was a husky croak from the pounding of his heart.

"Perhaps later — when they were alone ——"

"Oh, I left 'em alone; but I dunno." Mrs. Mundy sighed. "I could hear their voices through the door—they didn't sound like they used to in our parlor. I never was dead set on Charley myself, for all he's so refined and so swell; but I want Glory to be happy. My, how she's been counting the days!" She raised her voice for a call into the darkness, "Whoo-oo! Glory!"

There was no answer, but when she had gone in Glory came into the circle of light, pausing at the foot of the steps to look up into Henry's face.

"I was unjust; it was no one's fault," she said drearily. "It is just one of those horrible jokes that life plays on you."

"It is—all over?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, all over."

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She would have gone on in, but Henry had to understand

"Tell me—he saw the change in you? You showed him what you have been doing?"

"No, he didn't see and I didn't show him."

"Why not?"

She took her pain fighting. There was anger in the question she flung back:

"Did you see him? Then you know, don't you?"

"I didn't talk with him."

"You didn't have to!" Her magnificent shoulders shrugged away the evasion. "I saw it when he came into the room. Oh, was there ever such a fool? And I would have died for him and felt it an honor!"

The deep note of her grief rent him, lifted him above self

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he muttered. "I wish I could get him back for you the way you saw him. Dearest, I'm sorry. You know I'd die for you, don't you?"

Her lips took a bitter twist.

"Then come back in three months and see what a fool you've been! Oh, love is ridiculous—it's disease! I won't be caught like that again!"

She went in like an outraged goddess. When he came down in the morning the Mundys had gone. The next news of them was that they had sailed for the Orient, taking Miss Banton.

Six months later Henry arrived in London, looking lined and gaunt, the dark marks of sleeplessness under his eyes. His letters to Glory had not been answered, but a picture postal from Mrs. Mundy had finally told him when and where they could be found. She received him alone, with a conspirator's finger on her lips

"I wouldn't say anything about that postal," she warned him. "Glory's out with Miss Banton, doing the Tower; but she'll be back by teatime. You've just sort of happened in."

"You are my friend," he said, and settled down to wait with a newly disciplined patience. "Well, how do you like what you've seen of the world?"

She bent her head right and left with an expressive weariness

"Traveling with Glory hasn't been any picnic," she assured him. "She grieved and grieved, and mad as a hornet the whole time. The only thing she cared about was work. She most killed Miss Banton. But she's coming round now. She'll be glad to see you, I guess. My, I hope so—you coming all this way."

"She will sooner or later," he promised. There was no need of explanations between them.

"I like you a lot better than Charley, and you've been real sweet to me," Mrs. Mundy admitted; "but I don't know how your mother's going to take it. She always looked like she smelled something burning when I come around."

Henry laughed aloud.

"She will be a good sport," he said. "She wants me married—it's steadying and all that. And Jane likes Glory."

"She'd be a gump not to," was the comfortable answer.

Glory was glad to see him. For a moment she winced and paled, but when they were alone together, with green cress sandwiches and a pot of tea between them, she turned to him with the old comradely ease. She was laughing, the silent gleam that brought a crescent dent in one cheek.

"There is one thing Miss Banton has taught me, thoroughly and forever," she began, "and that is the magnificence of the Le Grands. When I realized the cool way I'd been using them —— It took me all through Japan, China and India to get it; but then I did have one good laugh. It was the first," she added, and the glow faded

"Pretty awful?" he asked.

"Horrible—unforgivable!" she said with anger.

He had come vowed to silent patience and careful approach, but of course he forgot all that. Before she had poured his second cup of tea he was telling her. Glory heard him with a look of hostile question in her eyes.

"The only thing you really know about me is the way I look, and you're idealizing that," she scolded him. "I'm not going to see anyone wake up about me the way I woke up about him! I'll have nothing more to do with love."

"But I know what you're like, dear," he insisted. "I wasn't in love at first and I remember just how I saw you; and you certainly haven't been glorifying me."

"How do I know I haven't?" she burst out. "You seem to me so—so dear and so good to be with—how do I know it isn't the same old idiotic trick?"

It took a steady head to hide the leap of his joy. "I'll show you all the worst of me," he promised. "You shall know me straight, as I am."

"As you are when you're in love," she said bitterly. "I'm a very badly burned child, Henry. It's no use."

So Henry, newly astute, put away love making and for two weeks was as dear and as good to be with as he knew how; then, with the cheerfulest of good-bys, he went off to Paris. An occasional picture postal of the Louvre, of the Arc de Triomphe, told of gay times with old friends; and a picture postal of Westminster Abbey finally brought him what he awaited

"I guess you've done it. She's cross as two sticks and wants to start home next week," Mrs. Mundy had written in a small, disguised hand.

By the simple process of waiting for two hours in the lobby of her hotel, Henry managed to come upon Glory without warning and so saw the rush of her spirit to meet his. They sat down together on a velvet sofa in a glare of publicity and did not know that there was anyone else in the world.

"There is so much to learn!" she cried, as she had once before. "Henry, I'll never get caught up. But I know now that I can't live without you."

He might as well have kissed her then and there; it would not have told the passing world any more than his lighted face was telling.

"That's all I want," he said.

"I've thought of this," she went on, leaning toward him on her long arms: "Perhaps it is only lovers—and mothers that see truly. Perhaps the way I used to see Charley was the real, heavenly truth about him, and the last sight was only the earthly half truth—because I had begun to love you. This very minute, we may be seeing each other more truly than we shall some morning when we're disappointed. My dear, my dear, perhaps it isn't love that is blind!"

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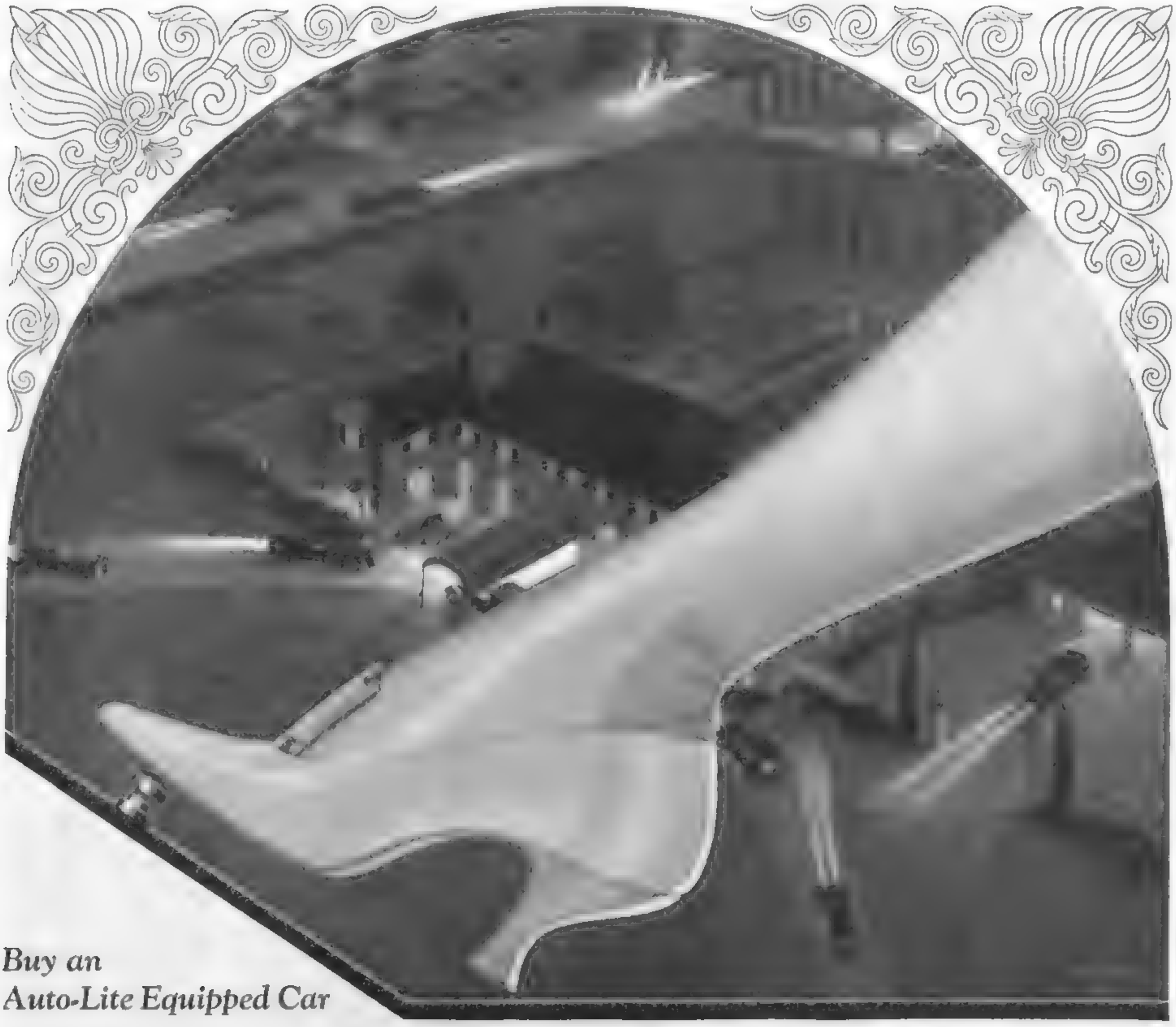

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HOMEBODIES

(Continued from Page 15)

"No," admits the blank; "but "

"That settles it," I cuts in. "Sorry, but this part calls for a chick that can hit the key of Z. You see, she's a diver at the Metropolitan and ——"

"How can you tell on the screen," interrupts Kate, "whether she's singing soprano or calling the dogs?"

"Gosh!" mumbles Ritter, trying to make it as hard for me as possible. "I never thought of that."

"Maybe you didn't," I yelps, "but I did. When we say in this show that a gal's a soprano, she's gotta sopran. They ain't gonna be no bunk in Homebodies. To show you how strong we is going on realism, I'm putting an ad in the papers tomorrow for a feller that's a orphan and got red hair and was oncet in Paragould, Arkansas."

"What for?" inquires Lizzie.

"Well," I explains, "in the third reel of our feature the comedian mentions that fifteen years back he met such a guy."

"Does he appear in the picture?" she asks

"No," I answers. "He's just mentioned, but ——"

"That's enough of that," scissors Kate. "I guess they don't think you can act, Lizzie. Show 'em some of them expressions of yourn. You know—anguish, longing, waiting for her lover—like you done at the Ladies Aid."

"Grief," announces the Magruder frill, hopping to her dogs and striking a latitude.

"Are you getting it?" inquires the frau, while Lizzie is rolling her lamps.

"I got it," I growls, "and mine ain't no imitation, neither."

"Great!" handclaps Hank when Lizzie comes outta it, and tossing a gloat my way. "Can't we have some more?"

"How'd you like it?" inquires the wife of me, after I suffers through six more poses, ranging from a maiden's prayer to a widow's despair.

"No runs, no hits, seven errors," says I; "but the gal's got promise and maybe we can use her after all. We got a tough scene in the picture where one of the women is gotta come in and register something that's gonna be hard to get away with. I wonder ——"

"What is it?" asks Lizzie, eager. "Let me try it."

"Well," I explains, "on the account of the action of the piece it's necessary for the character to show the audience without no titles or nothing that she's been upstairs, written a letter to an iceman named McCloskey that's only been married for seventeen months come next month, and then torn up the letter on account of it blowing outta the window. Think you can show alla that with your face?"

"I can try," says the Magruder empty. "Tell me that over again, slow."

III

IN THREE days we got a studio rented and White's picked a cast. I don't pay no attention to the prelims outside of O. K.-ing some checks that I don't even look it, me figuring my real job is to see that Cecil don't forget that Your Preacher Is Our Press Agent and drag in a coupla Roman banquet scenes and a bevy of bathing beauties that's forgotten to bring along one of the pieces of their one-piece suits. Two or three of the actorines that's been signed up don't look to me like they belonged to the homebody lotto set and I can't figure where they're gonna be worked into the picture; but I ain't the kinda guy that yells wolf when its Levy or Cohn that I'm paging. Time enough, says I, to blow the police whistle when the barn door's been stolen.

I'm on the way down one morning to watch 'em make the first shots when I runs into Dave Stein.

"Know any lads," he asks, "that'd like to buy in on Purity Productions?"

"What for?" I comes back. "You got all the dough you need, haven't you?"

"That thirty thousand," says he cheerful, "is about gone."

"About gone!" I yelps. "Why, we ain't made a foot of film yet! You're ——"

"Overhead, my boy," cuts in Dave. "We hadda fix up the office, pay for the studio in advance and the such forths. We gotta get at least thirty more. Ever hear of a picture costing only what it was first figured to cost? You'd get run outta the business if you stayed within 100 per cent of your estimate."

"Well," says I, "if you estimate you're gonna get any more outta me you'll easy stay within zero per cent of your figure."

"By-by," breezes Stein. "I know a place where they're biting good. Look out you don't get no kleagle eyes at the studio."

At that, I comes near getting 'em the first peek I takes at the place. They is an old-fashioned-saloon set on the floor with a gal on the bar, dressed for a hot day on the equator, trying to kick out the ceiling lights with her pink toes.

"Who's that?" I inquires, satiric. "Mrs. Gawfish training for a lotto game?"

"This," returns Cecil, kinda surprised, "is the Alaska café scene."

"Alaska café!" I repeats. "I thought you was hired to give all your time to Homebodies."

"Oh, I see," says White with a smile. "You're not familiar with the arts of the movies. This is one of the big contrast shots for Homebodies."

"Some contrast!" I exclaims. "How does a barrel-house skit like that work into a picture with a lotta tat-workers and sock-darners?"

"So naturally," returns Cecil, "you could hardly get away from it. Remember in the book where Mrs. Spriggins says 'We lead sheltered lives'? Well, from that line we fade into this shot with a title reading, They Were Indeed Sheltered From Such a Life as This. You see? There's your contrast, the might have been as opposed to the as is, the gray against the red; of course, bringing out the gray in sharp relief. Understand?"

"Where," I inquires," is the gray part of it?"

"You must," chides the director, "leave something to the imagination of the audience."

"You might," I suggests, "make a start in that direction with that flossie on the bar. I suppose," I goes on, "if Mrs. Spriggins had made some crack about sleeping well the night before you'd have a flash of a Chinese hop joint with a title reading, Would She Have Slept So Good in Shanghai Louie's Place?"

"That," says Cecil, thoughtful, "is a idea."

"While I'm going good," I yelps, "here's another one. I went in on this deal with Stein—me and Ritter did—on the understanding that the picture was gonna be as clean as a hind tooth. That Alaska café scene is all wet and goes out. You don't think," I finishes sarcastic, "that your preacher'll press agent that kinda raw tripe, do you?"

"But," stammers White, "we gotta have action. What you expect me to do?"

"Follow the book, bo," says I, "and ——"

"How," cuts in Cecil, "are you going to make five reels outta lotto games, talks about taking peach stains outta satin dresses, how to get the smell of corn beef and cabbage outta the house and so forth?"

"You're the director," I returns, "and you bought the book. I don't care if you edge a little away from the Pris yarn, but you don't have to fall down a manhole while doing it."

Just about this time a frill in a bath robe comes up to Cecil and says something that I don't make, about it being too cold.

"Is that gal in the show," I inquires, when she ducks, "or a sleepwalker from the neighborhood?"

"She's in the Turkish-bath set on the floor below," explains White.

"Turkish bath, eh?" I remarks. "I suppose that works into Homebodies through Mrs. Gawfish saying she enjoys the warm weather. Title, Would This Have Been Warm Enough for Her?"

"Even you gotta admit," says Cecil, "that this scene comes in proper. One whole chapter in the book is where the women are talking about reducing. Mrs. Fedink says something about having heard of Turkish baths being good and Mrs. Spriggins throws up her hands and calls 'em wicked. We pull our shot ——"

"—— into the rough," I finishes for him.

"We pull our shot," repeats White, "with the title, Was Mrs. Spriggins Justified in Her View?"

"From the view you'll give her," I snaps, "the answer is a ninety-six-point yes. You can wash that bath up too. It's out and went."

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"That set," says the director, cold, "and the café costs four thousand dollars. I'll have to get orders from somebody else besides you before breaking them up."

"All right," I barks. "I'll get 'em for you. In the meantimes suppose you shoot a few of the characters and scenes that's in the book."

"The lotto game," says Cecil, "is scheduled for tomorrow."

"I imagine," I remarks, "that'll be staged in the back room of a saloon, with booze bottles all over the table and with a coupla grass-skirt hula specialties dragged in between deals."

"No," replies White, "that'll be done like it was wrote. It's the background for our contrasts."

"Why," I inquires, "don't you put a lotto background in and leave the contrasts to the imagination of the audience?"

"That were evil," comes back Cecil, shocked. "Would you rather have people see the bad and draw good morals outta their own minds, or see the good and think of the bad opposite?"

"Why should they think of the bad?" I wants to know. "Reading about how nice Mr. Rev. Gawfish was to his wife in Homebodies didn't make me think none of beating up my wife and eloping with the third gal to the left in the front row. Do I understands that the lotto game is the only thing you is taking outta the book?"

"The rest," nods White, "is covered in an introductory title."

"The only thing in the picture that's even half covered, I guess."

And with a yowl I dashes outta the place and heads for the company's offices. Stein ain't in, but I beats it back the next morning early. In the reception room Moe Epstein, of Æsthetic Pants, makes a rush and grabs me by the arm.

"That Alaska café scene!" he splutters. "I seen 'em making it yesterday. Rotten! What you think?"

"Like you, Moe," I tells him. "It's awful!"

"That White feller," goes on Epstein, excited. "It's Sunday-school pictures it looks like he's making. They ain't no life, no pep."

"Huh?" I mumbles.

"If you got a rough saloon," singsongs Moe, "you should be rough in it, like in Rose of Garbage Hill. That was it a picture!"

I yanks myselfs away and ducks into Stein's private sanctum sanitorium. He's alone at his desk. "Say," I shouts, "are you guys crooking me?"

"What do you mean?" he asks.

"I thought," I tells him, "we was gonna make a nice clean picture outta Homebodies."

"Ain't we?" he wants to know.

"We ain't not," I shouts. "That boy Cecil's thrown the book outta the window and is shooting a picture called Ain't Vice Beautiful?"

"Clam yourselfs," urges Dave. "You gotta remember you ain't no director. I seen what White was doing and they ain't nothing that a day-old kitten shouldn't see. How can you show how nice it is to be good without showing how rotten it is to be rotten? White is strong on them constrasts."

"Yeh," says I, sarcastic. "He'd film a sewer to show how perfume is manufactured. I thought I was gonna be boss of the works."

"You is, you is," insists Stein; "but you gotta let a director direct, don't you?"

"Pollyanna Pris," I remarks, bitter, "will sure be swelled up over the job you're doing to her book."

"She is," says Dave. "Give it a look." And he passes a note over to me. I reads it:

"Permit me to congratulate you on the faithful way you have depicted Homebodies. In every detail it is like the book, and the quiet, domestic atmosphere is maintained throughout."

"Phony?" I asks, pointing to the signature.

"Nope," smiles Stein. "We got it when we bought the book."

"I suppose," I sneers, "you also got a letter like that from the censors. Wait till those boys ——"

"They was only one thing," cuts in Dave, "that we was afraid of and we've cut that out."

"What was that?" I asks, curious.

"The lotto game," returns Stein.

"The which?" I gasps.

"Some of them Western states," goes on Dave, "don't stand for no gambling scenes."

"Gambling scenes!" I mumbles. "Lotto!"

"You can lose money at it," shrugs Dave, "and what's the use of taking a chance?"

"What," I asks, kinda dizzy, "you gonna put in its place? The scene at the church sociable?"

"No," answers Stein, "we're gonna use that suggestion you gave Cecil."

"Me?" I inquires.

"Yeh," he answers; "that opium-den shot you told him about yesterday. You know, the one with the title, Would She Have Slept So Good In This Kinda Place?"

"I'm out," I mumbles, feeble. "This game ain't for me. Don't worry, I ain't gonna try to get my jack back. I'll charge it off to sucker plays."

"Shoot yourself," says Dave, "but Homebodies will miss you."

"Homebodies!" I sneers. "They ought, anyways, to be a question mark after it."

They tells me that's what sold the picture—the question mark after the title, and the scene in Shanghai Louie's hop joint.

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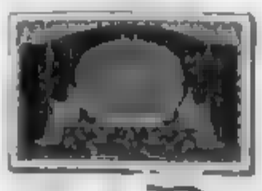

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THE GREAT CHEESE INVESTIGATION

(Continued from Page 9)

somebody say that somebody else said about something. It wants to know what you know about the moon.

MR. MADDOX: Well, senator, I don't really know

SENATOR WORPLE: Just a moment, Mr. Maddox. Don't you know that the moon is made of cheese?

MR. MADDOX: Why, no, senator; of course ——

SENATOR WORPLE: Do you mean to stand there before this committee, Mr. Maddox, and expect us to believe that you have never heard the universally known statement that the moon is made of cheese?

MR. MADDOX: Oh, of course I have heard it said, senator

SENATOR WORPLE: Now just stop right there, Mr. Maddox. For many, many years the people of every civilized nation in the world have been well aware of the fact that the moon is made of cheese. Now it is evident to me that you are attempting to throw some doubt on the composition of the moon. So I will just ask you this one question, Mr. Maddox, and I want you to answer it frankly and honestly, remembering that you have sworn on the Holy Bible to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Have you or have you not ever been on the moon?

MR. MADDOX: Why, senator, you know that I ——

SENATOR WORPLE: Don't try to evade the issue, Mr. Maddox. Never mind what I know. We want to know what you know. Have you ever been on the moon? Answer yes or no.

MR. MADDOX: No.

SENATOR WORPLE *(with a triumphant look):* No, you have not. Then, Mr. Maddox, how dare you cast any doubt on the moon's composition? Can you deny, if you have never examined the moon at first hand, that it is made of cheese? Answer that question yes or no.

MR MADDOX: No.

SENATOR WORPLE: No, Mr. Maddox. You, as an astronomer, cannot deny that the moon is made of cheese. Of course the moon is made of cheese. This committee, Mr. Maddox, is grateful to you for confirming it in the belief that it holds concerning the moon's composition. That will be all, Mr. Maddox.

MR. MADDOX *(in distress):* Look here, senator, I object to having my ——

SENATOR WORPLE *(turning angrily on* MR. MADDOX *and shaking his finger passionately in his face):* This committee will not be bulldozed by you or any other man, Mr. Maddox. Do not attempt to intimidate this committee unless you want to get into trouble. That is all, Mr. Maddox.

SENATOR LUBBOCK *(who has been vainly attempting to get a word in edgewise):* I'd like to ask the witness one or two questions, senator, if I may, before he leaves the stand.

SENATOR WORPLE *(suspiciously):* What do you want to ask him, senator?

SENATOR LUBBOCK: Well, senator, if you have no objection, I'd like to ask him whether he could tell the difference between a piece of cheese and anything else at such a great distance.

SENATOR WORPLE *(in a judicial manner):* That question, senator, is not germane to this inquiry. I believe no good purpose ——

MR. MADDOX *(interrupting):* I couldn't tell the difference between the senator and a piece of cheese at any distance.

SENATOR WORPLE *(in a fury):* You cannot bulldoze this committee. Your remark will be expunged from the record, and you will leave the stand at once.

[MR. MADDOX *leaves the witness stand, muttering to himself.*

SENATOR WORPLE: The next witness is Burlington J. Sissick. Will Mr. Sissick kindly step to the stand and take the oath?

[BURLINGTON J. SISSICK *steps forward. He is a pale young man whose hair appears to be fastened down with glue or varnish. He has a sticky look, and his coat and trousers fit him about three inches too soon.*

SENATOR HASHWIT *(rising and holding up a Bible):* Do you, Burlington J. Sissick, solemnly blah blah blah wah wah blah?

MR. SISSICK *(moving his eyes evasively):* I do.

SENATOR WORPLE *(gazing at* MR. SISSICK *through narrowed eyelids):* Mr. Sissick, what is your name?

MR. SISSICK: Burlington J. Sissick

SENATOR WORPLE: State your business.

MR. SISSICK: I am an investigator.

SENATOR WORPLE: You are an investigator. Are you a graduate of an acknowledged and reputable investigating academy?

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir. I graduated with high honors from the investigation department of the Sulphur Springs Correspondence University. I took the full varsity course, and am entitled to wear the big yellow S on my sweater.

SENATOR WORPLE: Now what are some of the things that you investigate?

MR. SISSICK: Well, I go out and investigate how many people pass a street corner in the course of a day, and then I sell this information to drug stores and tobacco stores and grocery stores that are thinking of establishing branches. I also investigate for medical-supply houses, and so on.

SENATOR LUBBOCK: How do you mean?

SENATOR WORPLE *(peevishly):* I am conducting this inquiry, senator. I will be very grateful to you, senator, if you will not hamper my witnesses with questions that are not germane to this inquiry.

SENATOR LUBBOCK: It seems to me that my questions are perfectly germane.

SENATOR WORPLE: If you will kindly recollect that this inquiry deals with the cheese trust, senator, you will readily see that a question concerning a medical-supply house and its activities is not so extremely germane.

SENATOR LUBBOCK: Well, you asked him what he did, and I asked him what he did, senator, and I can't see that these questions are so different. Your question was germane, wasn't it, senator?

SENATOR WORPLE: Certainly, senator, my question was germane. I do not want to be bulldozed, senator; but it seems to me, senator, that you are trying to imply that I am asking questions that are not germane

SENATOR LUBBOCK: Not at all, senator. I think that your questions are perfectly germane.

SENATOR WORPLE *(sarcastically):* Of course, if the senator wishes this investigation to stretch out indefinitely, thus using up the taxpayers' money to no good purpose, I am quite willing that the senator should devote day after day to an attempt to make me appear to be asking questions which are not germane. *(He glares around him defiantly.)* Otherwise, we can proceed with this inquiry.

SENATOR GROGRAM *(lifting his head in a leonine manner):* I yield to no man in my love of free speech and the democratic institutions of this glorious country. On the boundless and fertile plains of my native state, I enter wholeheartedly into the simple pleasures of our people—the finest people, senators, that ever drew the breath of life, God bless them. But it seems to me, senators, that this chamber is no place for the use of tobacco. There are members of the fairer sex in the audience, gentlemen; and my throat and eyes are greatly distressed by the smoke. Common chivalry should prevent this, senators; but since it does not, I request that all smoking be stopped at once and that the windows be opened.

[SENATOR GROGRAM *places his hand against his throat, runs out his tongue and coughs in a distressing manner, while seven correspondents hurriedly draw packages of cigarettes from their pockets and light up.*

SENATOR WORPLE: Now, Mr. Sissick, you can proceed. Let me see, where were we?

MR. SISSICK: What I mean is that I investigate and find out who needs medical supplies in one-case lots, and then the medical-supply house delivers it after dark.

SENATOR WORPLE: And how much do you charge by the case?

MR. SISSICK: Well, it depends on the guy we sell to, senator. If he's a rich guy, we have to get one hundred and twenty dollars a case, but we never ask a congressman that much. We can let you have it for around seventy-five dollars, and alky for twelve dollars. We have to run it up over the road from Baltimore, you know, and there's considerable of a risk in it, but you can depend on our stuff. It tastes just like the real stuff, and comes in genuine bottles; and we have never had a customer die on

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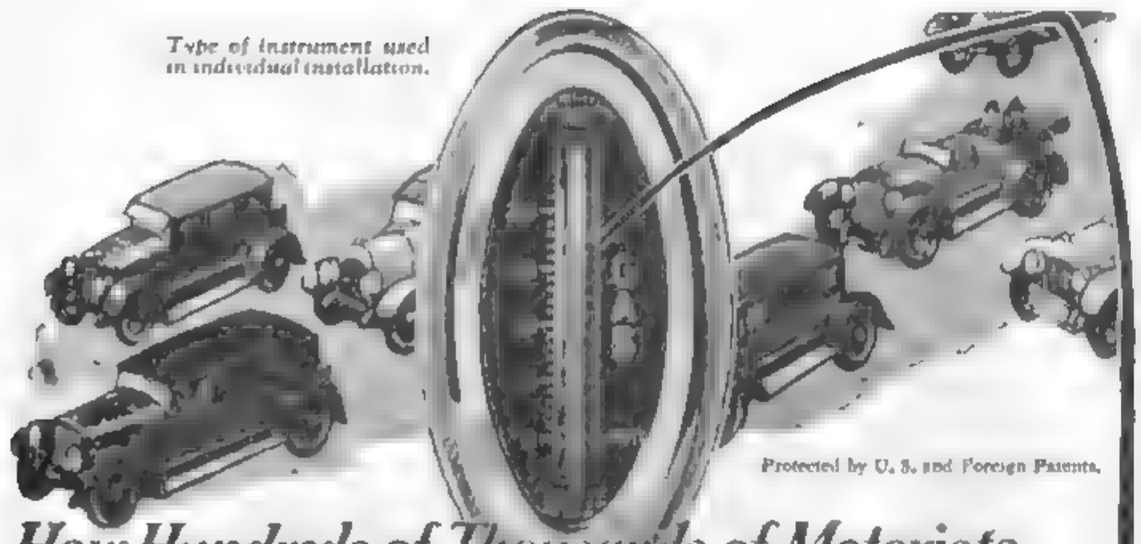

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SENATOR WORPLE *(hurriedly)*: Yes, yes, yes! Now, Mr. Sissick, what was your occupation before you became an investigator?

MR. SISSICK: I was a hole modeler in a cheese factory.

SENATOR WORPLE: That is to say, you designed the holes that were placed in all cheeses produced by the factory in which you worked.

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir; I designed the holes and the hole patterns, which are frequently very intricate, especially in the large cheeses with small hole patterns. If, when the cheese is cut, these holes are not symmetrically located, the cheese presents an unappetizing appearance, and the prospective purchaser, without knowing why his interest in cheese has dwindled, is impelled to turn from the cheese and to buy sausages or canned beans or something.

SENATOR WORPLE: A very illuminating explanation, Mr. Sissick. Now the cheese factory in which you designed holes belonged to Mr. Welshler Roraback, did it not?

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir; Mr. Welshler Roraback, the head of the big cheese trust.

SENATOR WORPLE: Now just tell the committee, Mr. Sissick, how you know that Mr. Welshler Roraback is the head of the big cheese trust.

MR. SISSICK: Well, senator, I had been designing cheese holes for over two years, and I was getting along fine. I could design a Swiss cheese hole that was an improvement over anything ever seen in Switzerland; and everybody who knew anything about cheese said that my American cheese holes were just as pretty as a picture. Well, in spite of that, senator, Mr. Welshler Roraback called me into his office one day, right out of a clear sky, and told me that after the end of the month he would have to dispense with my services. Well, senator, you could have knocked me over with a cream cheese. I asked Mr. Roraback what was the matter with my designs, and he said he had decided it was time to economize and that there wasn't any need of having new holes designed for cheeses right along, and that he had decided he might just as well use the old-fashioned cheese-hole designs that he was using back before the war, as nobody would ever know the difference.

SENATOR SLIPWELL: Was there anything wrong with this argument?

MR. SISSICK *(with a contemptuous laugh)*: Wrong? Sure there was! You might just as well say that nobody would know the difference between a new hat and a ten-year-old hat. You might not know just what was wrong if you saw a cheese with old-style holes in it, but you would feel that there was something about it that wasn't right.

SENATOR WORPLE: What happened then?

MR. SISSICK: I began to study investigating in the Sulphur Springs Correspondence University; and at nights, after I had finished studying, I would go out to the different grocery stores and scent out the different cheeses that were being put on sale.

SENATOR GROGRAM *(winking at the audience to prepare it for a good one)*: So you were working for a scent a night, Mr. Sissick. *(Laughter, led by* SENATOR GROGRAM.*)*

MR. SISSICK: How's that?

SENATOR GROGRAM: I say, you were working for a scent a night. *(He giggles hysterically.)*

SENATOR WORPLE *(hurriedly)*: Just be calm, Mr. Sissick, and tell us what you discovered from the cheeses.

MR. SISSICK *(with a dirty look at* SENATOR GROGRAM*)*: Why, I discovered that all the cheese holes in the cheeses that came on the market after I left Mr. Roraback were designed by Albemarle Alewive, the chief hole designer for the Wrench-Dodge Cheese Company.

SENATOR LUBBOCK: What was the meaning of that?

MR. SISSICK: Why, that meant that Mr. Roraback and the Wrench-Dodge people and the Penetrato Cheese Corporation and the McRancid Cheese interests and the other big cheese people were all using Alewive designs, so that they must have been in a combination or Mr. Alewive would have sued them for infringements.

SENATOR SLIPWELL: I suppose that all the cheeses are signed, so that you can tell who designed the holes.

MR. SISSICK *(patronizingly)*: Not at all, senator. All cheese holes have certain characteristics, just as paintings have certain characteristics. Anybody who knows anything about paintings can recognize a Sargent or a Moran or a Blumenthal without looking at the signature; and in the same way any good cheese man can look at a cut cheese and tell you instantly whether the holes were designed by a prominent hole designer or by an unknown. I can tell an Alewive design farther away than I can smell the cheese.

SENATOR WORPLE: Issue a subpœna for Albemarle Alewive.

SENATOR GROGRAM: Do you have to live long among cheeses to know their peculiarities so well, Mr Sissick?

MR. SISSICK *(enigmatically)*: About as long as you would have to live among senators to know their peculiarities.

SENATOR WORPLE *(loudly)*: When you had established the fact of the existence of a cheese monopoly or cheese trust, Mr Sissick, what steps, if any, did you take to make the fact known?

MR. SISSICK: I wrote letters to the President of the United States, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of Labor, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller General, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy.

SENATOR WORPLE: And what reply, if any, did the President of the United States make to this important disclosure of an effort to control a vital part of the nation's food supply?

MR. SISSICK: He didn't make any.

SENATOR WORPLE *(dramatically)*: Do you mean to say, Mr. Sissick, that the President of the United States is so faithless to his trust that he did not at once join with you to protect the nation against the predatory and grasping—ah—grasp of this great food octopus?

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir

SENATOR WORPLE: Was any acknowledgment ever made of your letter, Mr. Sissick?

MR. SISSICK: I had a letter from the President's secretary, saying that my letter had been received. Yes, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE: Issue a subpœna for the President's secretary. So, Mr. Sissick, you have definite knowledge that the slimy trail of the vested interests leads straight to the door of the White House itself and vanishes into the most secret recesses.

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir.

SENATOR HASHWIT: So far as you know, the President may own stock in this great monopoly.

MR. SISSICK: Sure.

SENATOR WORPLE: The gravity of this situation, Mr. Sissick, which serves to bring more fully into the open the corruption that exists in high places, is such that I must ask you to be extremely careful of your answers, lest the charge of unfairness or partisan politics be brought against this committee, which is only anxious to serve the duped and downtrodden people of this country. Now is it not true, Mr. Sissick, that shares in the great cheese companies may be purchased in Wall Street?

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir.

SENATOR HASHWIT *(emerging from a coma)*: Right in Wall Street?

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE: Consequently if the slimy trail of the cheese trust enters the White House it is in reality the slimy trail of Wall Street and the vested interests.

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE: Now, Mr. Sissick, has Mr. Welshler Roraback ever shown any undue confidence that the present Administration would be returned to office at the last election?

MR. SISSICK: I heard he told Mr. Fuller Oglethorpe that he bet ten thousand on the President at six to one.

SENATOR WORPLE: In other words, Mr. Sissick, he was supremely confident that the President would be elected.

MR. SISSICK: Yes, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE: Do you, Mr. Sissick, know why this big cheese man—this big representative of Wall Street and the vested interests—should have been so extremely confident that the President would be elected?

MR. SISSICK: No, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE *(in a hoarse whisper)*: Don't you know, Mr. Sissick, that it was because the big cheese interests, backed by the vested interests and the Wall Street gang, had dictated the election of the President?

MR. SISSICK: No, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE: This committee is greatly obliged to you, Mr. Sissick, for your

(Continued on Page 149)

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You Can't Get Better Protection
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REAL PROTECTION-WITH DISTINCTION

(Continued from Page 146)

clear and lucid testimony. By it you have done much to draw the veil from the foul corruption with which our Government is corrupted, and you have advanced the cause of freedom and justice by many years. You are excused.

SENATOR SLIPWELL: I would like to ask Mr. Sissick a few questions. It seems to me that he doesn't know anything about any corruption except that which exists in ripe cheese, and I'm not even sure of that.

SENATOR WORPLE: I would be derelict to my trust if I permitted any abuse of the witnesses who give so freely of their time before this committee. Our time is short, and I will ask the senator not to embarrass the progress of this investigation at this time. Mr. Sissick, you are excused.

SENATOR GROGRAM: If the learned and distinguished prosecutor of this committee will permit me to say so, the people of this fair land will deeply resent any petty and partisan attempts to hinder his fair-minded and unbiased efforts to protect them from the foul efforts of special interest to control our Government.

SENATOR WORPLE *(earnestly)*: Senator, I thank you. The next witness is Welshler Roraback. Let him be called and sworn.

[WELSHLER RORABACK, *a quiet man with gray hair, tired eyes and a black pearl stickpin, emerges from a corner seat and occupies the witness chair.*

SENATOR HASHWIT *(rising to his feet and raising the Holy Bible)*: Welshler Roraback, do you solemnly blah blah blah blah blah blah wah wah blah?

RORABACK: I do.

SENATOR WORPLE *(after gazing at the witness with open contempt)*: Mr. Roraback, what is your name?

RORABACK: Welshler Roraback.

SENATOR WORPLE: State your business.

RORABACK: Do you mean my business at the present time or my business in the past?

SENATOR WORPLE: We are dealing in the present, Mr. Roraback. I am not interested in your vocation thirty years ago.

RORABACK: My present business is waiting to be called before this committee. I have been obliged to give up my regular business for the past two weeks in order to hang around Washington and wait for you.

SENATOR WORPLE *(pounding the table violently with his fist)*: You cannot come here and bulldoze this committee, sir. This investigation is being held for the purpose of relieving the people of America from the corrupt tyranny of the most corrupt corruptionists that ever corrupted any government. There has been a conspiracy, sir, to extort from the people of this great nation the most astounding amount of money ever extorted; a conspiracy, sir, to take the food from the mouths of widows and orphans, from the mouths of our noble workingmen, and from the mouths of that most self-sacrificing class of our citizenry, the farmers, who toil from early morn, before the first rays of the sun touch the dew jewels on the—ah—grass until the still watches of the night, when the calm rays of the moon touch with silver the homely hogpens and far-flung hencoops. It ill befits you, a representative of the great vested interests of this nation, to behave with levity and impatience when we are engaged in crusading against cruel wrongs. We refuse to be bulldozed, Mr. Roraback. Now, Mr. Roraback, are you prepared to answer our questions?

RORABACK: Yes, senator.

SENATOR WORPLE: Mr. Roraback, you are the president, I believe, of the great cheese monopoly, or trust, which has conspired to raise the price of cheese to widows and orphans.

RORABACK: No, sir.

SENATOR WORPLE *(holding himself well in hand)*: Mr. Roraback, it would be well for you to understand at the outset that any attempts that you may make to deceive this committee will be worse than useless. Now just let me get at this matter in another way. You have in your home, have you not, a radio set?

RORABACK: Yes, senator.

SENATOR WORPLE: Now, Mr. Roraback, isn't it true that some weeks ago you were seated in your library, in company with your children, listening to a bedtime story, and that in the middle of the story you rose from your chair and threw the entire radio set out of the window, so that it broke into a thousand fragments?

RORABACK: Well, yes, senator. I regret very much to say that I did that. I don't know how you found out about it, but ——

SENATOR WORPLE: We are not interested in your thoughts, Mr. Roraback. Kindly confine yourself to answering our questions. You threw the radio set out of the window. Very good. Now is it not true, Mr. Roraback, that the bedtime story that was issuing from the radio at the moment when you destroyed it in such a ruthless and inexcusable manner was a story setting forth in some detail how the Big Ole Sun Dragon was hungry and therefore devoured the nice old green-cheese moon? That was the story, was it not, Mr. Roraback?

RORABACK: Yes, senator, that was the story; and of all the

SENATOR WORPLE: Stop right there, Mr. Roraback. You, the great cheese manufacturer, burst into uncontrollable rage at the mere mention of the composition of the moon. What reason did you have, Mr. Roraback, for resenting any mention of the fact that the moon was made of cheese?

RORABACK: Senator, those gosh-blamed bedtime stories simply turn my stomach every time

SENATOR WORPLE: Just a moment, Mr. Roraback. You are forty-nine years old, are you not?

RORABACK: I am.

SENATOR WORPLE: You are forty-nine years old, and you have lived in the atmosphere of a cheese factory for twenty-five years. You also drink bootleg liquor, do you not?

RORABACK: I hope, senator, that I have as keen a regard for the laws of my country as you have, senator. As for living in the atmosphere of cheese, I would much rather live among the noisiest cheeses in the world than among some senators who have recently attempted to fill the public eye.

SENATOR WORPLE *(with great sarcasm)*: Mr. Roraback, when this committee wishes you to leave the witness chair and conduct this investigation it will let you know. Until that time you will kindly answer the questions that are put to you. We do not wish from you any hokum or political bombast as to the amount of regard which you have for the laws of this country. This committee has proof that you purchased a case of bootleg liquor as recently as September, 1924. Now, Mr. Roraback, tell us whether you do or do not drink bootleg liquor?

RORABACK: Senator, I would like to consult my attorney.

SENATOR WORPLE: No, sir; this committee will permit no trickery. You do not need your attorney to tell you whether or not you drink bootleg liquor. Come, come, Mr. Roraback. Do you or do you not drink bootleg liquor?

RORABACK: Well, senator, I will admit that I have had a few drinks ——

SENATOR WORPLE *(with a contemptuous sneer)*: Aha, Mr. Roraback! You, a persistent lawbreaker; a person who has deliberately and knowingly broken his nation's laws; you, sir, dare to sit before the committee and intimate that you are such a shrinking violet—such a tender flower—that a bedtime story can make you physically ill. No, Mr. Roraback; you cannot expect us to believe that. Bah!

SENATOR GROGRAM: Bah!

SENATOR HASHWIT: Bah!

RORABACK: Senator, you are not giving me a fair hearing ——

SENATOR WORPLE *(whirling on him and leveling his finger at his head)*: You cannot bulldoze us, Mr. Roraback. We are not afraid of you. No, sir! You destroyed the radio because you wished to withhold from the public, so far as possible, all mention of the fact that the moon is made of cheese. Isn't that so, Mr. Roraback?

RORABACK: But, senator, the moon is not made of cheese.

SENATOR WORPLE: How much would you bet, Mr. Roraback, that the moon is not made of cheese?

RORABACK: I'd bet a million dollars.

SENATOR WORPLE *(triumphantly)*: Yes, Mr. Roraback, you would spend a million dollars to make the people of this country believe that the moon was not made of cheese. (WELSHLER RORABACK *faints, and is revived with difficulty by a Senate guard.)*

[*The curtain rises and falls seven or nine times with great rapidity, to indicate the passing of two weeks.*

SENATOR WORPLE *(who wears the same contemptuous smile)*: You are, of course, aware, Mr. Roraback, of the size of the moon.

RORABACK *(who has aged visibly since his last appearance)*: I will take your word for it, senator.

Play Fair With Your Boy

YOUR boy wants a gun, all his own. Perhaps he has already asked you for one—several times. It's a natural desire on his part—an impulse that comes to every normal, healthy American boy, sooner or later. How are you going to meet this desire? Will you put him off, or will you play fair with him, and give him the same chance you had when you were a boy?

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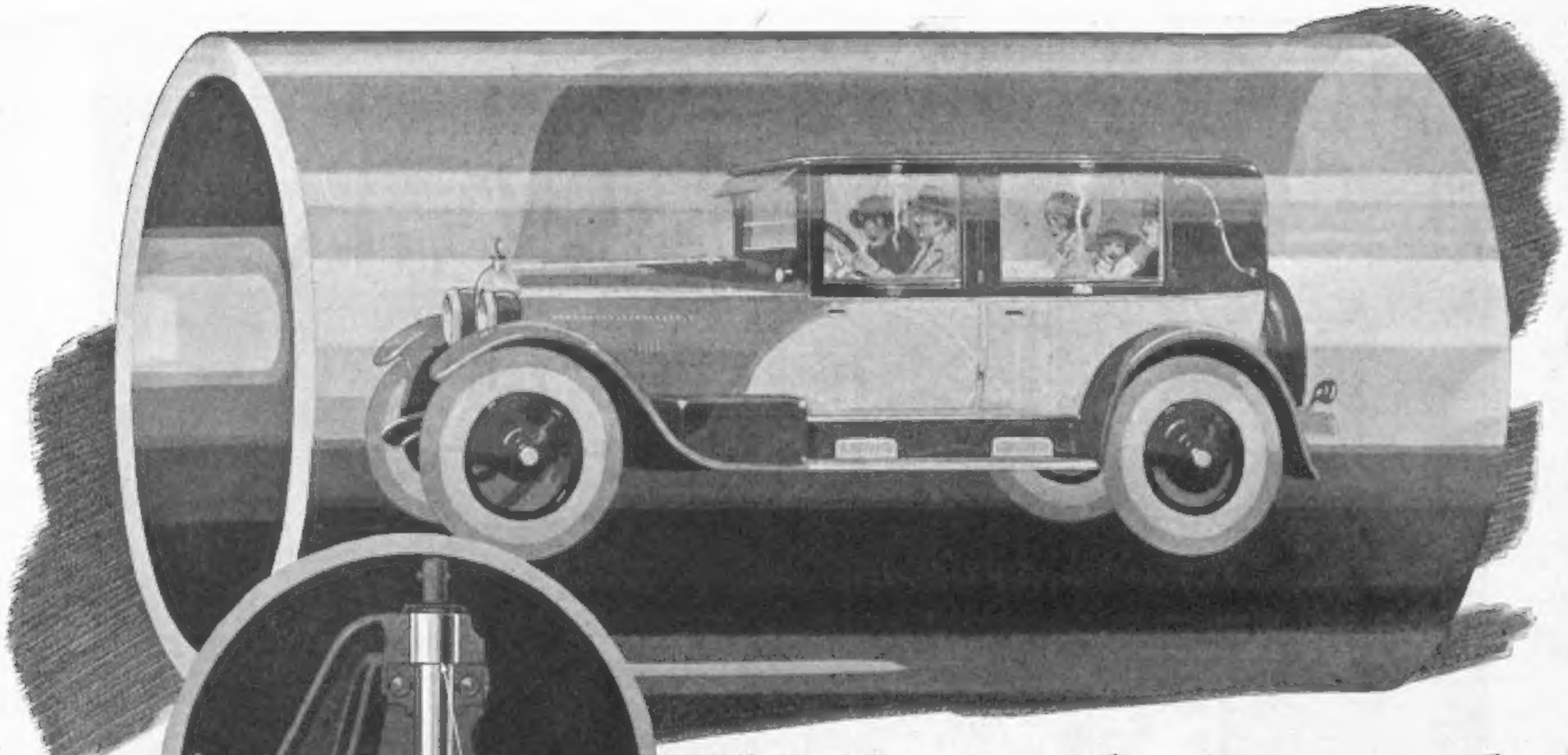

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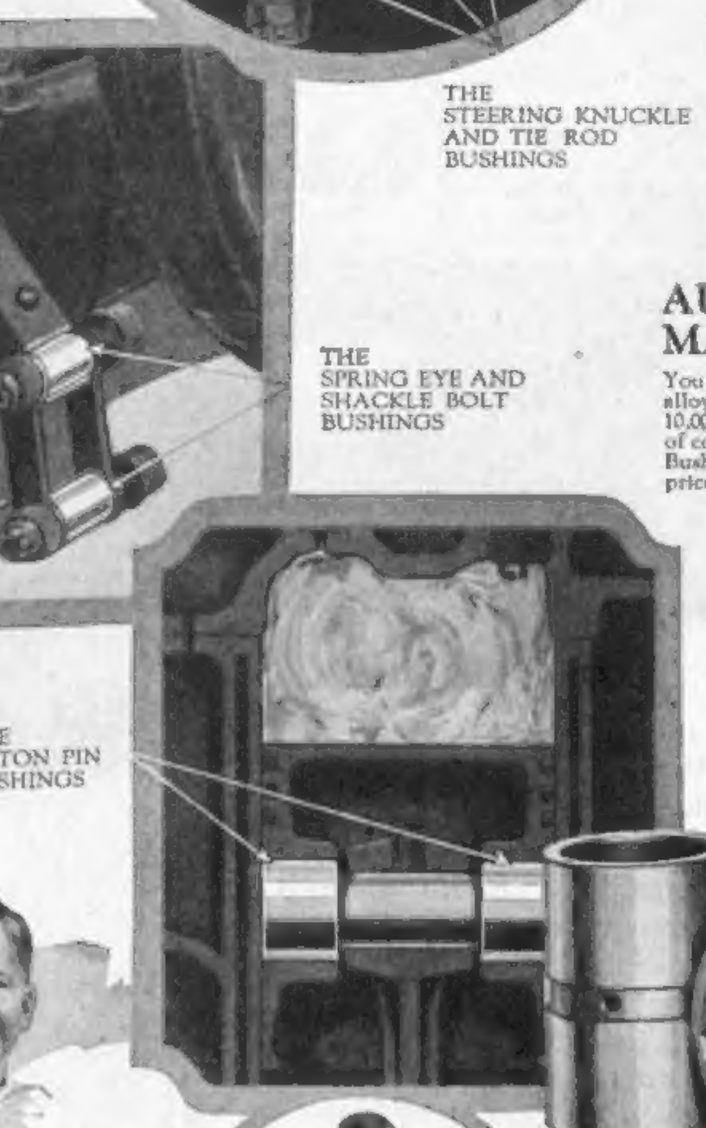

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